MAYFAIR

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

Vol. 13 No. 12 £1

OUR BIGGEST ISSUE EVER:

196 pages packed with Christmas cheer

15-PAGE CAVALCADE
OF THE YEAR'S GREATEST GIRLS

HOLD HARD:
IT'S THE WRESTLER'S NUDEST WIFE

THE POLTERGEIST PHENOMENON EXPLAINED

MISS BERTHA AND THE DOCTOR:
AN EDWARDIAN EXAMINATION

PENNYWISE POOTLERS: WOULD YOU
BELIEVE THE 1,000 mpg CAR?

STRIPPED: OUR WELSH UNDRESSER

BLOSSOMING LOTUS:
FOR THE MOTORING ELITE

LES GRANDES HORIZONTALES:
BELLES OF THE NAUGHTY NINETIES

WHAT THE DICKENS?
SCROOGE'S SEXY CHRISTMAS

SCHOOLGIRLS AND STOCKING TOPS:
MEMORIES OF A FUMBLED YOUTH

UNWRAPPING FOR SANTA: SANDRA'S
SECRET FANTASY

CANADA/USA $3·25

AUSTRIA 88 SCH DENMARK 21·50 KR
FINLAND 15·80 FM FRANCE 25·00 NF
GERMANY 11·80 DM GREECE 250 DRH
HOLLAND 9·80 FL HONG KONG 17·00 HK$
ITALY 3000L NORWAY 19·15 KR
SWEDEN 18·50 KR

THE HOLLAND & SHERRY GROUP

Discover the Finer Cloths in Pure New Wool

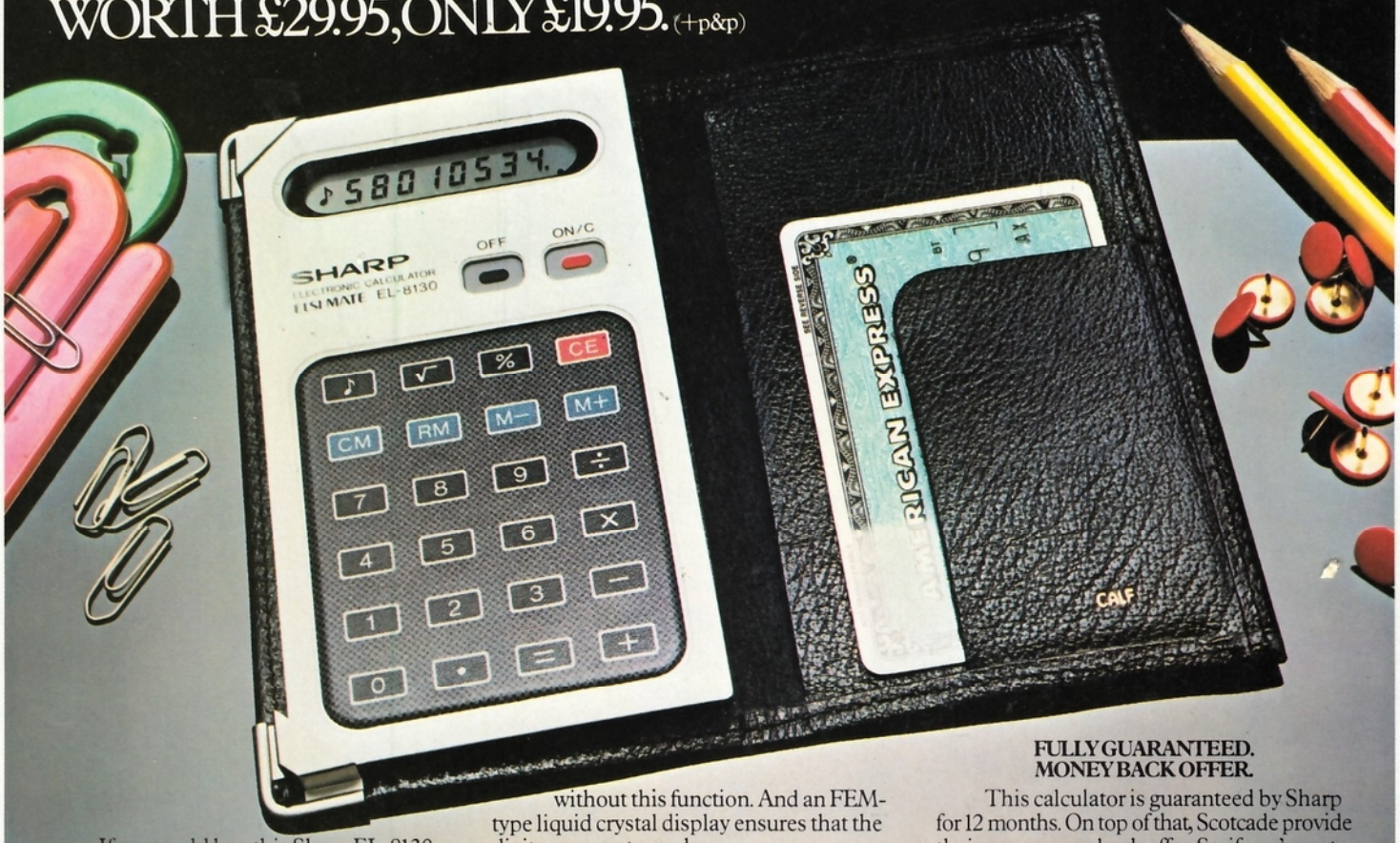
by Keith & Henderson *and* Holland and Sherry

AVAILABLE FROM THE FINEST TAILORS, CLOTH SHOPS & OUTFITTERS EVERYWHERE

Clothes by Kilgour French & Stanbury: Designed by Tommy Nutter. Accessories by Kilgour Weatherill. Photography by Patrick Lichfield.

THE SHARP FULL MEMORY EXECUTIVE CALCULATOR, 5mm THIN. IN ITS OWN CALF-SKIN WALLET.

WORTH £29.95, ONLY £19.95. (+p&p)



If you could buy this Sharp EL-8130 super-slim calculator, complete with genuine calf-skin wallet in the shops, it would set you back about £30. But you can't. Because this double offer is exclusive to Scotcade, for the incredible price of just £19.95 (+p&p).

The calculator itself is something quite out of the ordinary. Instead of bulky, push-button keys, it's operated by 'flat sheet keys,' an innovation that brings a new dimension to pocket portability. Measuring just 5mm thick, the calculator is in fact thinner than an ordinary pencil.

The facing is finished in satin brushed stainless steel and the ten functions include a 4 key independently addressable memory, per cent, and square root.

And to help you get acquainted with the calculator, there's also an audible input check key which emits a pleasant 'bleep' at every subsequent key touch.

The calculator may be operated with or without this function. And an FEM-type liquid crystal display ensures that the digits are easy to read.

Yet another intriguing feature is the automatic power-off function. An absolute godsend if you're a little absent-minded.

This automatically turns the calculator off approximately seven minutes after the last key operation.

The power is supplied by two tiny silver oxide batteries, which will provide up to 600 hours of operation in silent mode, or around 400 hours in aural.

That takes care of the calculator, now for the wallet.

Made from genuine calf-skin, it's been specially tailor-made to accommodate the Sharp EL-8130 super-slim calculator, and it incorporates three pockets for business and credit cards.

Two strong, but attractive stainless steel brackets and a convenient press-stud, located inside the wallet, neatly keep the calculator in position at all times.

FULLY GUARANTEED. MONEY BACK OFFER.

This calculator is guaranteed by Sharp for 12 months. On top of that, Scotcade provide their own money back offer. So, if you're not totally delighted, simply return the calculator and wallet within 30 days and we'll refund your money in full.

To order the Sharp EL-8130 super-slim calculator, simply fill in and post the coupon. It will arrive within 21-28 days, complete with full instructions.

Scotcade Ltd.

33-34 High Street, Bridgnorth, Shropshire WV16 4HG.

To Scotcade Ltd., 33-34 High Street, Bridgnorth, Shropshire WV16 4HG.

Please send me _____ Sharp Calculator(s) SH- - at £20.90 each (inc. 95p p&p)

I enclose cheque/postal order for £_____

or debit my Diners Club/Access/Barclay/American Express card.

No. _____

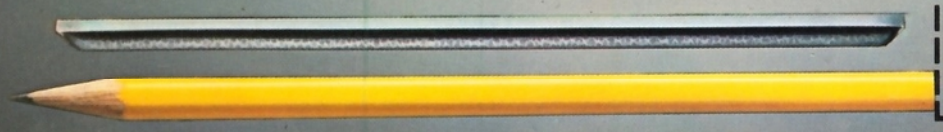
SIGNATURE _____

NAME _____ (Block letters please)

ADDRESS _____

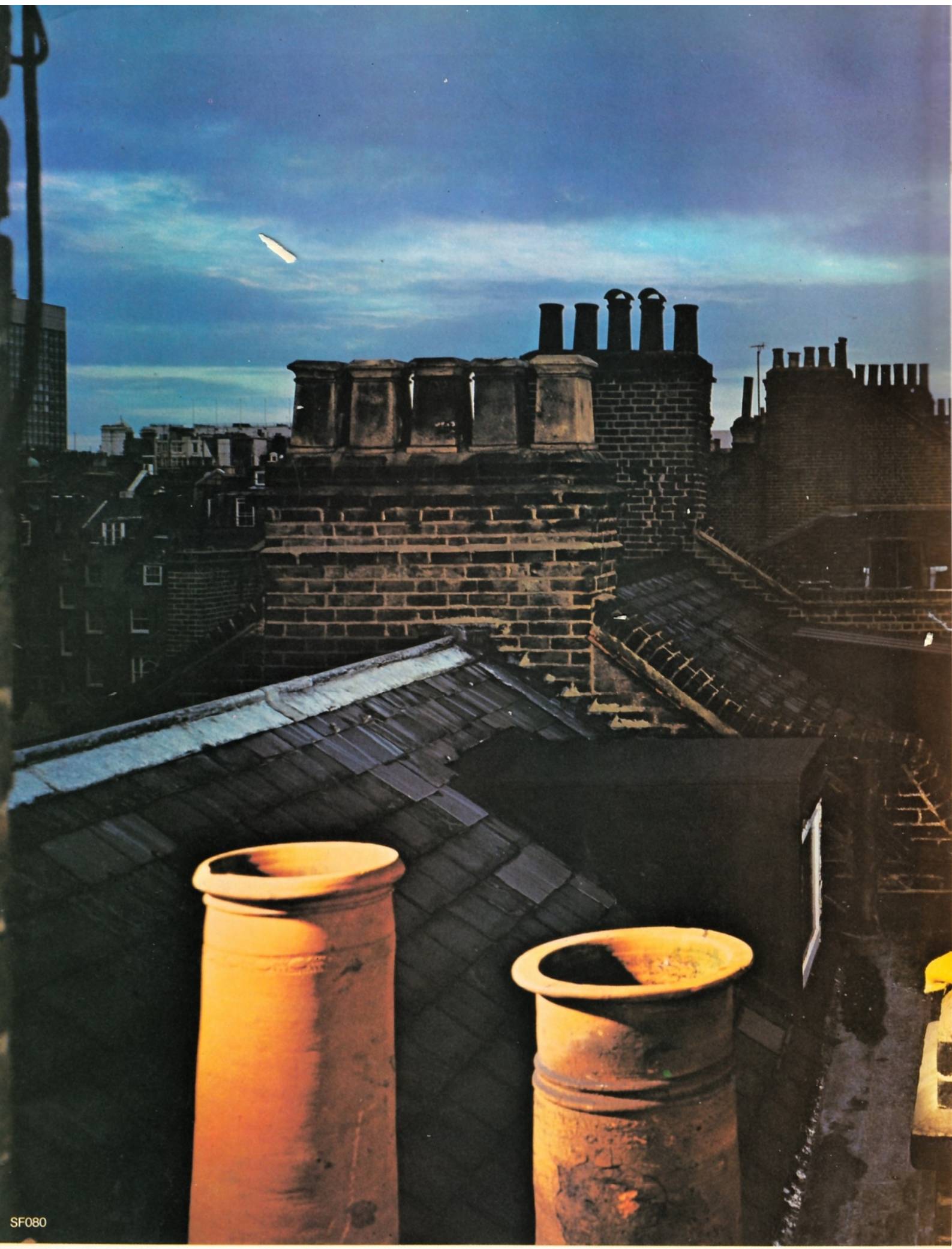
MA/01/12

Scotcade Ltd., Registered Office, 14 Grosvenor Place, London SW1. Registered No. 1148225 England. Allow 21–28 days for delivery. Delivery U.K. exc. Channel Islands.



CALLERS WELCOME AT OUR SHOPS IN: **BIRMINGHAM** PARADISE STREET **GLASGOW** ANDERSTON CROSS CENTRE **LEEDS** OPPOSITE CORN EXCHANGE **LONDON** 19 HOLBORN VIADUCT **MANCHESTER** 5 MARKET PLACE **NOTTINGHAM** 71 MAID MARIAN WAY **SOUTHAMPTON** 59 EAST STREET CENTRE

© Scotcade Ltd 1978.



MIDDLE TAR As defined by H.M. Government H.M. Government Health Departments'

WARNING: CIGARETTES CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH

To drink at Sam's you've got to have a head for heights, and a grasp of mountain climbing.

So to reward his regulars for all the effort they've made to get there Sam always gives them a free Bacardi rum and "Coke," with lots of ice.

Mind you, he knows they'll need to buy at least a couple to face the journey back.

Bacardi and the Bat Device are registered trademarks of Bacardi and Company Limited.
"Coca-Cola" and "Coke" are registered trademarks which identify the same product of The Coca-Cola Company.

Bacardi rum. **The one from the sun.**

SMIRNOFF
VODKA
"Well, they said anything could happen."

Remember, whatever happens, don't overdo it.

Life begins at 924.

There is a school of thought that subscribes to the idea that you are as young as the type of car you drive.

An understandable theory with cars like the Porsche 924 around.

The 924 brings a joie de vivre to motoring that positively shaves years off the age of whoever takes the wheel.

Yet it displays none of the immature traits normally associated with sports cars such as insatiable thirst, bad temper in traffic, or constant need for attention (the 924 goes 12,000 miles between routine services and boasts the Porsche 6-year Longlife guarantee).

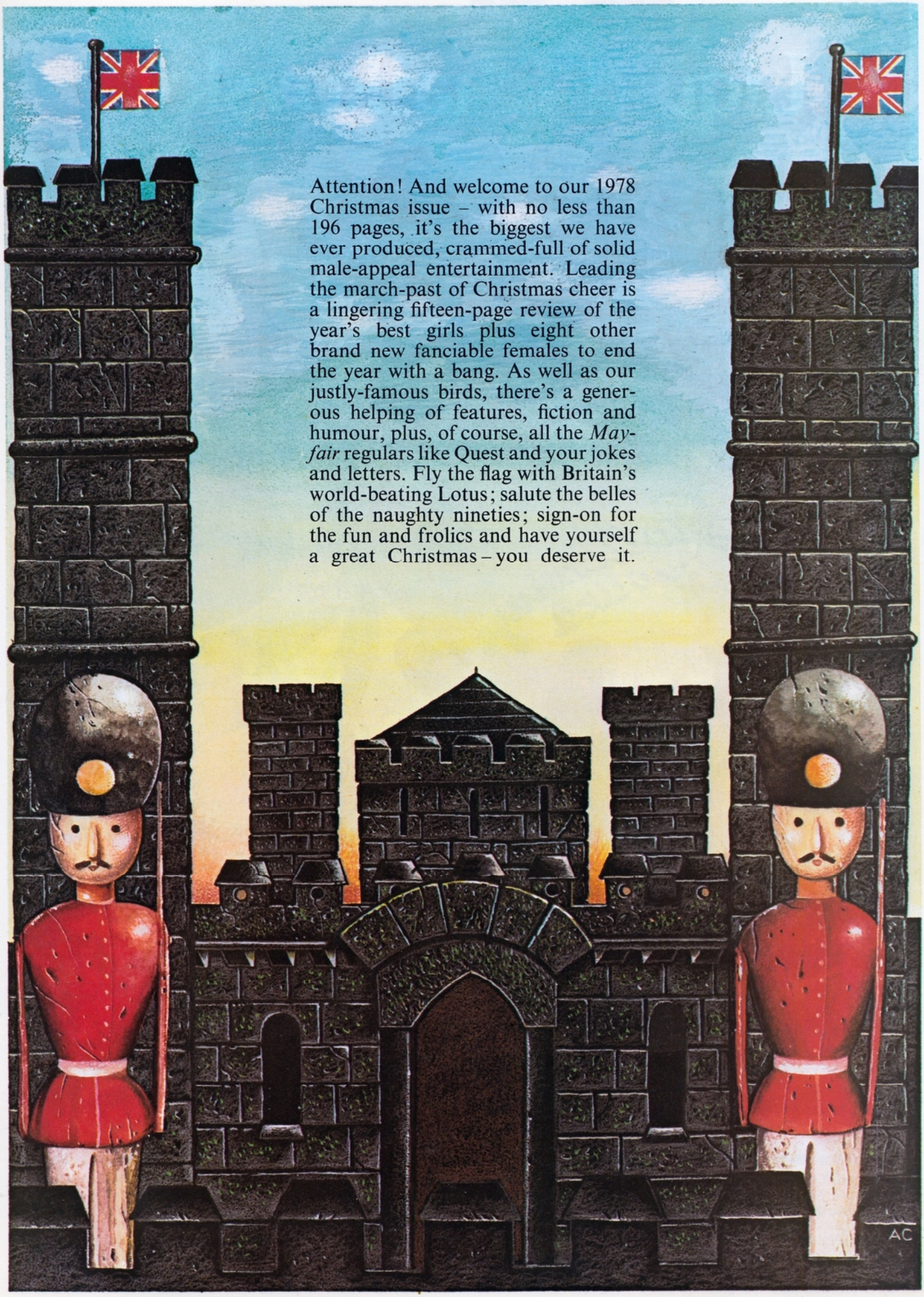
The 924 is also very grown up when it comes to passenger comfort, accessibility (rear opening hatch) and luggage space.

And, considering it's a Porsche, the 924 also sports a price tag that won't turn you grey. From £8,200. Let your motoring life begin anew with a 924.

Porsche Cars Great Britain Limited, Richfield Avenue, Reading, RG1 8PH. Tel: 0734 595411.

For Tourist, NATO, Diplomatic and Personal Export Enquiries. Tel: 01-568 1313. The present Porsche line-up includes the 924 Coupé and Lux Coupé – from £8,200; the 911SC and 911SC Sport Coupé and Targa – from £13,850; the Car of the Year 1978, the 928, at £19,500 and the Turbo at £25,000. Prices shown are correct at time of going to press and include car tax, VAT and seat belts. Delivery and number plates are extra. For further information and details of leasing facilities available contact your nearest official Porsche Centre.

Main dealers: South East: A.F.N. Ltd., Isleworth. Tel: 01-560 1011. A.F.N. Ltd., Guildford. Tel: 0483 38448. Charles Follett Ltd., Mayfair. Tel: 01-629 6266. Malaya Garage (Billingshurst) Ltd., Billingshurst. Tel: 040 381 3341. Maltin Car Concessionaires Ltd., Henley-on-Thames. Tel: 04912 4952. Motortune Ltd., Kensington. Tel: 01-581 1234. **South West:** Dick Lovett (Specialist Cars) Ltd., Wroughton. Tel: 0793 812387 **South:** Heddell and Deeks (Motors) Ltd., Bournemouth. Tel: 0202 510252. **Midlands:** Swinford Motors (Continental) Ltd., Stourbridge. Tel: 038 482 3047 Roger Clark (Cars) Ltd., Narborough. Tel: 0533 848270. Gordon Lamb Ltd., Chesterfield. Tel: 0246 451611. **East Anglia and Essex:** Lancaster Garages (Colchester) Ltd., Colchester. Tel: 0206 48141. **North West:** Ian Anthony Sales (Knutsford) Ltd. Tel: 0565 52737. **North East:** JCT 600 Ltd., Yeadon. Tel: 0532 502231. **North:** Parker and Parker Ltd., Kendal. Tel: 0539 24331. Gordon Ramsay Ltd., Newcastle upon Tyne. Tel: 0632 812829/814383. Gordon Ramsay Ltd., Bishop Auckland. Tel: 0388 5601. **Scotland:** Glen Henderson Motors Ltd., Ayr. Tel: 0292 81531. Glen Henderson Motors Ltd., Glasgow. Tel: 041-943 1155. Glen Henderson Motors Ltd., Edinburgh. Tel: 031-225 9266. **Northern Ireland:** Isaac Agnew Ltd.(Retail), Glengormley. Tel: 02313 7111. Isaac Agnew Ltd., Belfast. Tel: 0232 663231. **Channel Islands:** Jones Garage, St. Saviour, Jersey. Tel: 0534 26156.

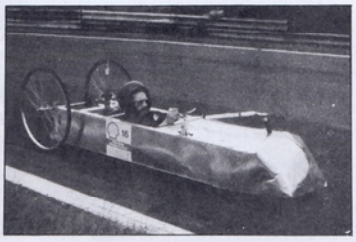


Attention! And welcome to our 1978 Christmas issue – with no less than 196 pages, it's the biggest we have ever produced, crammed-full of solid male-appeal entertainment. Leading the march-past of Christmas cheer is a lingering fifteen-page review of the year's best girls plus eight other brand new fanciable females to end the year with a bang. As well as our justly-famous birds, there's a generous helping of features, fiction and humour, plus, of course, all the *Mayfair* regulars like Quest and your jokes and letters. Fly the flag with Britain's world-beating Lotus; salute the belles of the naughty nineties; sign-on for the fun and frolics and have yourself a great Christmas – you deserve it.

Liquid Tchaikovsky.

Stolichnaya
is real Russian Vodka. In fact, it's
the only real Russian Vodka you can buy in this country.
The Russians drink Stolichnaya chilled and neat.
They don't believe in mixing about with the taste.
A poet once described the taste as "liquid Tchaikovsky."
Mix it if you must (may the Tsars forgive you!), but please
taste it neat first.

Stolichnaya
Tsar of all the Vodkas.



MAYFAIR

INCORPORATING King

Telephone number: 01-242 1593

95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

Vol. 13 No. 12 ABC net paid circulation 419,791

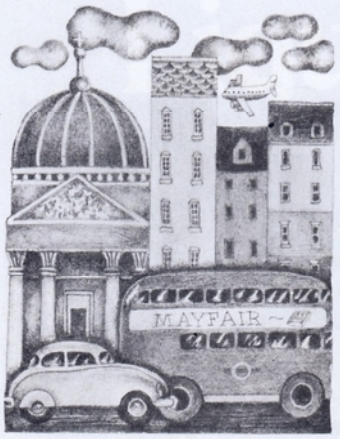
Sweet Celia, page 90. *Minimal motoring, page 78.*

CONTENTS

SPECIAL FEATURES			page
Who Threw That?	The shattering truth about poltergeists	*Marc Cramer*	48
Courtesans For Kings:	Loose ladies of the naughty nineties	*Bernard Mendoza*	68
Economy Crazies:	Would you believe a 1000 mpg car?	*Andrew Morland*	78
Crow's Nest and Canvas:	By barquentine to the Black Sea	*Richard Barnard*	100
Carrie:	Santa's not so secret surprise	*Steve Kingston*	186
GIRLS			
Jacqueline:	Our alluring expatriate	*Stephen Oliver*	36
Maidens Over:	Your 24 favourite girls reviewed		51
Janis:	Solihull's sexiest driver	*Walter Frank*	72
Celia:	A most designing dolly	*Ed Alexander*	90
Bertha Under The Doctor:	An Edwardian erotic romp	*Roger Pearson*	104
Sandra:	Naughty dreams about St Nicholas	*Michael Hammett*	116
Charon:	Cardiff's prettiest proofreader	*Siwer Ohlsson*	125
Catherine:	Stripped in white stockings	*John Allum*	140
Jan:	Mrs Muscles undresses	*Roy Brewington*	172
HUMOUR			
Screwge!	A leery look at Dickens' dourest miser	*Colin Leary*	43
Curtains Up, Pantos Down:	Seasonal entertainment upstaged	*Peter Maddocks*	110
Gentlemen, That Reminds Me:	Our round-up of your choice tales		139
Postman's Knocks:	Party games lampooned	*Paul White*	147
INFORMERS			
Making Scents:	A male buyer's guide to feminine perfume	*Veronica Kruger*	120
Motoring:	Getting to the heart of the Lotus	*William Boddy*	132
Quest:	Sex the second time around		155
FICTION			
Black Christmas At The Bayflowers	Dirty deeds under the Christmas tree	*John Fergus Ryan*	32
READER SERVICES	**Letters**/page 19 **Book Club**/page 151 **Back numbers**/page 154 **Quest back numbers**/page 162 **Calendar Offer**/page 171 **Subscription Details**/page 152		
CRITICS	**Books, Films, Discs**		150

Editor **Kenneth Bound** / Art Editor **Jim Bunker** / Features Editor **David Brenner** / Fiction Editor **Gerald Cole** / Production Editor **Peter Wilton** Motoring **William Boddy** / Books **Arthur Pottersman** / Films **Gerald Cole** / Discs **Peter Hopkin** / Clubs **Kenneth Dowd** / Wine **Charles Fforde**/Readers' Service **Pat Asquith**/Advertisement Director **Adrian Walker**/published monthly by Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2. Reg. London No. 875169. Reg. Office 95a Chancery Lane, WC2/Distributed by Seymour Press Ltd., 334 Brixton Road, London SW9/Origination by Moorgate Lithoplates Ltd./Printing and Binding by The Artisan Press Ltd., Anstey, Leicester, England/**Fiction:** all characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to persons either living or dead/**Contributions:** although every care will be taken of all materials submitted for publication Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., their servants or agents, accept no responsibility for loss, damage or destruction, however arising, while in their offices, in transit or elsewhere/Copyright – Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., London, WC2.

SCENE



Christmas comes but once a year – which from our point of view is probably just as well, because an issue on the scale of this one (with 196 pages it's our biggest ever), requires the sort of planning normally reserved for putting men on the moon. Midnight oil is burnt in wholesale quantities; desks groan under the weight of photosets and manuscripts and our staff take on the look of hunted men as they race against deadlines. Still, there comes the time when the last page has been sent off to our printers. Drinks are poured and blissful peace reigns until someone says: 'Do you realise we'll have to go through this again next year?' Joking apart though, as demanding as the preparation of this issue has been, we think that the effort has been well worthwhile. Not only does it end the year in spectacular fashion, but it's also our way of saying 'Thanks' to you, our readers.

On page 48 of this issue is an investigation into the paranormal phenomenon of poltergeists – those mysterious 'spirits' that can seemingly move or destroy household objects at will. The feature was written by new contributor Marc Cramer, a 30-year-old Londoner, who is widely regarded as being one of the foremost authorities in the world on poltergeists. While he was still at the University of California, Marc lectured the Honours Society in Psychology and on returning to Britain, he became a clinical psychologist in Wales where he published a number of papers in professional journals.

Marc is the author of *The Devil Within*, (to be published later this year by W H Allen), which is a definitive study on possession. Away from his work, Marc confesses a predilection for travel, guitars and brunettes, 'Though not,' he says, 'necessarily in that order!'

Try this as an executive exercise. Your firm is about to launch a new product, the result of several years of research, and one which they feel exemplifies the technology of the day.

However, the Press is bombarded daily with hand-outs announcing fantastic forays into new technology, and such routine hand-outs sink without trace in the Editor's waste-paper basket.

The problem? You have to come up with an idea which will make an Editor sit up, smile, and say 'now that's a bit clever.'

The answer? Quite simple, if expensive.

You charter Concorde. And then invite the Editors to come for a quick spin up to Iceland and back.

This is precisely what Gillette did in order to launch Contour a new type of razor.

As an idea it earned full marks. In practice, however, the idea ran into turbulence. British Airways maintenance engineers were involved in an industrial dispute, and Concorde never got off the ground. This left a large party of journalists at the Heathrow Hotel with time to contemplate the new razor and to savour such phrases as 'close shave' and 'double edged weapons.'

The object of their attentions is basically a swivel-headed razor which thus can follow the contours of the face from a normal hand-hold. Gillette claim it is the result of 12 years of research. After introducing the two blades in tandem razor some years ago they wired up the blades to electronic equipment and found that one of the blades was touching skin for only three-quarters of the time due to the way a razor is held. The Contour certainly overcomes this deficiency.

The new razor goes back to a heavier metal handle and thus makes the break with the ever-lighter plastic products. *Mayfair's* own researchers into executive toys show that men do like a possession to be solid and weighty. Gillette could be on to a winner.

rdinary number.
ordinary taste.
BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
SUPPLIERS OF CIGARETTES
ARDATH TOBACCO CO. LTD.
PICCADILLY LONDON
555
STATE EXPRESS
OF LONDON
ree Fives
ize from State Express of London.
MIDDLE TAR Manufacturer's estimate.
ARNING: CIGARETTES CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH

On the left you have a hi-fi buff's dream and an interior decorator's nightmare.

On the right you have both their dreams come true.

That sleek cabinet will neatly accommodate all of the new Sony Systems Hi-Fi range.

System 1 comprises of a tuner, a 15 watt amplifier and the direct drive turntable and costs £302.

Its stablemate, System 2, which includes the cassette deck and a combined 15 watt tuner-amplifier costs £358.

System 3 is made up of the turntable, the tuner and a separate 25 watt amplifier. It sells for £350.

That's £37 less than System 4 which is illustrated below.

It includes a cassette deck, the combined 25 watt tuner-amplifier as well as the turntable and costs £387.

Wild hi-f

Finally there's the ultimate Sony Systems Hi-Fi. Not surprisingly it's called System 5 and includes the turntable, cassette deck, a tuner and a separate 25 watt amplifier for £454.

Once you've chosen a system to suit the size of your living room (and the thickness of your wallet) you can relax and forget about compatibility.

All the separates in Sony Systems Hi-Fi were made for each other so they marry together perfectly.

And because they arrive in a tailor-made cabinet they don't take over your living room.

There are two cabinets to choose from.

The black and silver vertical one illustrated and a low-level teak finish version.

Both bring the most intimidating Systems Hi-Fi to heel, leaving you with hi-fi that's as easy on the eye as it is on the ear.

PRICES QUOTED ARE SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICES WITHOUT SPEAKERS

i, tamed.

SONY
Systems Hi-Fi.

THREE BARRELS
RARE OLD FRENCH BRANDY
Three Barrels
Fine French Brandy
at a smuggler's price.

LETTERS

You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. *Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.*

Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

I have been following with interest your collection of graffiti, and thought you might be interested in a couple of gems which I have uncovered. Following the controversy about the nuclear power plant at Windscale, someone has inscribed the following in the loo of a pub in Newcastle:

The only safe breeders are rabbits.

Then, in a pub in Bradford, the following: *Racial discrimination is just a pigment of your imagination.*

Keep up the good work.

T Alexander, Gateshead

I would like to compliment you upon the series – twice recently – where the model girl has been photographed showing more than she should in public.

The piquancy of illicit exposure with people going about in the backgrounds – a park and a beach – adds something which is provoking to say the least.

One criticism, however. Why, oh why, do the majority of lovely girls shave their armpits? The subtle difference between smooth rounded arms and a daintily trimmed armpit is fascinating.

D B, Usk, Gwent

As a somewhat irregular reader of *Mayfair* I was pleasantly surprised to see a Vincent HRD Rapide motorbike engine in full and glorious colour in Vol 13 No 7.

I immediately read the article and closely inspected the other photos.

But, horror of horrors, you failed to even mention Nortons let alone print a photo. Does your author not realise that the era of the great British bike and Nortons go hand in hand? Ariels, Sunbeams, and Douglases are all fine and dandy but Nortons were the machines that gave Britain her dominance in racing.

With the Vincent the author got close to the mark. But Gunga Din is the machine which I think stands out in most people's minds. Nero, Super Nero and Jindivik were sprinters and not pure Vincents. The Norton Manx and International models were the best machines ever produced for engineering, looks, handling etc. Your girls are beautiful but they are all pale when compared to a Manx or Inter. Shame on you for omitting them. By the way, I knew a chap who owned a number of Vincents and Ariels – he suffered terribly from vinariel disease!

W Anderson, Dalkey, Dublin

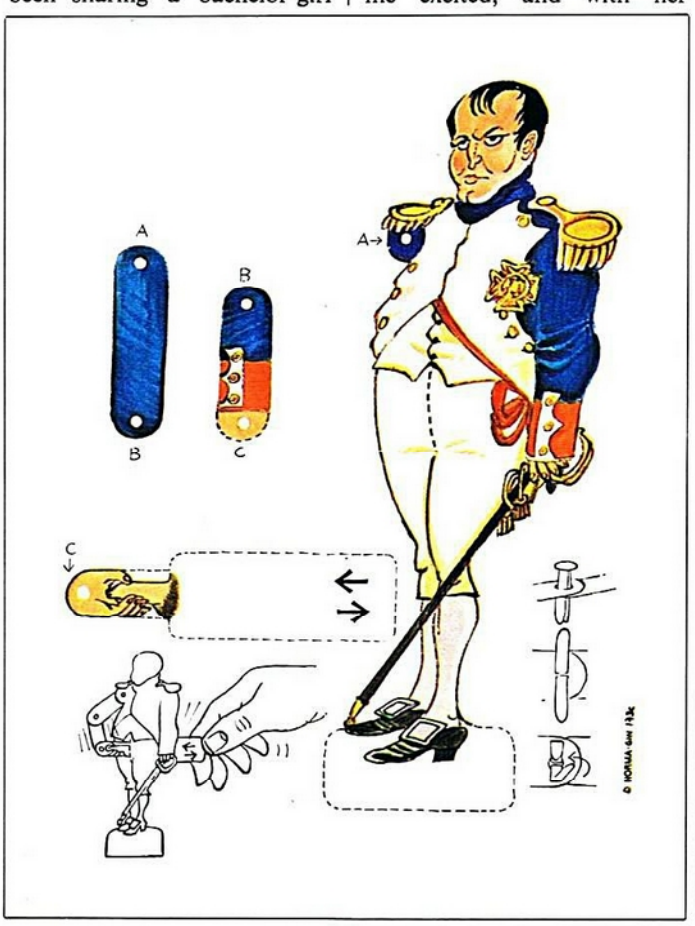
My friend Mavis and I had been sharing a bachelor-girl flat for three weeks when I suggested going blackberrying. We were busy picking away in a hedge and found a copy of *Mayfair* – Vol 13 No 9: it had a girl in a yellow swimsuit on the cover. Both of us looked through it and Mavis blurted out that she would love to have oral sex with one of your models in that issue. I just gasped and asked her to repeat what she had said. She replied by asking me if I had had a relationship with a girl. I replied that I never had. Mavis then pushed my hand down the inside of her slacks, into her knickers and to her fanny which was quite wet and hairless.

She held my hand there for a while and told me to have a good feel: her clitoris started swelling and she then stopped me.

When we got home I went straight into the shower and Mavis came in with me: she must have realised that I had been turned on earlier. She started washing me: my nipples were swollen more than ever and she put her head down to suck them.

She came into the bedroom a short time after me and said it was time that my pubic hair came off. She shaved me very quickly which really got me excited, and with her fingers, she brought me just to the tip of an orgasm. With my lips all swollen and gaping she left me and went and got a small suitcase from the wardrobe, from which she extracted an enormous dildo. Coming back to the bed I told her not to put it to me as it was too large. She told me that of course she wouldn't, but asked me to wear it, to which I agreed. I looked funny with it on and when Mavis bent over the bed, saying 'come on', she parted her lips to let me guide it in with my hand. I was surprised at the ease with which it slid in. I felt really exhausted after I had brought her off. As soon as she had finished, she took the dildo from me and mounted me: it went in easily following my session with her. We are together most nights thanks to *Mayfair*.

Ms, J I Cardiff



A reader asked, in a recent issue if it was true that Irish women used to expose their genitals to break up fights between men.

Well, the answer is yes. Years ago, when I was a young fellow, I witnessed many such incidents – usually on a Saturday night after the pubs had closed and the fighting had started. It was done by the woman whose husband or boyfriend was getting the rough end of the fight.

I remember a widow, I'll call her Mrs W. All widow women had one boyfriend or fancy man, but Mrs W had two Jim L and Ned S. One day Jim came along the streets shouting and roaring what he would do to Ned if Ned did not let his woman be. He kept up the shouting for some time until Ned came out of the widow's house with nothing on but his trousers and the two men started to fight. It lasted about half an hour until the widow came out with nothing on at all – bare as a newly born baby – and that stopped the fight and cleared the street of all onlookers.

(*Name and address withheld*)

I have never before written to a newspaper or magazine, but I feel that must change, following the correspondence equating hand size and penis size in back issues of *Mayfair* (Vol 9 No 8 and Vol 9 No 10). I am sixty-eight years old

turn to page 24

If you
it, Father C
will take it
REMINGTON
REMINGTON
To John
from Sally

don't like Christmas back.

Since Christmas is a time of goodwill to all men, we thought we'd throw in a present of our own with every Remington M3 men's shaver.

A 30 day, money-back promise.

If for any reason you don't believe the M3 gives you the best shave you've ever had, return it to us within 30 days of purchase, and we'll refund every penny you paid for it.

What gives us the nerve to stick our chin out like this?

A shaving breakthrough we call 'triple action'.

The first foil head cuts the whiskers close in the normal way.

Next, the second foil cuts them a fraction of a millimetre below skin level. (It's able to do this because the two foils actually stretch the skin, forcing more of the whisker to be exposed.)

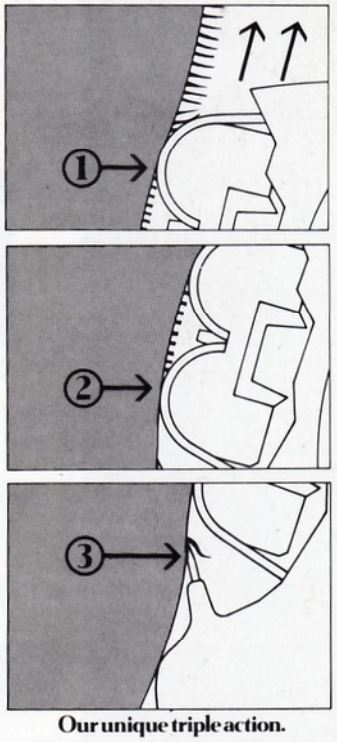
Then the 'Intercept Cutter,' an innovation unique to the M3, disposes of those long stray whiskers that always seem to be missed.

For sideboards and the like, the M3 also comes equipped with an additional trimmer that glides into action at the flick of a finger.

The result, we think we can say, is the closest, smoothest, most comfortable shave you've ever had.

(Something that won't go unnoticed under the mistletoe on Christmas morning.)

The M3 comes in three versions: Mains, Mains De Luxe and Rechargeable.



Our unique triple action.

Each offering the ultimate shave backed by the ultimate guarantee, our money-back promise.

Now doesn't that make them a gift?

The Remington M3. The ultimate shave. Or your money back.

SPERRY REMINGTON

(Offer applies to purchases made between September 1st 1978 and February 28th 1979.)

The taste that w
won't die in

as born in a can the fridge.

The fridge.

To you, a familiar, hard-working friend in the kitchen. But to a can of beer, it can look far from friendly.

Because, unless the beer was brewed especially for the can, the odds are a spell in the fridge will take the edge off its flavour.

And unless it's Long Life, the odds are it wasn't brewed especially for the can.

Canned Long Life isn't an afterthought that started life in a bottle or a barrel.

It was expressly brewed to taste good straight from the can.

And straight from the fridge.

In 1956, when Long Life was introduced, it was the only beer in Britain to start life in this way.

Curious though it might seem, it still is.

LONG LIFE.
The beer that lives up to its name.

LETTERS

continued from page 19

and in my time I was able to pick up a football with one hand. I had the biggest hands about the place and I wear size eleven shoes. I am five feet nine inches tall and as of now nineteen stone two pounds, and the little devil was never more than five and a half to six inches long.

But I didn't have any complaints from the ladies, but one. And all she said was 'And Finbarr, you are such a big man'.

(Name and address withheld)

I hope that this letter is published, if only to prove that not all your letters are the product of your readers' fertile imaginations.

It was on a recent short visit to Paris that it happened. I was with my wife and a Canadian girlfriend of ours. Late one evening we were sitting in our bedroom drinking, and our friend, Ann, who had recently overdone the sunbathing, was rubbing at her itching sunburn when Carol, my wife, suggested that I rub some moisturising cream into Ann's back. Ann readily agreed and naturally I was all in favour.

Ann lay on her stomach on our bed, pulled up her dress and revealed a very neat, beautiful white bum: she was naked beneath her dress. I set to with a will and as my hands moved higher up her back Ann stopped me so that she could remove her dress completely.

I continued massaging her back for a few minutes more before I asked Ann to turn over. She protested that it was rather unfair as she was now naked and we were all fully clothed, but if I would undress she would turn over. Well, after that the massage did not last much longer. Within a few moments my wife had also stripped off and was munching away on Ann's pert little boobs whilst I was fighting for breath in the tropical rainforest between our friend's thighs.

One thing naturally led to another and before long Ann and Carol were engaged in a frantic sixty-nine session while I looked on, barely able to contain myself. My turn was to come as I took Ann violently across the bed.

The noise that we made in that room with very thin walls must have been overheard in a number of rooms round about, but fortunately as we were checking out the next day we were not too worried.

It was a completely unexpected introduction into a beautiful relationship for the three of us, which I hope will continue for a long time to come.

E B, Lanarkshire, Scotland

Although you feature many beautiful girls in *Mayfair*, I'm still waiting anxiously for a spread on Joanne Latham of page three and *Mirror*-girl fame. Any chance of you obliging? And I wouldn't exactly object to a spread on Denise Perry either!

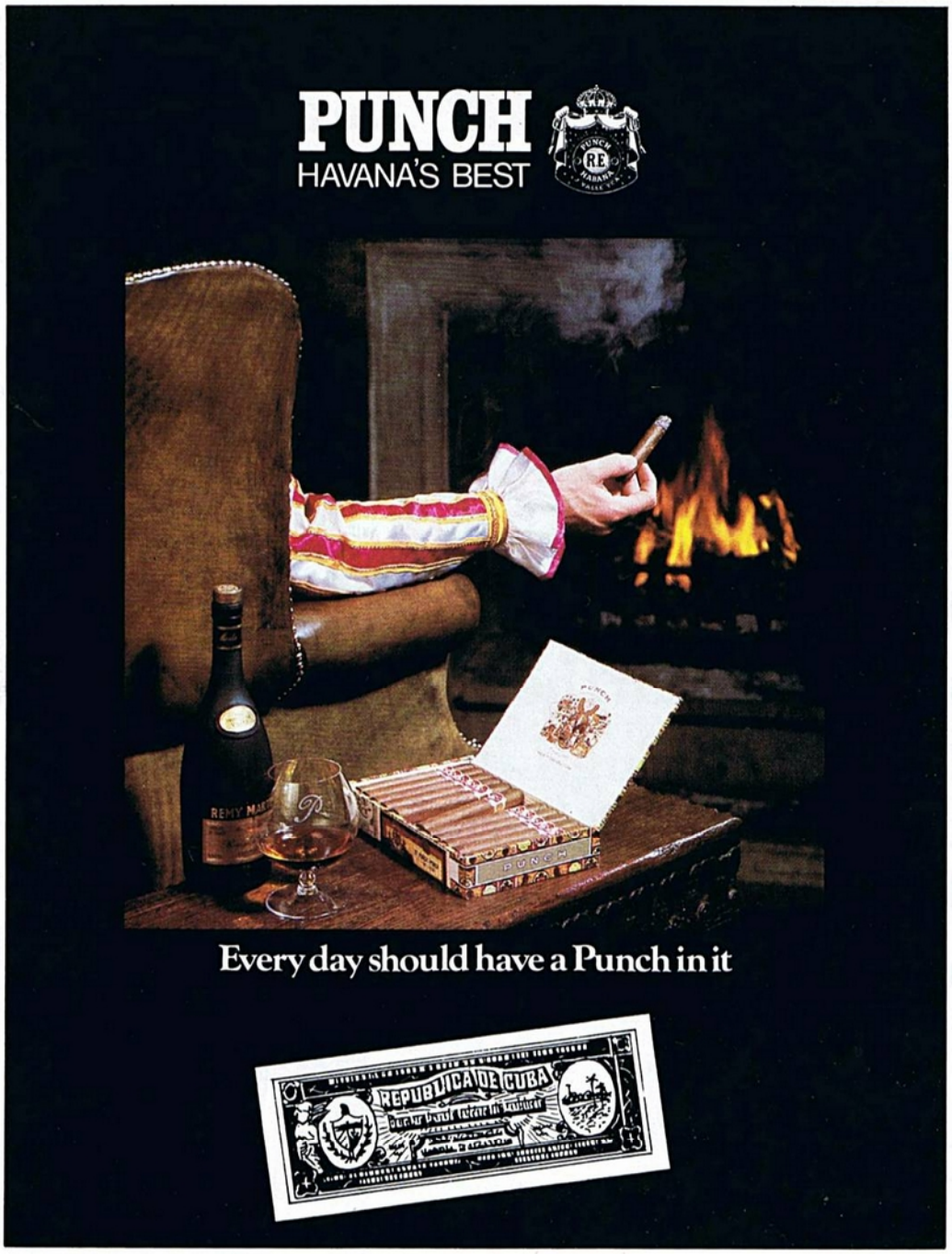
P J Shelton, Shenfield, Essex

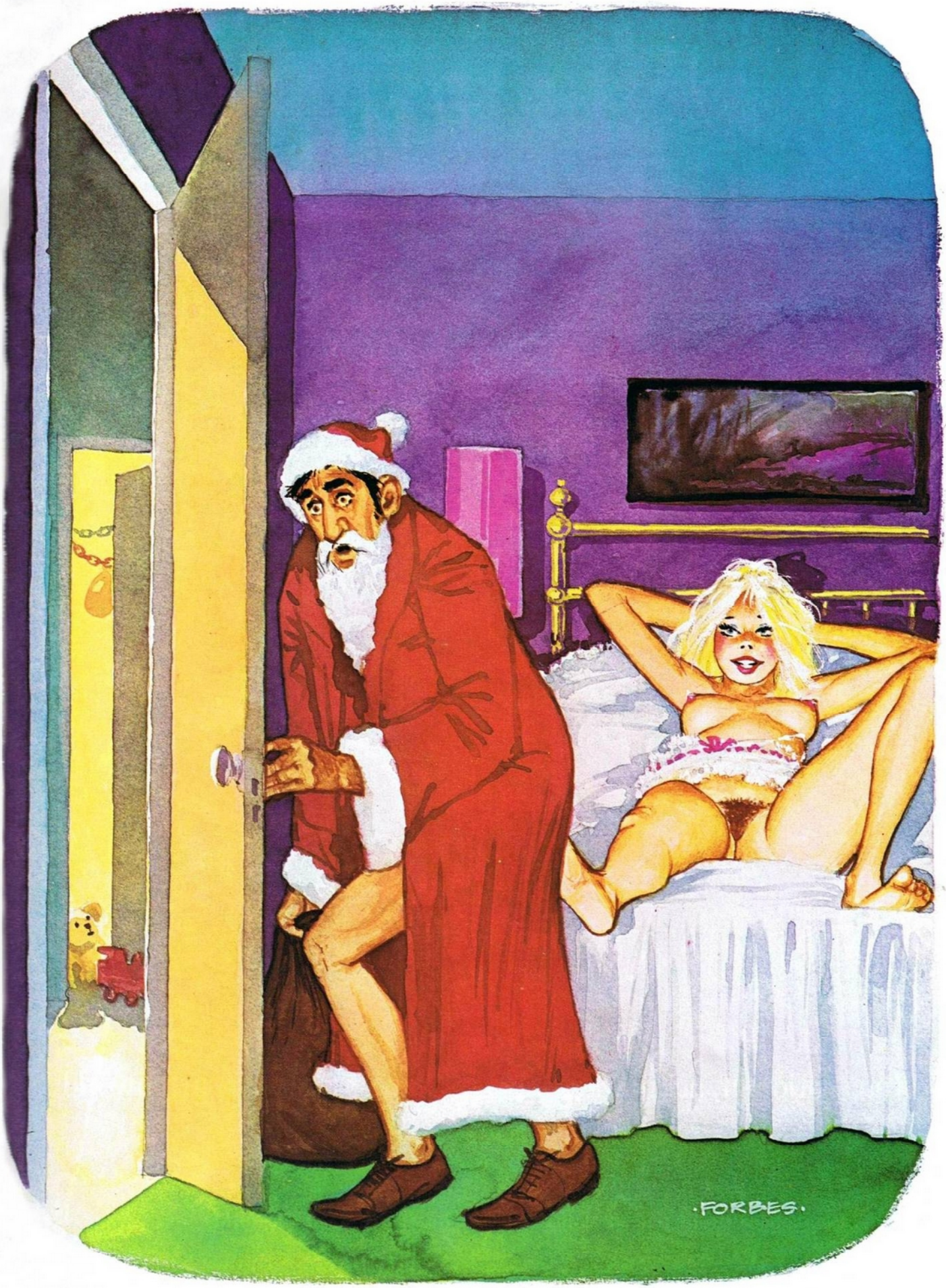
No doubt, Mr Shelton, you will have noticed that our cover-girl for this issue is none other than a bare-boobed Miss Latham. We are only sorry to have to add that in spite of all our entreaties, she is not prepared to do a fully-nude set at present. You have our assurance that if the position changes we'll be there camera at the ready.

I was browsing through some back issues of your magazine recently and I came across an article which interested me greatly. It was called 'Best Buys on the Soho Strip Scene' and it was by John Hamilton (Vol 8 No 10). It was a guide to where the best views of feminine nakedness could be had in London. Now I am a connoiseur of the naked female form and, when I lived in London, I used to spend quite some time going round the best of the strip clubs.

It was my delight to go up to Soho, have a couple of drinks and then spend several hours in one (or sometimes more than one) of the establishments where one could wallow in the finest showings of bare bums and tits – to say nothing of the odd carthorse of course. There were often one or two pot-boilers: ie girls who were nothing spectacular to look at, and who were not great dancers, but they filled a gap

turn to page 27





'Ah, Herr Brown, what a marvellous Christmas present that was. Just like the one your wife gave the milkman this morning.'

Internationally acknowledged to be the finest cigarette in the world

dunhill The most distinguished tobacco house in the world

MIDDLE TAR As defined in H.M. Government Tables.

H.M. Government Health Departments' WARNING:
CIGARETTES CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH

LETTERS

continued from page 24

in the show. Such girls were, however, well worth putting up with in order to see the real glamour queens, the magnificent specimens of curvaceous femininity that formed the bulk of the Soho strip circuit. These included such wonderful gems as Cheryl Peters, Rusty Gaynor, Estelle Winchelle and Liz Martelle. Such girls were professionals down to their fingertips. They had superb bodies, great breasts, lusciously provocative bottoms, long slender legs and faces that made them look as though butter wouldn't melt in their mouths.

It was a real treat to see an angelic looking teenager walk on stage, remove every item of her clothing and dance naked before an audience of men who never took their eyes off her for a second. If one of them showed her fanny to the admirers, we were delighted. It wasn't simply a question of good looks of course. These girls were real artists. They knew how to undress provocatively; they knew how to reveal their bodies slowly and tantalisingly, in such a way that every member of the audience was transfixed by the devastating sight of these wonders of womanhood.

Unfortunately all that seems to be in the past. I moved away from London some years ago and didn't get the opportunity to return until fairly recently. I was in London on business and naturally made a bee line for my old haven of ecstasy.

Imagine my disappointment when I saw how much it had changed. Most of the strip clubs seem to have been converted to blue movie shows or massage parlours. While I am in favour of the latter (there are few things in this world more delightful than being catered for by a skilful masseuse) I definitely do not like the former. The photography and production are usually poor, as is the acting. The girls are often fairly good-looking, but equally as often they are not: and the plots leave an awful lot to be desired. Above all the fact that they have nude men in them turns me off. If there is one thing I can live without it's the sight of cocks, balls and male arses, while I am trying to survey a girl's feminine charms.

Surely the penny should have dropped among the makers of blue movies that while girls are great to look at, men are not. If we must have this kind of thing why not make a few lesbian films, showing good-looking girls plating each other – with not a male in sight?

Anyway, I digress. After ascertaining that there wasn't going to be much live feminine pulchritude on display in Soho that day, I eventually found myself outside the Dolls House. Now this particular establishment is, or was renowned for the quality of its revues, and it was one of the clubs singled out for recommendation in the aforementioned article. Remembering some of the great times I had had there in the past, I thought that *it*, surely, would be the one place where girls private delights would be on view for all to see and savour. Alas, I was sadly mistaken. In the space of about an hour I saw only three girls. Admittedly they all did more than one act, but compared to the ten or fifteen little lovelies I had been expecting they were a let down.

Not only that, but of the three of them, only one was worth looking at. She was obviously a veteran; well in her thirties but possessing a lovely body. When one girl appeared for the third time, I just couldn't bear to watch her and had to walk out.

Where does one go in London nowadays to feast ones eyes on naked feminity? Where can one wallow in womanly charms and see girls exposing all their delights slowly and tantalisingly? In short where can one have a butchers at bloody good striptease? I feel that it's high time that you did a follow-up to that article and let us know where it all happens these days.

Finally allow me to congratulate you on producing a great magazine. As you can imagine the chief attraction for me is the consistently high

turn to page 181

THERE WAS A TIME WHEN CHOOSING THE RIGHT PAIR OF SOCKS WASN'T A CHOICE AT ALL.

We believe that choosing the right pair of socks is just as important as choosing the right pair of shoes.

That's why the Wolsey range offers a pair to suit every occasion.

From Playsocks for casual shoes to Cardinal socks for dress shoes, there's a pair of comfortable Wolsey socks to fit your needs exactly.

Choose Wolsey–and you'll know you're choosing the right pair of socks.

Wolsey

Shoes by courtesy of Clarks Ltd.

A pint is only as you put

Remember the very first tentative sip of your first-ever home brewed pint? Chances are it was either a nasty shock or a pleasant surprise.

Whichever it was you probably thought it could have been better. Whatever beer kit you used.

Because no-one, as you've now discovered, can learn the art of home-brewing overnight.

What it takes is skill, patience, and like most things that are worth doing really well, practice.

But it's not all down to you.

You can't expect to brew a great-tasting pint if any of its ingredients are anything less than great. It's as simple as that.

We take the craft of home-brewing just as seriously as you do. That's why we're still so

good as what into it.

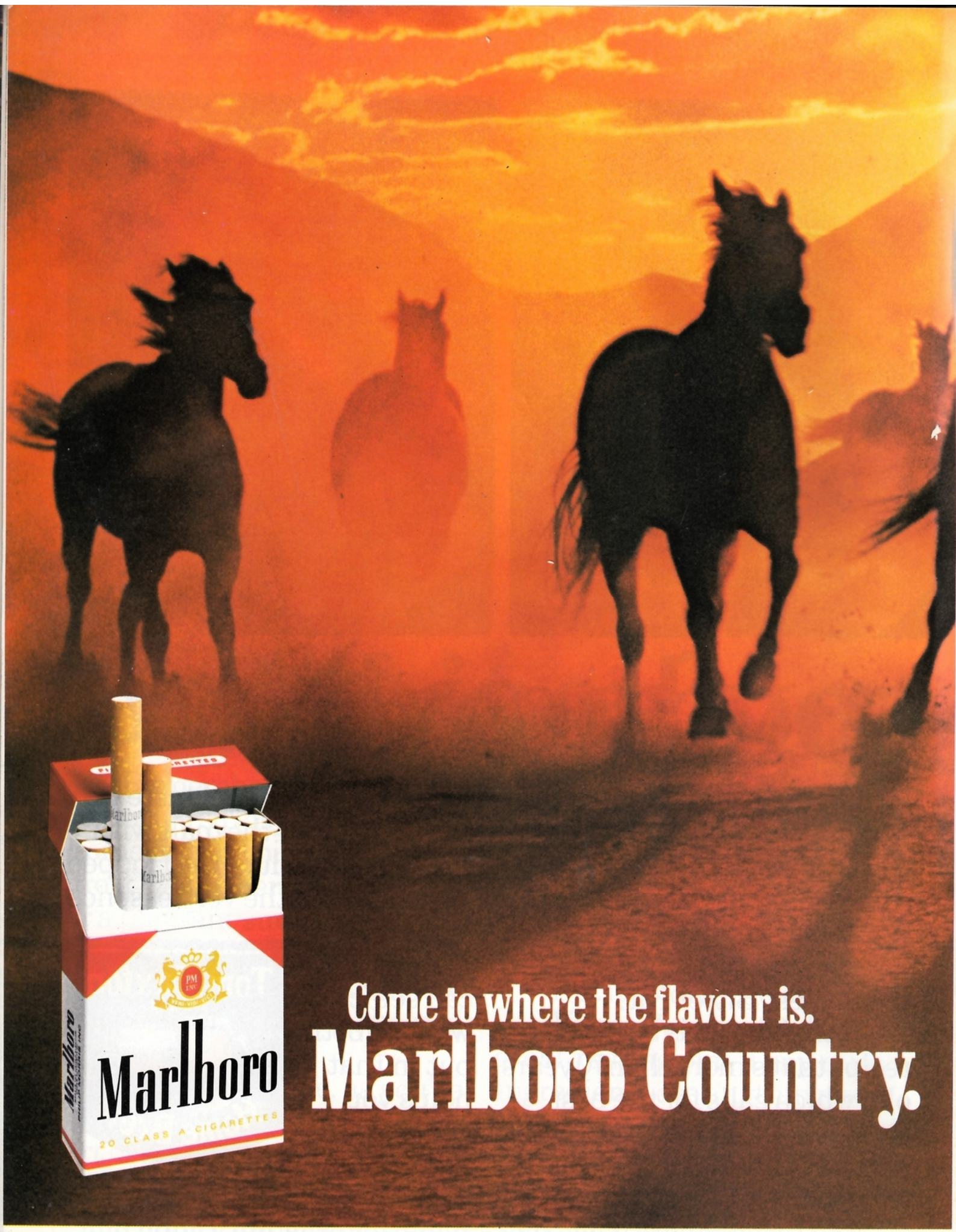
particular about using only the very best natural ingredients in our Best Bitter Kit.

Tom Caxton is based on a recipe that's more than 70 years old, which calls for the best British hops and the best British barley. Our yeast is a specially selected self-clearing variety.

And to make sure it has that beautiful traditional taste we slowly simmer the malt with the hops to produce the 'Hopped Wort' extract, the very essence of real ale.

So as you can see it's what we both put in that helps you get the best taste out.

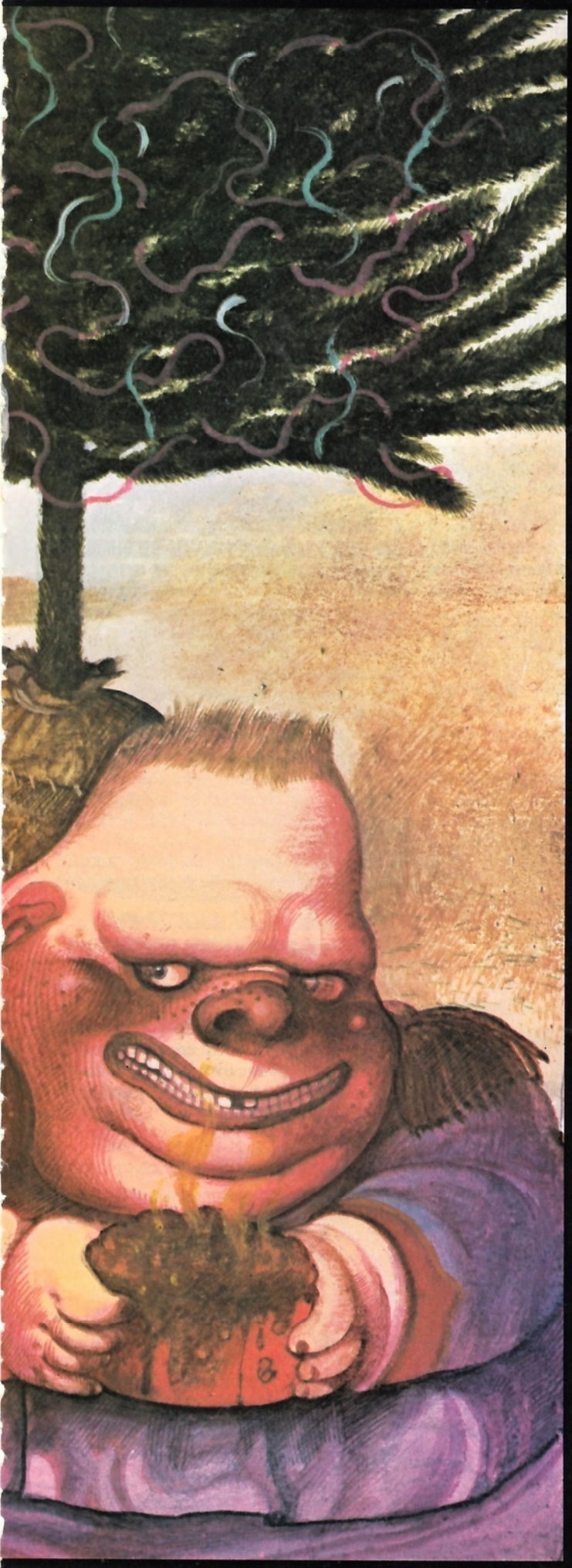
There's no place like home for brewing a good pint.



H.M. Government Health Departments' WARNING: CIGARETTES CAN SERIOUSLY

DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH. LOW TO MIDDLE TAR.

ILLUSTRATION BY ART QUIGLEY



Dr and Mrs Bayflower hated each other. Their secretary hated them both. Their son hated everyone. Even the Christmas tree wasn't to be trusted

BLACK CHRISTMAS AT THE BAYFLOWERS

Fiction by John Fergus Ryan

Dr Bayflower sat bolt upright, Clutching the sides of a deep armchair and looking intently at his Christmas tree.

It was Christmas Eve.

Snow was falling outside the Great house, soft, wet snow, in big, thick flakes that smothered everything, silenced everyone.

Dr Bayflower was waiting for the Effect of some medicines he had taken to Relieve depression and he thought that enjoying the beauty of the Christmas tree might Help relax him.

Three Praxamil, two Soma Luden, one Citranommen, one Tuna 114 and two Lilitrin.

Taken together, they complemented each other and always produced a Desired result.

Today had been Horrible.

Dr Bayflower author of *Terminal Base Realities in the Diagnosis and Treatment of the Sub-Delinquent Child, a Theory, Method and Approach*, was the foremost Child Psychologist in the city.

His name alone was often Enough to calm anxious mothers whose children threatened them, perhaps even terrified them, by teasing their pets, picking at their food, slamming doors, banging on the piano and other gross "acting out" behaviour.

He had nearly been driven Mad by the responsibility.

At five thirty that afternoon he had been asked to make an emergency Evaluation of a fifteen-year-old boy caught Stealing a piece of expensive luggage from a grand hotel, by long distance telephone from a juvenile court in a far Away city.

Dr Bayflower was that much of an Authority.

By the time he got home, he was ready to Break into tears, and, in fact, Did. He sat down and cried and cried, and would have Kept on crying except his wife came Home unexpectedly.

His wife always Beat him when she found him crying.

Dr Bayflower tried to find comfort in the Christmas tree.

It was the first Christmas in his new home

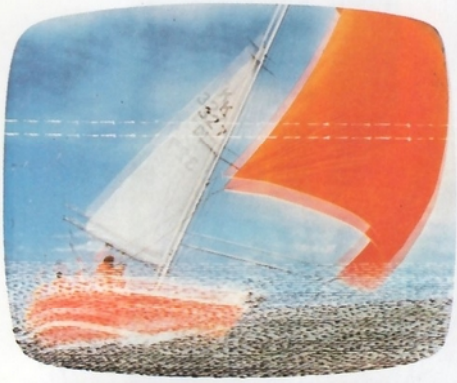
and he and his wife decided to get a living Christmas tree and plant it on the lawn after New Year's Day.
They had already Paid an old man three dollars and a half to Dig the hole.
Dr Bayflower was proud of his new home, a twenty room mansion with seven baths, a sun room, a billiard room, stables and clay courts, set in the Centre of a thirty acre park.
It was a much grander home than he ever Imagined he would own.
He had bought it shortly after Medicaid started Paying for psychological evaluations.
The pleasant scent of the living Christmas tree, a twelve foot Pine with huge spreading boughs, its roots Secure in a large earth ball done up in layers of sacking, was not Enough to soothe Dr Bayflower.
There was so much to make him Unhappy.
His wife.
His son.
Even Magda, his mistress, was sometimes a Problem with her screaming fits and crying spells.
And his patients!
Twice since he had been home, he had had to Comfort parents on the telephone, one whose child had been caught more than once eating cream filled snack cakes Between meals and another whose child did not want to Play football.
And one really pushy mother had even brought her son to his home, right there in the living room, to see the doctor because the boy would Not "mind" her.
Dr Bayflower had to give the child a Draw-a-Man test before he could get them out of his house.
And on Christmas Eve!
Sometimes, he wanted to kill himself, just add one extra Praxamil to the daily combination, and End it all.
He would have, but he was stopped by the realization that too many helpless parents depended upon him for Guidance in raising their children.
Another thing that kept him going was the knowledge that he would soon be Rid of his wife.
Her Christmas present was a new bowling ball.
Mrs Bayflower, herself a PhD in Psychology, partner in her husband's practice, and author of numerous papers printed in learned journals, among them, *New Approaches in Recognizing and Treating the Delinquent Child* and *Toward a New Prognosis for the Delinquent Child*, was Devoted to bowling.
She was also devoted to horse and buggy racing, lacrosse, Judo, falconry, blood sports and close order drill.
The bowling ball would Get rid of her.
Dr Bayflower had paid an unscrupulous artisan one thousand dollars to Rig an infernal machine inside it.
The first time it struck a pin, it would explode and Level a city block.
Dr Bayflower chuckled to himself as he contemplated the scene: his wife, perhaps others, never mind them, Blown sky high.
With her gone, he could arrange to put his son Ritchey in an institution, and marry his mistress, his research assistant, Magda.
Magda was part gypsy and could Play the violin.
She liked to sit in the dark and taught Crisis Intervention at the School of Social Work.
Magda was seven feet tall and weighed four hundred pounds.
It was hard to Find clothes.
Magda had principles and was Threatening to break off with Dr Bayflower unless he blew Up his wife.
He glanced again at the Christmas tree.
It had been decorated by a man who came in from downtown and Hung it with over five hundred coloured glass elephants Made in Thailand.
Ritchey did not like it.
The only thing he liked was Violence.
Dr Bayflower's attention was caught by what seemed to be a movement in the tree branches.
He could swear the tree seemed to have Changed its appearance, that it now looked disgusted and Seemed to be grimacing at him.
Nonsense!
It was the Praxamil, the Tuna 114, the others. They always distorted reality. That was why he Took them.
That reminded him: 'Here's hoping the authorities never find out I'm forging the prescriptions!'
Upstairs, Bayflower's wife, Rilla, was wrapping his gift.
She wrote articles under her full name, Rilla Garling Bayflower.
Mrs Bayflower hated her husband, the Sissy, with his unwholesome interest in china ware and Flowering succulents.
Rilla could break his grip anytime she wanted to touch his cold, Clammy hand.
She would not have to put up with him much longer, not after he tried to Wear his Christmas gift.
Rilla Bayflower chuckled.
His gift was a tie, an ordinary *looking* tie, but *far* from ordinary.
It was made of special fibres, Developed by the government.
They were programmed to shrink four inches to the foot, quickly and silently, whenever the fabric was Stretched, as in a necktie being Knotted around a man' neck.
She would give Anything to be there wher the tie did him in!
What great fun!
With her husband out of the way, the victim of accidental strangulation by his Own necktie, Mrs Bayflower could come out in the open about her relationship with Magda, her husband's research assistant. Together, they would take over the practice and Bring security and happiness to the many homes in the city disrupted by delinquent children.
Ritchey, the Bayflower's nine-year-old son, was in his room, mixing up various liquids, rubbing alcohol, cooking oil, laundry bleach, shaving lotions, sherry, vanilla extract and melted Popsicles, trying to make an explosive bomb that would get Rid of his parents.
He hated them, had for years, and wanted to be rid of them, especially now that he knew What he was getting for Christmas.
Ritchey had asked for a Bowie knife and a book of photographs titled *German Generals of World War Two*, which he had seen at the bookstore.
He was devoted to the memory of the Nazi leaders, particularly Hermann Goering, and had also asked for an eight by ten colour photograph of the Reich Air Marshal, to frame on his wall alongside six other photographs of Goering he had cut out of Old magazines.
They were giving him, instead, a set of plastic animals called Oscar Moose and his Forest Friends, sixty Bakelite rabbits, squirrels, deer, bears, otter and mink and two plastic farmhouses and a plastic Forest Ranger named Young Ned.
Later that evening, Dr Bayflower and his wife sat together in the living room and talked about Ritchey.
'He's already opened the Oscar Moose set,' said Rilla Bayflower. 'He doesn't like it.'
'How do you know that?' asked Dr Bayflower, on whom the medicines were beginning to Tell.
'He's taken a black Crayola and written dirty words all over the box. Dirty words and Threats on our lives.'
'Aggressive fantasies,' said Dr Bayflower. 'They usually disappear after the age of ten. You've read Spoon's paper on the subject, I'm sure.'
'Ritchey needs more counselling, more testing, more evaluation,' said Rilla.
'Should we consult Ben Spoon?'
'I think we should.'
'Spoon's a good man!' said Dr Bayflower. 'Behaviour Mod, all the way!'
They lay some last minute gifts under the tree, then stepped back and Looked up at it. A chill ran through Rilla Bayflower.
'That tree looks . . . you'll think I'm crazy . . . it looks . . . Menacing!' she said.
'I thought that myself a moment ago,' said Dr Bayflower. 'It seems to Change its expression.'
'It must have something to do with the fact that it's . . . Alive,' said Rilla Bayflower.
Across town, Magda was wrapping a plate

turn to page 114

'Good afternoon, Potworth Limited . . This is a recording machine as unfortunately Mr Potworth is occupied at the moment slipping it to his secretary . .'

AFTER A TIME THE ADVANTAGES OF A PANASONIC VIDEO HOME SYSTEM BECOME ONLY TOO CLEAR.

PANASONICS THREE UNIQUE FEATURES KEEP YOUR PICTURE AS SHARP AS IT WAS IN THE SHOP...



...WHILST YOUR ENTHUSIASM FOR OTHER SYSTEMS CAN SOON BEGIN TO FADE.

The day you go into the shop to check out your first Video Home System you could easily find yourself thinking that all brands are much the same.

They can all record your favourite programmes off your existing TV set.

They can all record a programme that's on one channel whilst you're watching something on another.

They can all be programmed to record automatically whilst your television is switched off, or you're not at home.

They can all offer you up to three hours recording, plenty long enough even for feature length films.

So the first question you should ask when you're making comparisons is "Does it use the VHS system?".

This is the system preferred by the majority of American buyers, the country with more experience of home video recording than anywhere else in the world.

Panasonic were the leaders in developing the VHS System to bring you a better picture and unique in developing the technology to keep it that way.

The fact that other manufacturers have adopted VHS means we have the added advantage of being compatible with any VHS cassette.

Only the Panasonic VHS System features quartz-locked direct drive, (an advantage all you hi-fi buffs will be very familiar with). Put simply, direct drive virtually eliminates "jitter," the picture wobble that many recorders develop with age.

Another factor in loss of picture quality is poor recording heads, (if you know about tape recorders, you'll understand this one). With Panasonic the heads are hot pressed ferrite, once more a unique feature ensuring a stable high quality picture.

And where some cassette systems make do with flimsy stampings, Panasonic have combined strength with lightness in a unique die cast aluminium chassis.

An improvement which locates the cassette firmly, minimising the effects of vibration or accidental knocking, and keeping the picture stable and crisp.

All this should give you a clearer picture of what to look for in a video home system, and for Panasonic, a clearer picture is what it's all about.

Advanced technology and uncompromising standards of quality mean that Panasonic lead the field in video home systems.

For a free full colour brochure, send this coupon to National Panasonic Sales Promotion Dept., 107-109 Whitby Road, Slough, Berks. 3II 3DR. Telephone Slough 27516.

Name:_____

Address:_____

National **Panasonic** VHS

Just slightly ahead of our time.

M12

TV PICTURES SIMULATED. RECORDING AND PLAYBACK OF MATERIAL MAY REQUIRE CONSENT – SEE COPYRIGHT ACT 1956 AND THE PERFORMERS' PROTECTION ACTS 1958-1972
NV 8600B £750.22" COLOUR TV TC2203 £399.50. RECOMMENDED RETAIL PRICES ARE CORRECT AT TIME OF GOING TO PRESS, INCL. VAT (SIZES REFER TO TUBE SIZE).

JACQUELINE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY STEPHEN OLIVER

Spare a thought, as the Christmas pudding settles and you wait bloatedly for the Queen's speech as snow/rain/wind ruffles the landscape outside, for those less fortunate than yourself. Destined to spend the holiday in foreign parts, lying beneath a scalding sun on silken, foam-washed beaches . . No, 20-year-old, 36-24-36 inch Jacqueline Heal didn't think that it sounded quite that unbearable, either.

While Britain – and more specifically Jacqueline's home town of Mansfield in Nottinghamshire – sits down to turkey and plum pudding, this 5 feet 6 inch ex-beauty consultant will be stretching out on golden sands not a few miles from West Palm Beach Florida, USA. 'Unfortunately it's my first Christmas away from England,' she says. 'And I'm sure no matter how fantastic it all is I'll still be the tiniest bit unhappy.' Guest-cum-nanny of a local family she is a semi-permanent tourist.

'I came over to visit friends, and then I was offered a job with a children's summer camp – which is where I met the family I'm with now. I've spent the entire summer riding, canoeing and climbing trees – not me at all!' With no time for boyfriends? 'Not unless you count ten-year-olds. No, it was strictly against the rules. You're supposed to be a moral guardian as well. It's been a bit of a lean time, but I'm making up for it gradually. I have quite a few free evenings now.' She remains in two minds about the American male. 'They can be very kind, very generous and *very* enthusiastic, but they do seem to have this mild obsession with masculinity, at least the ones I've met have done. Back home where I come from, at any rate, no one I knew seemed to have any doubts about that!' Catch the first flight home, Jacqueline.

The SE-A1 'A+ Class' DC Power Amplifier delivers 350 watts per channel RMS, with 0.003% THD.
The SU-A2 all-stage class 'A' - DC control amplifier has a 95dB phono S/N ratio and 0.003% THD.
The SL1000 Mk II turntable has 0.025% wow and flutter (WRMS) and 'instant start' within 0.25 seconds.
The RS1800 with its separate amplifier unit, is our most advanced 'isolated loop' tape deck.
The SB10,000 Linear Phase speaker system can provide a sound pressure level of 95dB with a 1 watt input at a distance of one metre.

SE-A1 £3,999.95; SU-A2 £5,999.95; SL1000 Mk II £1,139.85; RS1800 £3,699.95; SB10,000 £2,999.95 each.
All prices inclusive of VAT and correct at time of going to press.

'That will warm you up, Cratchit. Coal is much too expensive.'

What the Dickens? It's Scrooge's sexy Christmas

Cartoonist Colin Leary decides that the best part of 'A Christmas Carol' was the morning after Scrooge's remarkable change of heart

'Usually the night before Christmas, Mrs Cratchit, there's nothing stirring.'

'Idiot boy! I said I felt like a duck.'

'A Christmas ghost? I thought you were a visiting masseuse.'

'Phew! After that I feel like a bowl of watery gruel.'

'Having a fortune under the mattress is all very well, Mr Scrooge, but wouldn't paper money have been more comfortable?'

'Please not again, Mrs Marley. Now I know what killed Jacob.'

'How old Scrooge has changed. Christmas is long gone but he still asks for a plump bird every day.'

IT'S EASY TO SEE WHY YOU'RE CONFUSED ABOUT CONTINENTAL QUILTS.

Anyone who's actually decided to buy a continental quilt has our sympathy.

Because the likelihood is that you've been into a shop and come out empty-handed, confused, and ready to forget the whole thing.

How on earth are you supposed to know the difference between a £20 quilt and a £105 quilt when they both look and feel exactly the same?

Slumberdown are as much to blame for this confusion as anyone. (More perhaps, because our range is bigger than most.)

So in this advertisement, we've tried to explain exactly what you get for your money, and how to go about deciding which quilt to buy.

WHAT EXACTLY ARE YOU PAYING FOR?

One of the beauties of a continental quilt is that it's warm without being heavy.

(A Slumberdown weighing 3 to 4½lb is as warm as sheets and blankets weighing about 15lb.)

This warmth and lightness depends entirely on the type of filling inside the quilt.

That's what you're paying for. Very simply, the warmer and lighter a quilt is, the more it costs.

YOUR FIRST DECISION. NATURAL OR SYNTHETIC?

Quilts break down into two basic types: natural and synthetic.

Synthetic quilts are generally filled with polyester, they're generally cheaper, and they're generally a little less warm.

(Although just to add to the

confusion, the new Slumberdown Hi-Loft is actually as warm as down.)

The main advantage of synthetic quilts, apart from their price, is that they're washable. So they're ideal for children or anyone who's likely to spill things on them.

Natural quilts are filled with down, feathers, or a mixture of the two.

They're lighter and warmer than synthetic quilts, and they tend to last longer.

And the more down they contain, the lighter and warmer they are, and the more they cost.

The only thing that might seem like a drawback with them is that they're extremely difficult to wash. But really, it isn't a problem.

Because unless you have a major accident, quilts only need cleaning about every five years, and Slumberdown have a special service to take care of it for you.

In the meantime, you simply wash the quilt cover as you'd wash sheets.

SO WHICH OF THE SIX FILLINGS SHOULD YOU CHOOSE?

Slumberdown make two synthetic and four natural quilts.

So having decided which type to buy, you have to decide on the exact filling.

To help you make a comparison, we've quoted what's called the "tog value" for each.

It sounds complicated, but it isn't. It's simply a figure which relates to warmth. The higher the figure, the warmer the quilt.

Right, let's start with synthetic.

Terylene® P3. A polyester fibre that was specially developed for quilts. It's soft, it's washable and it lasts.

It combines lightness and warmth to give a tog value of 8.5. A double costs about £20.

Super Hi-Loft P3. This is a special Slumberdown patented construction which makes it the only synthetic quilt with "all over" insulation.

A tog value of 10.5 means that it's as warm as pure down, although it's a little heavier, and it's unlikely to last quite as long. A double is about £28.

Now, our natural quilts.

Feather and Down. The lowest priced naturally filled Slumberdown and our biggest seller.

It weighs a little less than the Hi-Loft, has a tog value of 9.5, and it contains at least 15% down. A double is about £40.

Down and Feather. This quilt has at least 51% down. It's about 15% warmer and 12% lighter than feather and down. Tog value, 11. A double is about £65.

Down. A blend of goose and duck down for consistent quality.

It's the original "warmth without weight" quilt, and has a tog value of 10.5. A double is about £85.

White Goose Down. This is the ultimate quilt. It's filled entirely with pure white goose down.

It's the warmest, lightest, softest quilt we make. Tog value 10.5. A double is about £105.

And that's about it.

Except that while you're choosing, it's worth remembering that every Slumberdown is covered by a British Standard BS 5335, which applies to both quality and tog value.

So if you decide to go for one of the cheaper ones, you're really only talking about the difference between a Jaguar and a Rolls-Royce.

FINALLY, WHERE SHOULD YOU BUY YOUR QUILT?

Nowadays, most chain and department stores stock quilts of one kind or another, including Slumberdown.

But if you're still in any doubt, it's worth taking a bit of trouble and going to one with a Slumberdown Centre (they're in just about every major town).

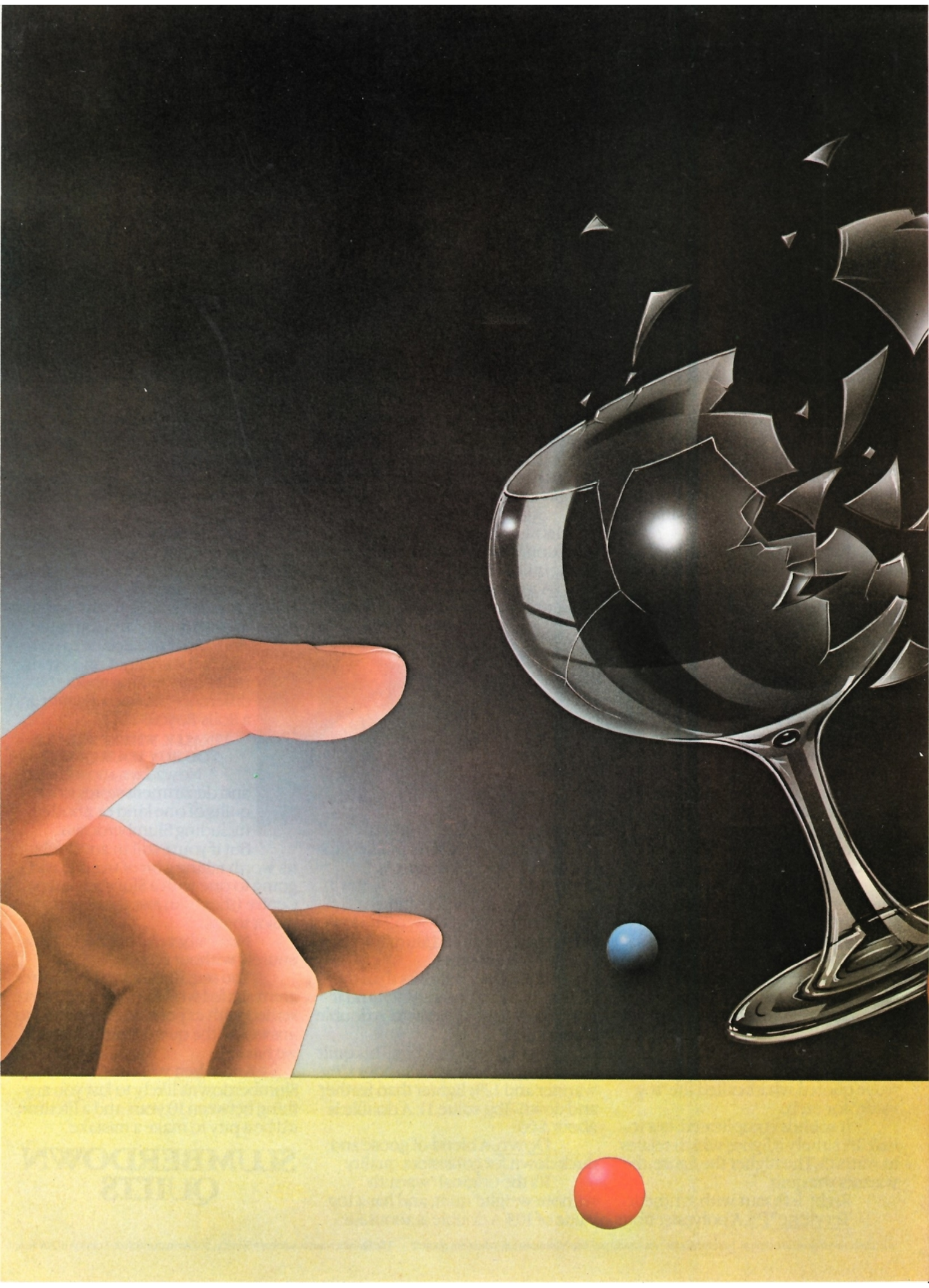
Naturally, we're biased. But not entirely without reason.

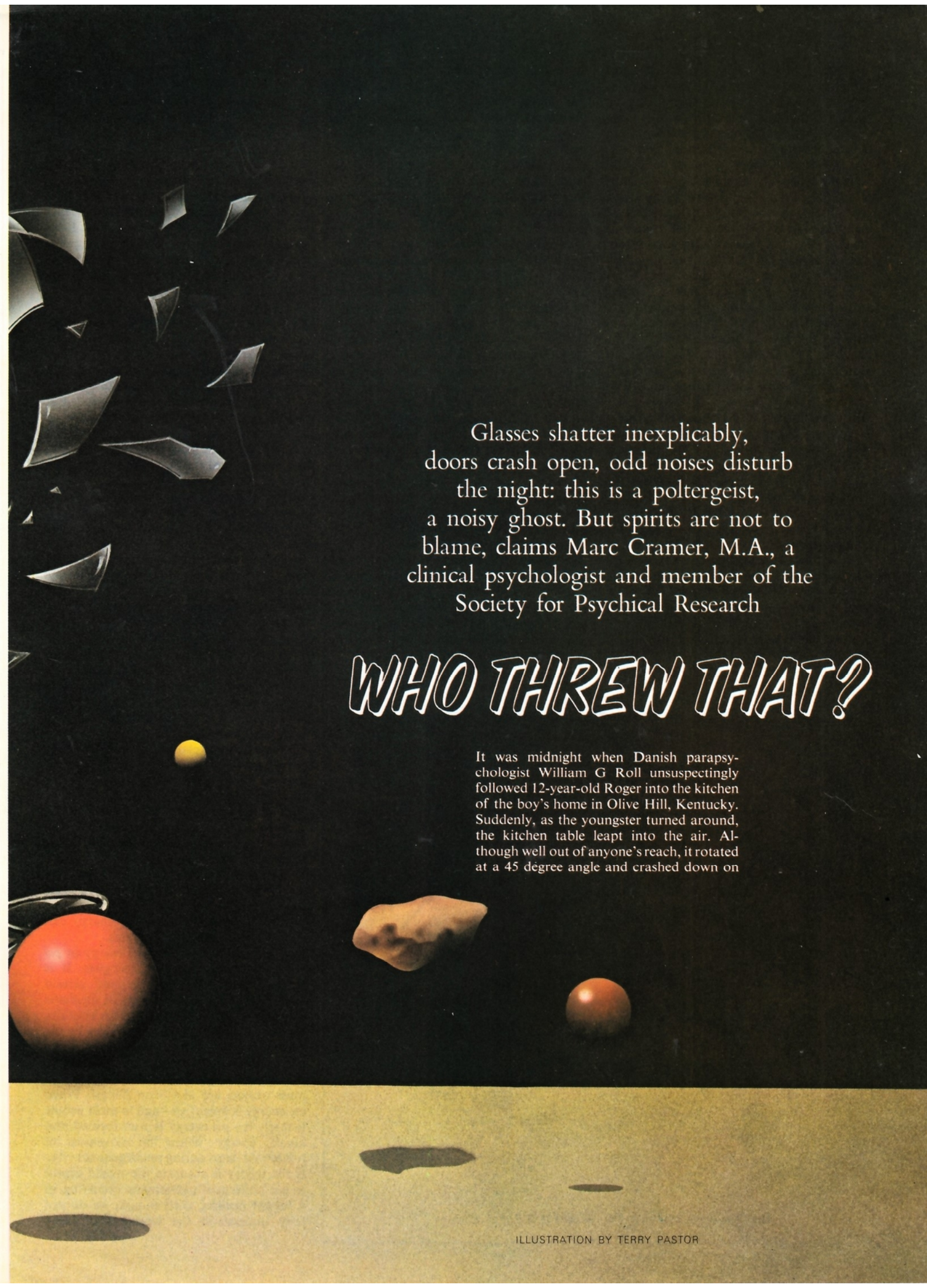
You see, Slumberdown Centres aren't staffed with sales people, they're staffed with experts who're trained to answer all the questions that maybe we haven't.

And when you consider that a Slumberdown's likely to last you anything between 10 years and a lifetime, it'd be a pity to make a mistake.

SLUMBERDOWN QUILTS

All prices mentioned are typical. In some shops, you could pay less. Minimum tog values are quoted. The Slumberdown Advisory Service, 30 Farrington Street, London EC4A 4EA.





Glasses shatter inexplicably, doors crash open, odd noises disturb the night: this is a poltergeist, a noisy ghost. But spirits are not to blame, claims Marc Cramer, M.A., a clinical psychologist and member of the Society for Psychical Research

WHO THREW THAT?

It was midnight when Danish parapsychologist William G Roll unsuspectingly followed 12-year-old Roger into the kitchen of the boy's home in Olive Hill, Kentucky. Suddenly, as the youngster turned around, the kitchen table leapt into the air. Although well out of anyone's reach, it rotated at a 45 degree angle and crashed down on

ILLUSTRATION BY TERRY PASTOR

the backs of the chairs which had once stood around it. There it remained with one end hovering in the air. In the dramatic weeks to follow a total of 54 similar eerie events held the family of the small American house in its grip of confusion and fear. Finally Roger's parents were convinced that the seemingly inexplicable and bizarre instances of moving objects, flying china and knocking sounds were the work of demons. But as unnatural and occult as these events may seem to the lay person, there is actually nothing demonic or supernatural behind them. In fact, recent parapsychological studies have shown that the only devils behind these strange events are one's own 'little devils'; that is, children around the age of twelve. Therefore the 'haunted' house on Olive Hill was not dominated by the Evil One but a remarkable and often chilling phenomenon known in Europe for centuries as the *poltergeist*.

The word itself is German and derives from the fusion of *poltern* ('noisy') and *geist* ('spirit' or 'ghost'). The poltergeist probably earned its name when falling stones and loud rappings plagued the townspeople near ninth century Bingen, Germany. Exorcists were brought in to cast out the evil spirits, but the mysterious goings on continued in spite of bell, book, and candle. Throughout the Dark Ages the poltergeist continued to disturb private homes and even public places. The effect was to reinforce belief firmly in the Devil in an age of unbridled superstition.

Yet the poltergeist is still very much with us in the days of science and technology. The chances are that as you are reading this article there is probably an active poltergeist within driving distance of your home. The nature and frequency of poltergeist manifestations has not changed since the Middle Ages, but fortunately our methods of studying them have.

It was not until the dawn of parapsychology towards the end of the last century that phenomena of this kind were taken out of the realm of ghosts, ghouls and goblins to be studied scientifically. Although some people still cling to the old beliefs, the association between the poltergeist and hauntings does have a measure of logic. The word 'haunt' comes from the same root as 'home' and '-ham' (as in Southampton). Therefore a ghost is an earthbound spirit that has returned to its former home, or place that is familiar to it.

Since the poltergeist generally centres around an otherwise ordinary household, a good many people tend to equate them with ghosts. But this is one of many false notions that have traditionally been tagged onto the poltergeist. When hauntings are said to occur, the disturbances may last for hundreds of years. Apparitions appear, and objects move only on rare occasions. The poltergeist seldom lingers for more than eight weeks, it produces no spectral visions and the movement of objects takes place on a daily basis. Unfortunately for romantics the poltergeist has a very mundane source: the adolescent. But before going any further, we should know something more about the findings of parapsychology.

The movement of any physical object without direct physical contact is known as *psychokinesis*, usually abreviated as PK. The term was introduced by pioneer Dr J B Rhine of Duke University in the United States. It is a fusion of the Greek words for mind (*psyche*) and movement (*kinesis*).

Research on PK began when a professional gambler told Rhine that he could influence the fall of dice merely by willpower. Early experiments with dice built a strong case for the existence of PK, but it was not until the 1960s that the debate was settled. Dr Helmut Schmidt, a research physicist in Washington, found that subjects could influence the outcome of a two number generator powered by the rate of radioactive decay from a strontium 90 isotope (one of the most random events in nature) by mind alone. Since then lab subjects have been able to demonstrate mind over matter by moving a wide variety of everyday objects in addition to influencing sophisticated test machinery. Psychokinesis is a reality. And the poltergeist is a specific type of PK.

In the poltergeist, we are dealing with a very powerful and untamed psychokinetic phenomenon. Remember that even the most gifted lab subject is usually limited to animating a small dish across a table. But the poltergeist can move the actual *table* itself!

From our experience in the field two facts remain outstanding. Firstly, almost all poltergeists involve people no older than their teens. And secondly, the odd disturbances rarely last beyond two months. Usually the 'ghost' is at rest within six to eight weeks, leaving behind a couple of thoroughly bewildered parents and a graveyard of broken china.

But how do we explain the poltergeist? And why do young children cause the strange events? What gives young minds greater power over matter than adults?

Part of the answer lies within the realm of physical science. A recent issue of *Scientific American* displayed a photograph of a small glass ball held suspended in mid air by means of a laser beam. If light, one particular and common form of energy, can levitate a solid object, then it may be possible that other forms of energy can produce the same amazing feats.

One such energy is called *psi energy* or *psi force* by modern parapsychologists. It is believed that psi fields surround certain objects in much the same way as magnetic fields surround metal objects; the intensity of the psi force is directly related to the proximity of the source. Basically, everyone possesses a small amount of psi force so that every mind is a potential 'magnet' and most objects are like 'iron filings'. When psi energy is operative – and in most people it rarely is – psi energy is transformed into kinetic energy, hence the movement of household items during poltergeist activity.

If the theory is accurate, we would expect to see poltergeist phenomena occurring in a logical fashion, even though we do not fully understand the workings of these

turn to page 67

'Just you see – now that I've washed it it'll piss down . . . '

Curtain Call for the Year's Great Girls

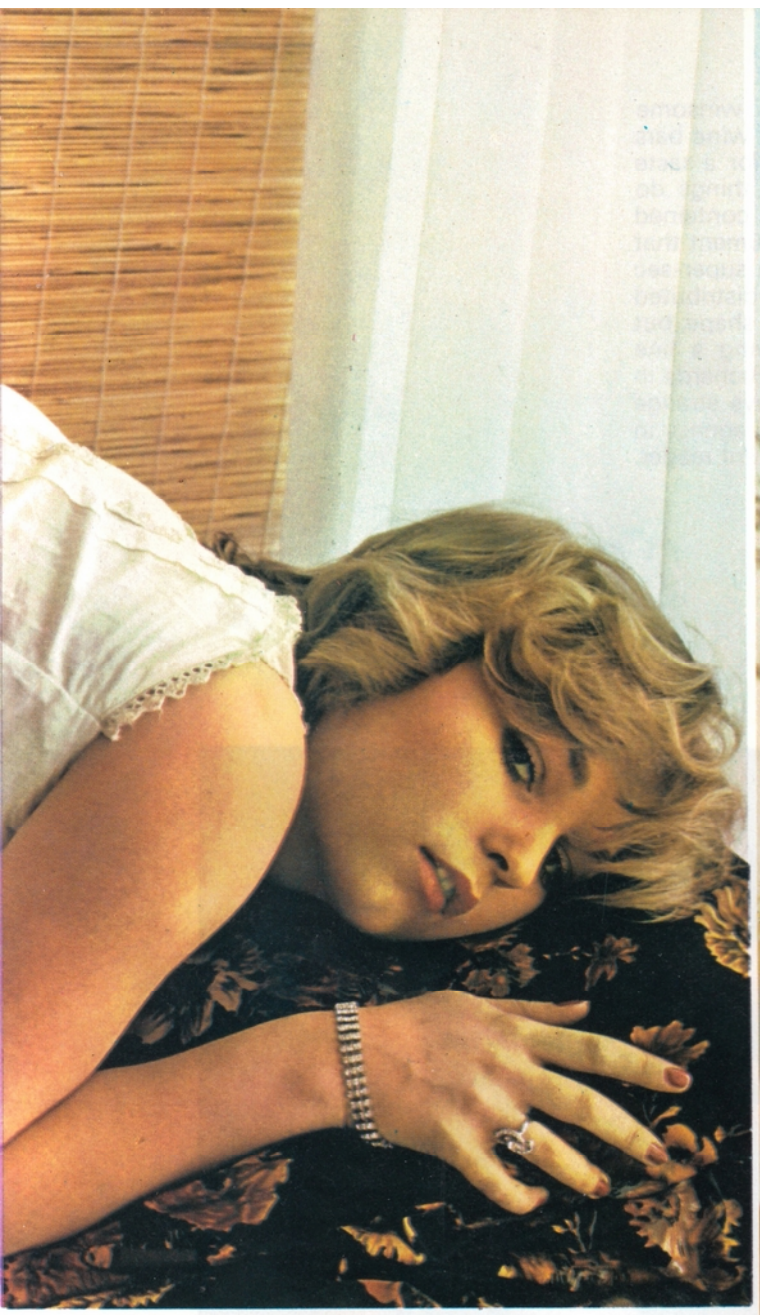
Here they are again, the girls
who made last year memorable in a longer
than ever fifteen-page review

Leading our annual review of your favourite girls is top model Kelly St John (V12/5) whose distinctively leggy 34A-23-33 provided Springtime sensuality in May. The trio before your eyes at this moment are Pat English (left), Marie Rowlands (right) and Julie Burne (below). Pat and Marie shared the honours in our last Christmas issue and as regards which of them was your particular favourite, we can reveal that East Ender Pat just won on points – two of them. Not that that worries Cardiff-born Marie; with her 35-23-36 figure, she's found there's always a welcome for her in the valleys. Twenty-year-old Julie, who appeared in V12/10, claims to be a firm believer in ghosts and other assorted psychic phenomena. We'd far rather gaze upon the haunting sight of her 36-23-36.

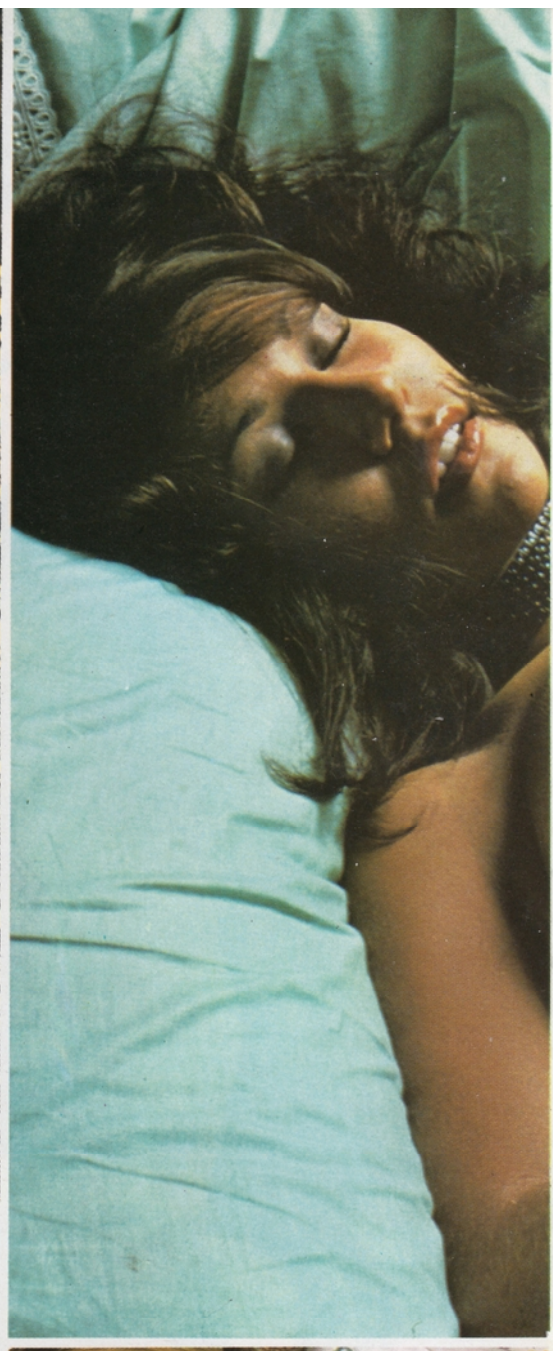
Home, home on the range and a whole lot prettier than John Wayne is Jill Marx (far right) who gave a whole new meaning to the term bareback riding in V12/10. 'Is Jill quick on her drawers?' queried a Blackpool reader after her appearance. Continuing the American flavour in V12/7 was Morgana Taylor (centre right) whose 37C-24-36 proved of considerably greater interest than her homeland's Bicentennial celebrations of the previous year. That Morgana claimed descendancy from a former American President added piquancy to her visit to our pages, as indeed did the long-awaited return of June Palmer (near right), one of the all-time great models of the late fifties and early sixties who came back in V12/11 to give us a glimpse of how modelling styles can change over the years. June's splendidly curvy 38-25-36 revived some great memories. Right up to date as regards her taste in provocative underwear however was 23-year-old Anna Moffat (above) from V12/3. Boutique-girl Anna's 35-22-35 and highly-revealing Mary Quant-style tights did wonders for your collective libidos – and, we suspect, probably for the sale of those great tights.

Boob men everywhere went overboard for V12/8 cover and centregirl Stephanie Platt. No small wonder either, considering Stephanie's superbly assembled 38-23-36. The exclusive china and porcelain emporium in the heart of London's Belgravia where Stephanie worked at the time of this photo-set did a roaring trade after her appearance. Below meanwhile, we find the collective talents of, on your right, Kerry Lou Baylis from V12/11 and, on your left Sally Ball from V12/3. Kerry's 35-24-35 brought a touch of warmth to a cold November and our faith that she'd quickly establish herself at the very top of the modelling tree was soon to be justified as Kerry progressed from success to success. We must all look up her again sometime. Sally Ball's appearance in the magazine caused you all to flip over this sweet-faced former schoolgirl. We had a bagful of letters from generously-inclined readers who all offered to teach Sally one or two things themselves, but considering that Sally's got no fewer than seven CSEs under her belt, we felt that her tutorial needs were being more than adequately catered for – wouldn't you agree with us?

Starting 1977 in the most stylish way possible, we took pride in presenting not only Brigitte Bardot but also Ursula Andress for your collective approval. And to say you approved is classic understatement, because the January issue that contained these two sirens of the silver screen is now a collector's item – if you've got one, don't let go of it at any price! Even into their forties, these two superstars still have the power to turn-on an entire new generation. At the opposite end of the year from Bardot and Andress, our V12/12 cover and centregirl Penny Chisholm (near right) went some way towards proving that sisters can be sexy. You'll get a further glimpse of Penny's big sister Lesley further on in this caravanserai of cuties, but Penny showed that she's a long way from being in her sister's shadow. Sharing the limelight with Bardot and Andress again in January was luscious Liselotte Linstedt, who pleased everyone by making a return visit to our pages. Her 38-24-37 was superbly set-off by her wholly admirable taste in boots and stockings and a bottom that you felt like getting your teeth into.



Our first centregirl of last year was Karen Clark (right), a winsome 20-year-old from Richmond in Surrey whose predilection for wine bars had half the nation's men forsaking their traditional pints for a taste of *rouge* and *blanc*. Karen proved indisputably that good things do indeed come in small packages, for her perfect 35-24-35 is contained in a mini-sized 4 feet 11 inch frame. Adding fuel to the argument that big is better however was Shelagh Harrison (below left), a super-sec from the world of oil and high finance whose deliciously-distributed 39-23-35 enlivened the pages of V12/10. Not only Shelagh's shape, but her tantalising black undies set your pulses racing. Showing a fine pair of legs – and a bottom to match – was Barbara Ann Richards in V12/9. Demonstrating that beauty and brains are not always strange bedfellows, Barbara runs her own accounting and secretarial agency in the Midlands. 'She can cook my books any time,' sighed a Kent reader.



Featuring on the cover and centre of V12/2 was Lynda Lusardi (above), whose dark beauty and 35C-23-34 had you searching for new superlatives, but a touch of mystery and intrigue surrounded the young lady near left. Hilary Stephens was the name given to us for V12/11's cover and centregirl, so imagine our surprise when it was revealed that her name was really Caroline Crowther and that she was the daughter of top TV personality Leslie Crowther. Not boasting any famous forebears, but more than gorgeous enough in her own right, was Cathy Flaubert (V12/6), a frolicsome French filly whose 36-24-36 was whipped from St Tropez into *Mayfair's* centre pages.

Are we keeping the best 'til last? Well maybe, for Lesley Chisholm's return visit to our pages in V12/4 showed slinky black PVC can be so sexy on the right girl. It's probably true to say that this picture was the year's most popular. 'And I thought PVC was just for dustbin-liners' gasped a smitten Manchester reader. A year ago this issue, Claire Cuthbert provided us with arguably the year's prettiest face and a 35-22-35 figure to match. Claire agreed to strip for us to banish her friends' ideas that she was prim and demure. 'You should have seen their faces,' Claire reported back happily, 'it was priceless.' Bringing up the tail in all senses of the word is Isabel Orton (below) from V12/9. Gentlemen, a toast to all our girls. Bottoms up and bared for many years hence.

The Mayfair Film Society

Six of the most sensational girls ever to appear in *Mayfair* star in our exclusive colour home movies

OUR SEXY SIX

Blonde, full-breasted Mandy Kuypers (left) is just one of the six sexy superbirds who appear in our exclusive, full-colour 8mm home movies, each one of them a sizzling masterpiece of erotic entertainment. Dressed in a thigh-revealing, knicker-flashing leather mini, Mandy's a randy secretary whose boss just can't keep his mind on his work or his hands off the tight white knickers that scarcely conceal or restrain Mandy's firm, rounded bottom. Everything is revealed as her office misadventures leave her beautifully bare. If you find uniforms a turn-on, you'll just love air-hostess Sophie, a long legged brunette whose crisp, starched uniform is discarded after an impromptu soaking leaves her white blouse moulded tantalisingly to the lush curves of her pert, long-nippled breasts. Then there's Victoria Jane, soft and cuddly in an outdoor romp that leaves her breathless, bare and beautiful. Remember Penny Mallett? She's better-known now as top model Nina Carter, one of the most popular pin-ups in the country. We've filmed her in a slinky, shiny, see-through PVC bikini that hides absolutely nothing from your eyes. Perhaps you also go for young, swinging dolly-birds. If so, you'll adore Caroline Dell, a svelte blonde with all the sex-appeal of a young Monroe. Finally, there's Sylvia Bayo, a sultry black temptress with huge, stubby-nippled breasts and a sizzling sensuality which will arouse all your darkest fantasies. Mandy, Sophie, Victoria Jane, Penny, Caroline and Sylvia; six of the very best, all lovingly photographed in pin-sharp, full colour 8mm films that you can enjoy again and again in your own home. The price? Just £8 per film and that includes postage and packing. Fill in the coupon below, remembering to specify which of the films you require, send it off, and soon you'll be enjoying the finest, freshest, and most arousing, home movies that star *Mayfair's* magical maids.

Please tick below the film you require and mail the coupon to **Mayfair Film Society, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2.** All films are £8 each

	Super 8 only		Super 8 only
Mandy	☐	Caroline	☐
Sophie	☐	Sylvia	☐
Penny	☐	Victoria Jane	☐

Name ..... Address.....

..... Date .....

If you don't want to cut your magazine, just send us your order printed in capitals on a sheet of paper, remembering to specify the film which you require. All films are attractively packaged and despatched to you under plain cover. *Reg. London 875169*

M1312

Who threw that?

continued from page 50

special natural laws. Roughly 75 per cent of poltergeist movements are in a counter-clockwise direction. Also, when the suspected poltergeist child is nearby, it has been noted that objects which are close to the youngster move shorter, not greater, distances than objects further away. Most people would expect the force to be strongest at close range. Perhaps the key to this puzzle is that psi fields have the characteristics of vortex fields. That is, the force is analogous to a whirlpool where the water rotates around an axis so that the strength of the field is greater towards the centre, but the number of objects attracted to this point necessitates that the distances they travel will be less than objects on the periphery. Finally, while the stricken household finds its pictures flying off the hooks, its furniture moving about, and its china smashed to smithereens, the poltergeist persons' private possessions are usually left untouched.

Here is our point of entry into the psychological realm of the paranormal. The Italian psychoanalyst and psychic researcher, Georgio Alberti, summed it up when he remarked that 'an integrated personality has no need of psi.' That is, paranormal abilities are most likely to be found in individuals with highly-strung or colourful, eccentric personalities. One thing is clear: poltergeist children are under a great deal of inner stress that they are not emotionally equipped to handle. A 'typical' case history is likely to reveal a child with a fairly secure early upbringing which has been recently undermined by a loss of family togetherness and emotional closeness. Not having the intellectual or emotional development to understand the situation he may feel personally rejected. The youngster is often the type of child who finds difficulty in expressing and verbalizing strong emotions. The result is that he builds up a great reservoir of submerged anger. The parents only tend to see the surface ripples of sullen irritability. The calm before the poltergeist storm is reflected in the child's general sense of unhappiness and detachment. He feels isolated from others and develops a deep, rich fantasy life full of vivid imagery. In other words, he has built a more comfortable and secure world within himself.

Basically, we are talking about *tensions* which are defined as 'the concentration of (mental) energy into a distinct group of conscious or unconscious emotions and thoughts'. The more a particular need is frustrated, the more underlying tensions will accumulate, an excess of which may lead to emotional disorders.

Sooner or later, something has to give way to the repressed tensions and hostilities. The key concept that appears to unlock the mystery of the poltergeist is *conversion*, a word that has a special meaning in physics and in psychology. Both sciences' concepts play a meaningful role in the poltergeist and they deserve a word of explanation. In physics it is held that energy may be converted into another form with marginal dissipation. For instance, when light passes through water it is converted into heat. This is the basis of Newton's Law of the Conservation of Energy. In psychology conversion refers to that process which unconsciously converts emotional or mental energy into a variety of physical symptoms. An actor making his debut on stage may suddenly develop laryngitis. Obviously, if he is anxious about his acting, a case of laryngitis will prevent him from going on and thus relieve him of a traumatic experience. In the poltergeist we are seeing a psychological *and* physical conversion.

If we apply these few basic scientific concepts we will begin to piece together the poltergeist picture. The trouble seems to start *outside* of the child but family tensions soon become internalized and the child is unconsciously holding in a tempest of emotional or mental energy. This force may trigger off a chain reaction where emotional tension merges with or becomes converted to active psi energy having a corresponding intensity. The psi energy is then projected *outwards* and is aimed at ordinary physical objects. The ultimate manifestation of this intricate process is seen when the emotionally generated psi energy is converted into kinetic energy, movement. It is indeed interesting that the poltergeist which begins with destructive outer events results in the same. Thus when the poltergeist is breaking,

turn to page 99

Paris of the 1890's had an abundance of sexy girls - from lewd can-can dancers to the sophisticated whores, dubbed 'les grandes horizontales'

BELLES OF THE BELLE EPOQUE

by Bernard Mendoza

By the 1920's, of course, the Americans had arrived. (How were you going to keep them down on the farm, now that they'd seen Paree?) There had been a war to end all wars, though all it had ended was an era. The Paris of the glittering *salons*, the sumptuous *soirées* and the princess-like courtesans had evaporated like the volatile essence of an exquisite perfume, thrust into history's dirty-linen basket along with the dynasties of Hapsburg, Hohenzollern and Romanov, on whose affluence – directly or indirectly – it had prospered. Even dear old 'Bertie', the lecherous Prince of Wales, subsequently King Edward VII, was dead and buried – and his successor, George V, if ever he *did* any womanising, kept the details well out of sight. Royalty didn't much go in for that kind of thing any more and, besides, there wasn't as much royalty around as there had been.

As a result, the Paris we know best today tends to be the Paris of Hemingway and Henry Miller, a Paris of legless war heroes, new wave writers (frequently legless in their own quite different way), and of amenable tarts ever ready to haggle over the price of a quick coupling, ever ready to

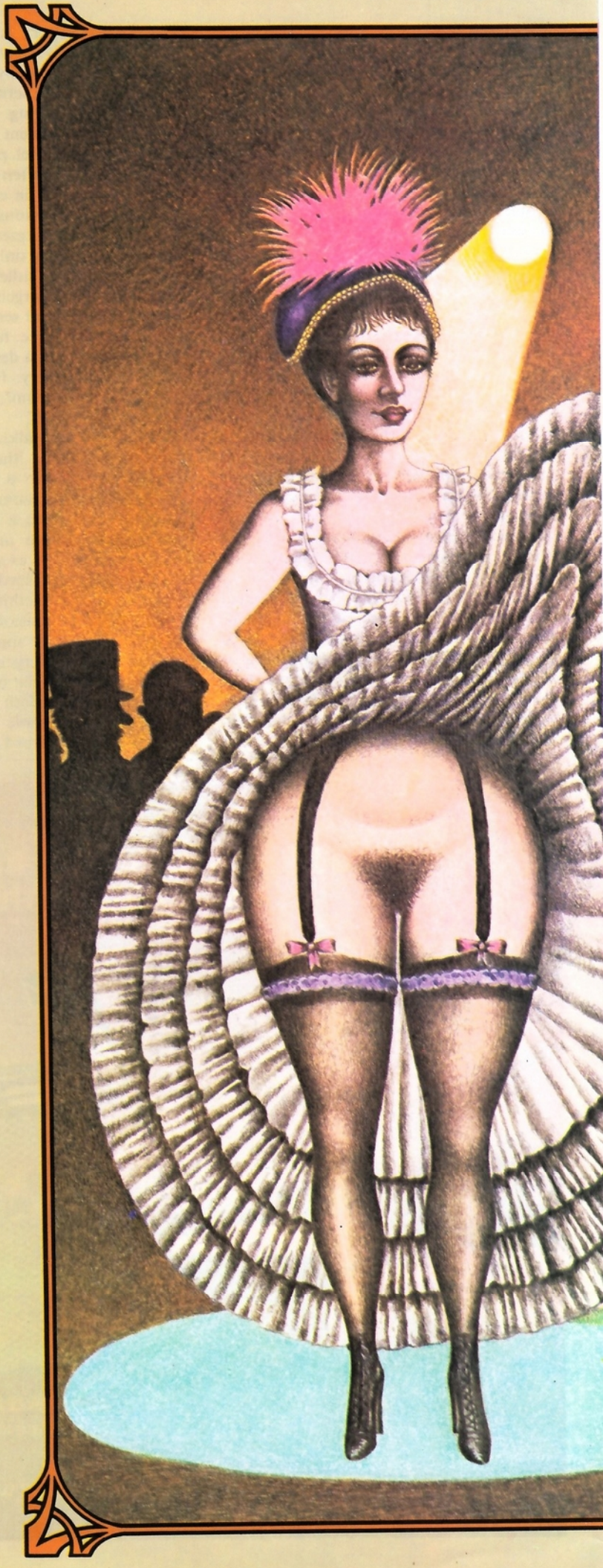


ILLUSTRATION BY KEN LAIDLAW

Ken Laidlaw

oblige with a good dose of clap – who bothered with rubbers in those golden days? – who would display either total disinterest, retaining both *cloche* hat and Gauloise while the randy punter hammered home between thighs numbed by usage and frigidity; or who obliged with a rapturous thigh-grip and a hot (but simulated) orgasm and a hoarse *Vite, vite, vite, Cheri!* in the ear. (*Vite* indeed! Time was money.)

We get glimpses, certainly, of the old Paris, of the so-called *belle epoque*, in the occasional film or novel, and perhaps best of all in the paintings and lithographs of Toulouse-Lautrec, but the picture we usually get has been romanticised, bowdlerized, Hollywood-ised and generally made fit for respectable consumption. Even the most revealing of Lautrec's sketches have never been published. The fact is, however, that the Paris of the 1890's has no need for this kind of cosmetic surgery. The Paris of the *belle epoque* had a sexual magnificence that requires no apology, and a style to be found nowhere in our own day and age. Sex in the *belle epoque* was fit for a king. It had to be.

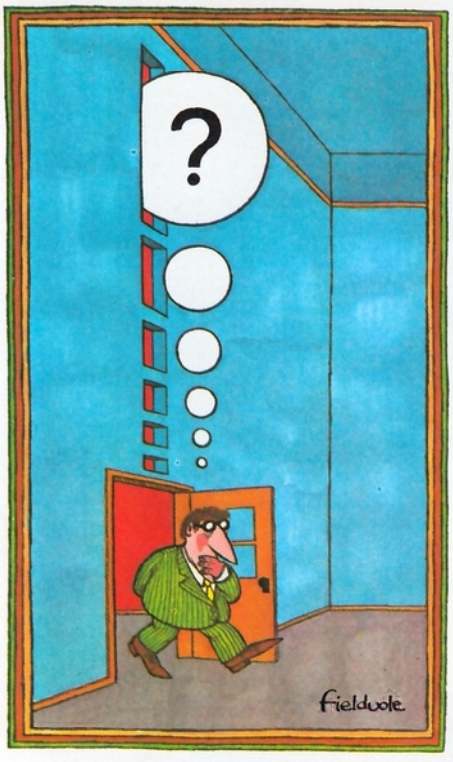
Queening it over this scene of elegant erotics and sophisticated harlotry were a handful of whores *de luxe* like Gaby Deslys, the mysterious Cléo de Merode – whose photographs show a girl looking more like a demure governess than a top-notch tart; and the incomparable Liane de Pougy. To these may be added a few even better known names, such as Lillie Langtry (whore first and actress second) and Sarah Bernhardt (actress first and foremost, but harlot when the mood not infrequently took her).

They were suave, elegant women, as cultivated as they were well ploughed, and they were the utter ruination of many an aristocratic bank account. Moreover, as sociologist Michael Harrison has pointed out, they were some of the first truly independent women of the Victorian age: women who had successfully assumed the traditionally male postures of financial and sexual self-sufficiency. They used men for what they could get out of them (which was plenty) and discarded them when the rich seams were worked out.

There was one thing, however, that made these predatory beauties irresistible. As independent women and self-confessed whores, they were sexually aggressive, taking the lead in sex in a way that, paradoxically, no gentleman, let alone aristocrat, would tolerate in the girl that he married. They talked like ladies, they dressed like ladies, they lived like royalty itself; but when the shades were drawn, they sucked cock or proffered their bottoms at the drop of a 10,000 franc note. People called them *les grandes horizontales*.

Probably the grandest, and most expensive, of them all was de Pougy. She was a big and bonny girl with a pale, flawless body, high-breasted and small-nippled, with reddish blonde hair, wide-set eyes, a wide mouth and a somewhat heavy chin. In one of her best known photographic portraits

she wears no less than six rows of pearls the size of marrowfat peas – and a look of the frankest sexual challenge. It's a look that tells no lies. One of her lovers, clients, call him what you will, was the Hungarian Prince Z. In one of his diaries, he writes: 'Her lips were pale and fine, her eyes sometimes grey, sometimes green, but with



always a half-amused penetration which somehow laid me naked like a knife peels back the skins of an onion. To feel those eyes upon you was to feel the most intimate of caresses; and when she smiled it was as if her lips scarcely moved at all; only the corners; then she spoke, and her voice had a vibrance which made the sack tighten around my balls as if I had been tickled there with a feather.

'Yet the moment we were in her bedroom, her ladylike airs were gone and she was as shameless as a puppy! Once, naked, she pursued me around the chamber shrieking like a *chahut* (can-can) dancer and flaunting her breasts at me in her hands, rolling the nipples betwixt thumbs and forefingers until they rose and pouted like tiny pairs of red lips.

'In bed she was no less shameless. Until those afternoons with L de P, such exotic sports as *soixante-neuf* meant no more to me than dark rumours of exquisite depravity. Then, suddenly, she was kneeling with her knees astride my shoulders, enveloping my sex in her mouth with languid, wet movements in which I felt her tongue describing astonishing spirals and curls. Her thighs were splayed above my face; there was her clitoris protruding between the lips – a saucy schoolgirl poking out her tongue. Not surprisingly, I returned the compliment, sticking out my own and tickling this "tongue" with the end of mine. Her perfume was an intoxicating mixture of the musk of India and the salt of glorious womanhood, and soon the taste of her upon my tongue's tip was insufficient to satisfy me. I buried my face in her wetness, as shameless now as herself, and licked, sucked, and gobbled, her secretions combining with my saliva to gild my cheeks and chin.

'It was exquisite shamelessness. When at last I spent, it was less through the ministrations of her mouth than through the sensations of utterly delightful depravity that inflamed me. My tongue was thrust deep in her anus, my beard was soaked with the juices of her womanhood.

'Yet when she turned to me, the whiteness still flecking her lips, there was that smile of challenge once again; so that I was left still wanting her, even though the spasm of my lust was barely past.'

In that last sentence lies one of the secrets of the *grandes horizontales'* fatal attraction. Another was the always fascinating combination of shameless sex and finishing school manners. They were ladies, but not *quite* ladies. Catherine Walters, the famous 'Skittles', is a classic example. An excellent horsewoman, she returned one afternoon from the hunt looking unusually flushed. The master of foxhounds commented cheerfully on her rosy cheeks. 'That's nothing,' replied the elegant Mrs Walters, 'You should see my arse!' (There's no record of whether or not she actually showed him.)

Guilia Barucci, one of the top-notch tarts of the 1870s, is reputed to have introduced herself to the young Edward, Prince of Wales, by flipping up her skirts and showing him her peerless white backside!

It's just possible that this famous royal introduction inspired the equally famous lewdness of the can-can – the moment when the dancers turn their backs to the audience, bend over and throw up their skirts to show their frilly-knickered

turn to page 87

WITH VARTA YOU GET MORE THAN JUST A GOOD START

Sure starting, more power, longer life. With a Varta battery you get them all.

That's why Varta is approved and guaranteed as original equipment by Volkswagen, Audi, and most other leading car manufacturers.

With their unique patented design, Varta batteries deliver more power. And go on delivering, because they're built to last.

A Varta battery can recharge itself more quickly than other makes. So it can take any number of cold starts, and stop/start journeys.

And while most dry batteries need charging before they're fitted, a Varta battery can be activated in just 20 minutes.

So you get back on the road in the fastest possible time.

And when you buy a Varta battery, you get a free "Girl on Horseback" print – while stocks last.

Fit Varta in your car and get more than just a good start.

VARTA
THE POWERFUL

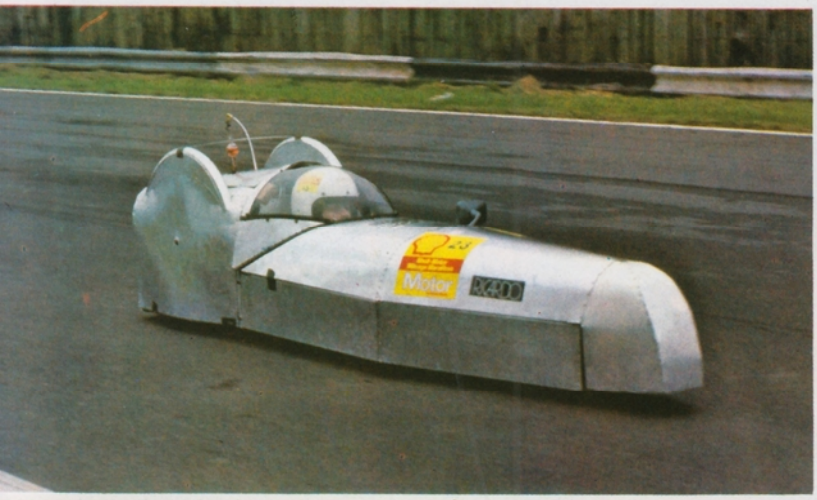
JANIS

PHOTOGRAPHED BY WALTER FRANK

Gentlemen, as the old saying goes, prefer blondes, but when a blonde has a figure of 38-24-36 and the peach-like skin of 22-year-old Janis Moorcroft, that preference could well start to develop into addiction. Janis originally hails from Sunderland, but now works in the offices of a haulage concern in Birmingham while living in nearby Solihull, commuting the few miles to and from work each day in a rather dashing purple Mini which she drives with verve and elan.

'I'd rather,' says Janis, 'have a sports car, but I can't get the insurance.' She smiles. 'I'm not the most claim-free of drivers, you see. A bump here, a scratch there and all of a sudden you find you're a bad risk. Still, I get to drive my boyfriends' cars sometimes. I get really turned-on by speed. I don't know why, but it can make me incredibly randy. Of course a great deal depends on who's in the driving seat, but the right man in the right car will sometimes find a pleasant surprise from me waiting for him at the end of a journey.' Janis grins. 'Not that I like doing it in cars that much, but if nothing else is available . . .' She shrugs expressively. 'If a man's really on the ball though, he'll have a nice flat as well as a nice car. Then we can have some fun if the mood's right.' A giggle, 'Sometimes you have to help things along though by trying to drop all sorts of little helpful hints.'

Such as? 'Well,' explains Janis, 'my favourite hint is to not wear any panties under a dress and then I'll accidentally-on-purpose let my skirt ride up very slowly so the man can see I haven't got anything on. That usually does the trick. Or maybe leaving just a couple of buttons more than I should undone on a shirt so I show quite a bit of boob.' She laughs. 'That's quite fun, especially if I've got a nice sexy bra on. Yes, I know it's flirting, but I only do it with men I know well – it keeps them interested and turned-on after the initial attraction's worn off.' A smile. 'And I must admit it turns me on too.'


Motor
X400

Motor
XLU
469S

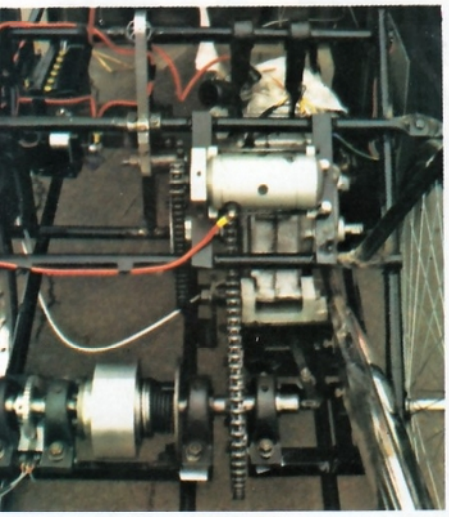
START

With cars capable of over 1000 mpg, the cartoon creations of Heath Robinson and Emmett came to life at a recent mileage marathon. Pictures by Andrew Morland

Some interesting contrivances to minimise the consumption of petroleum

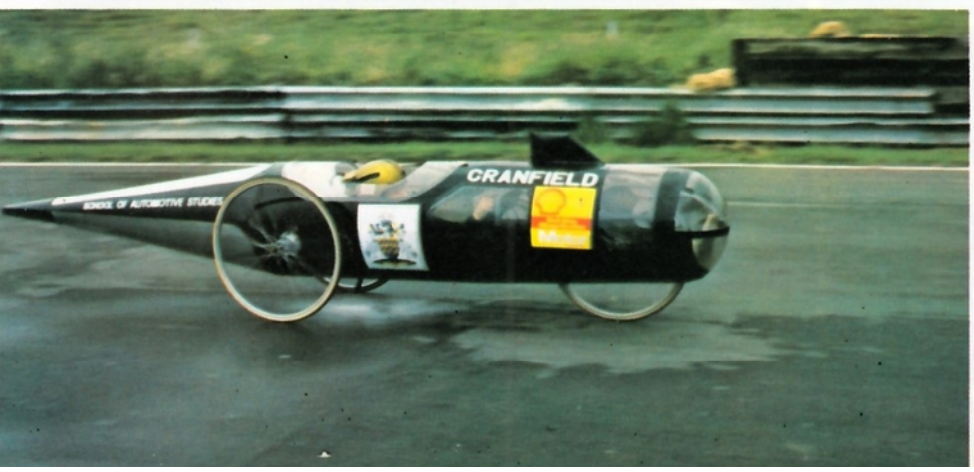
You won't find any of the weird and wonderful modes of transport illustrated with this article in any car show room – though odd pieces of their construction have been garnered from motorcycle and bicycle stores, ironmongers and even garden sheds. In fact they are all custom-built for a single purpose – to take part in the recent Shell-*Motor* Magazine Mileage Marathon held at Mallory Park race course near Leicester. Fifty three vehicles from Britain, Germany and Finland competed for a £1000 first prize to achieve the lowest possible petrol consumption over ten miles in one hour. The winner – an engine development firm named Ricardo, based at Shoreham-on-Sea

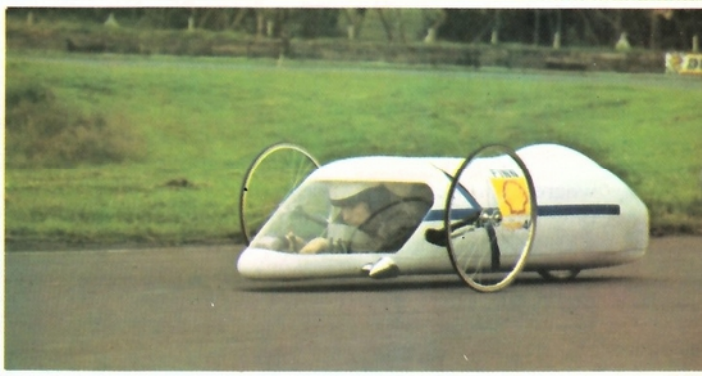
Main picture: the Graf Zeppelin seems to have been the inspiration for this airship-shape entry from the Shell Research Centre's Metallurgy Division, though its aerodynamic qualities did not earn it a placing. Clockwise, from immediate left: the driver is apparently all that keeps front and rear together of this entry from a German University. Left: Grand Prix car overtones helped to win ninth place for this Bristol University vehicle; it managed 902 miles per gallon. Above: 'Tyred Trucker', a form of super go-kart from the Pirelli Apprentice School. Above: when the winning vehicle was expected to use less than 30cc of petrol, fuel loading demanded extreme accuracy Above: rather obviously phallic shaped – and certainly potent in competitive terms – the winning entry from Ricardo, a Sussex engine development firm, which did an incredible 1,643 mpg, a new world record. It used only 26cc of petrol to cover the ten mile Mallory Park course. Right: back to Kindergarten for this pram-like entry from Cheltenham; its engine ran on the smell of petrol.

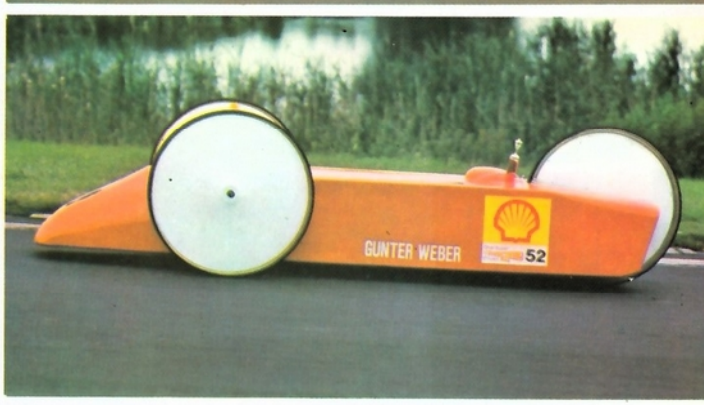


in Sussex – drove their slim, undeniably phallic-shaped machine to victory at an incredible 1,643 miles per gallon – a new world record. To cover the ten-lap race they used exactly 26cc of ordinary four-star petrol – a fraction more than the statutory one-sixth of a gill served at your local; about an egg cup full. At that rate it was calculated that they could circumnavigate the world on 15 gallons with petrol to spare.

But even their remarkable figure paled before the achievement of a German entrant from Mercedes – their diesel machine managed 1,819 miles per gallon, itself a drop from a staggering 1,904 mpg from the same vehicle at a similar event in Germany last year. Happily, however, for Ricardo,







Main picture: this German entry – placed fifth overall with 1,269 mpg – had its driver under wraps for aerodynamic rather than safety reasons. Facing page, anti-clockwise from the top: engine and gear details from the Dunlop's Apprentices' School entry. Below: a Birmingham man's 'flying wedge of cheese'; it was unplaced. Below: inspired by the silent movies of the early twenties, this Cranfield Institute of Technology entry won the marathon in 1977. This year it only won seventh place with 1,205 mpg. Right: Concorde and a dodgem car seem to have figured in the genesis of this British entry; it did 790 mpg. Above: a driver steels himself for the 'off.' Above: 689 mpg with this upside down tricycle. This page, clockwise from top right: no visibility problems with this Finnish university entry. Below: reminiscent of Campbell's 'Bluebird', and third overall winner at 1,367 mpg, a German student entry. Left: resembling a motorised and wheeled canoe this entry did 854 mpg. Above: placed fourth overall was this Shell Research Centre car; it achieved 1,280 mpg.

only petrol-driven engines were eligible. How did they manage it?

For a start the car did not move under power continuously.

According to the rules – and the recommendations of the organisers – competitors need only use their engines to get moving and build up momentum. Four or five swift bursts of power – at full throttle for maximum efficiency in converting petrol to energy – with periods of coasting in between should have been enough to propel each vehicle round one lap. This meant that only one false start anywhere on the course would not only squander fuel disastrously but probably bring the vehicle to a halt, thereby rendering that particular attempt invalid.

Ricardo overcame this problem by creating a two-stage mixture control. For the first two revolutions of the 90cc Honda engine they used the mixture was particularly rich; immediately after that, as the engine reached its operating speed, the mixture could be thinned drastically. But if Ricardo were ingenious, their design was simplicity itself compared to other machines which would not have been out of place in Heath Robinson or Emmett cartoons. The regulations stated that each vehicle must have at least three wheels, one brake, be powered only by petrol and not change its shape en route – this rather odd stipulation guaranteeing that no one whipped up a sail or used kite power out of view of the judges.

It was a formula for a car designer's nightmare. The results ranged from Duisberg University of Germany's minimal motor, where a prone driver appeared to be the only linkage between front and rear bicycle wheels, to a Birmingham man's 'wedge of cheese' on wheels; ultra-streamlined but unplaced. There was 'a cross between a bumble bee and a ladybird' from Leyland Car Training section and, a cigar-shaped, narrow-sterned vehicle from Cranfield Institute of Technology – last year's winners – which looked like a cartoonist's idea of a racing speedster from a 1930's comic. Oberndorf Technical School clearly took some stream-lining ideas from Sir John Campbell's jet-propelled water speed record-breaking craft of the same period; while a team from Shell's own Metallurgy Division had apparently been impressed by the aerodynamic qualities of the Graf Zeppelin. A team from Cheltenham found inspiration in the kindergarten with something that resembled a motorised pram, and another German team – Aalen-Baden College of Technology – decided that their driver, already lying flat on his back only inches above the road, could be even further streamlined by swathing him tightly in bandages; whatever his objections were it paid off – they scooped third prize with a 1,367 miles per gallon. Competitors came from all over the country, with home and German college teams driving alongside a Lancashire shoe shop owner, a dentist from Staffordshire who managed 443 miles a gallon and a 15-year-old public schoolboy who achieved a modest 150 mpg with a lawnmover engine, having camped overnight locally to be in good time for the race.

Not only were the cars cheap to run but remarkably inexpensive to build too; the organisers estimated an average of £50 per vehicle, basing it on a second-hand moped engine bought for £10 or £15 from a scrapyard. Some competitors, however, spent a lot more. A team from King's College, London, put silk racing bicycle tyres on their streamlined glass-fibre and plastic machine and then inflated them to 150 pounds per square inch with helium for added lightness. Then they used computer analysis to gauge the rates of change of acceleration and deceleration around the circuit in order to find the most efficient driving programme. Unfortunately the car never completed the course.

Other competitors, however, were just as ingenious. One car steered by rotating the front half of the machine around a pivot; another team coupled their tricycle's 50cc motor directly to a large flywheel to act as an energy store; while a team from Guildford used an advanced form of clockwork spring to the same effect.

A Cheltenham team created a carburettor built around a wick on which petrol dripped, allowing the air to vapourise—it meant, in fact, that the engine ran on the smell of petrol.

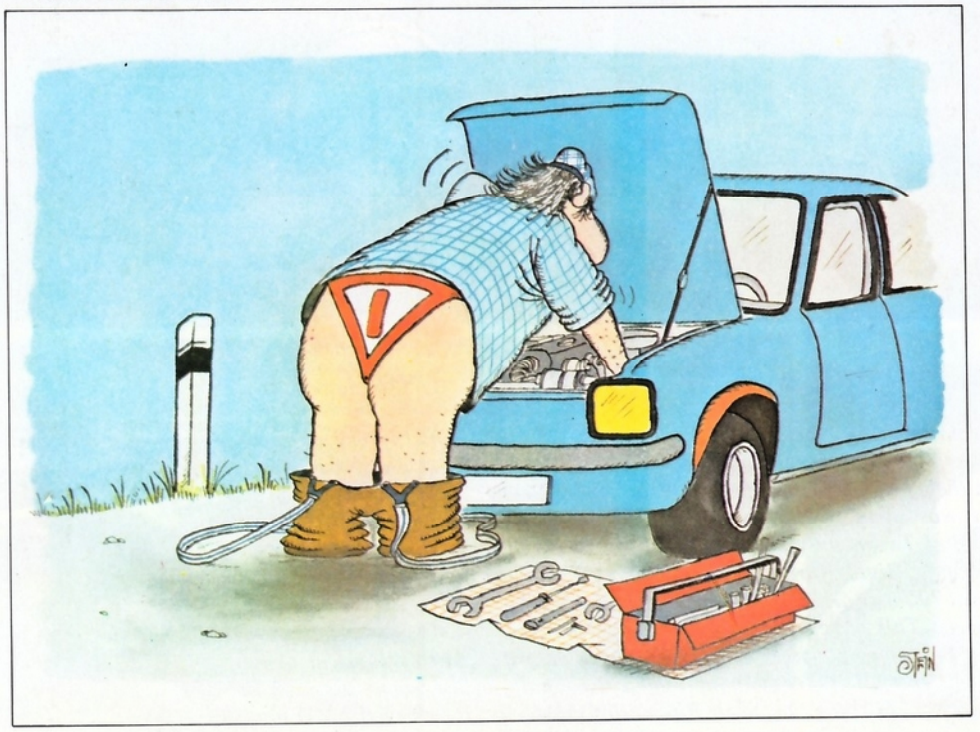
This is only the second year in which the competition has been open to all-comers. Shell employees started the super economy drive in pre-World War Two America using ordinary road cars and by the 1950's and 1960's performance had reached nearly 375 miles per gallon.

But in 1973 Shell's Thornton Research Centre in Cheshire began to produce 'specials' – vehicles designed and built solely for the lowest possible petrol consumption. The winner in 1973 achieved 450 mpg; three years later the 1000 mpg barrier was broken.

Last year Cranfield College of Technology beat the field with 1,097 mpg, boosting it to 1,205 mpg this year, though a German team did 1,579 mpg in Germany in 1977.

But fun though it clearly is for the competitors does the marathon have any practical value? The experts seem to think so. Tony Rudd, technical director for Lotus Cars, who attended last year claims he saw three ideas which could be incorporated into future production models.

Neither the competitors nor Shell appear to believe so. Cecil Mitchell, Shell UK Oil's retail technical manager and chief scrutineer at the 1978 British Grand Prix, says 'Everyone is quite certain that 2,000 miles per gallon is merely a barrier to be broken. It's just a matter of time.'



SHELL-MOTOR MILEAGE MARATHON TROPHY **MPG**

For all-comers

Winner	**Ricardo**	**164**
2nd	**Cranfield Institute of Technology**	**120**
3rd	**Bristol University**	**90**
4th	**Jackson and French**	**86**
5th	**J. Lowrey**	**59**
6th	**P. Lawley**	**43**

Motor Merit Award – D. Griffin (for enterprise and ingenuity)

SHELL SUPER-MILEAGE PROJECT

(British student teams only)

Winner	**Chrysler U.K.**	**126**
2nd	**Lucas Aerospace**	**89**
3rd	**T.I. Raleigh Industries**	**85**
4th	**Newcastle University**	**80**
5th	**Leyland Cars Training**	**79**
6th	**British Aerospace Dynamics**	**75**

Technical Award – Lucas Aerospace (for technical ingenuity and construction)

DEUTSCHE-SHELL TROPHY

(German student teams only)

Winner	**Wilhelm Maybach School**	**138**
2nd	**Oberndorf Technical School**	**136**
3rd	**Aalen-Baden College of Technology**	**126**

SHELL RESEARCH CHALLENGE TROPHY

(Shell Research employees only)

Winner	**Engine Fuels Div. 1**	**128**
2nd	**Lubricants Div. 2**	**107**
3rd	**Engine Fuels Div. 2**	**75**
4th	**Transport & Storage Div.**	**68**

MIDDLE TAR As defined in H.M. Government Tables.

H.M. Government Health Departments' WARNING:
CIGARETTES CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH

At last, a razor a

Gillette Contour is the most advanced razor in the world. As such, it's fair to say that only Gillette could have invented it, since Gillette have pioneered just about every major step forward in modern shaving since their founder invented it all those years ago.

The principal difference between new Gillette Contour and other razors is its pivoting head. This pivoting head will adjust itself to the shape of your face for better comfort and has a unique ability to reach those difficult-to-shave areas. The first blade will shave you close, the second will shave you closer still.

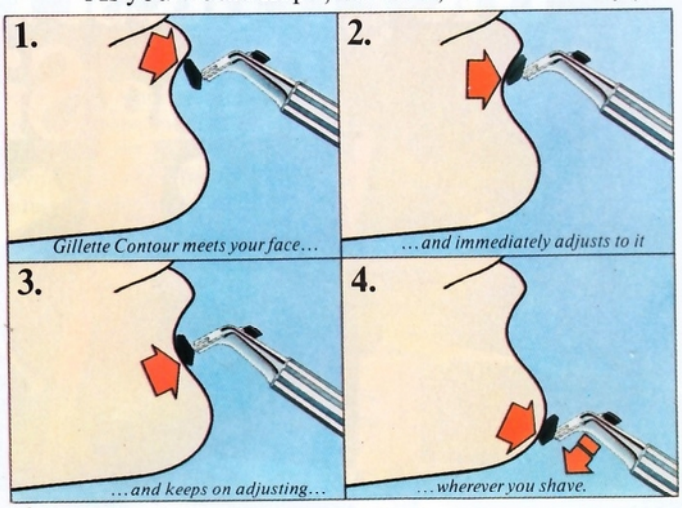
The result is a shave of such *closeness, smoothness and comfort* that you'll be amazed at its speed.

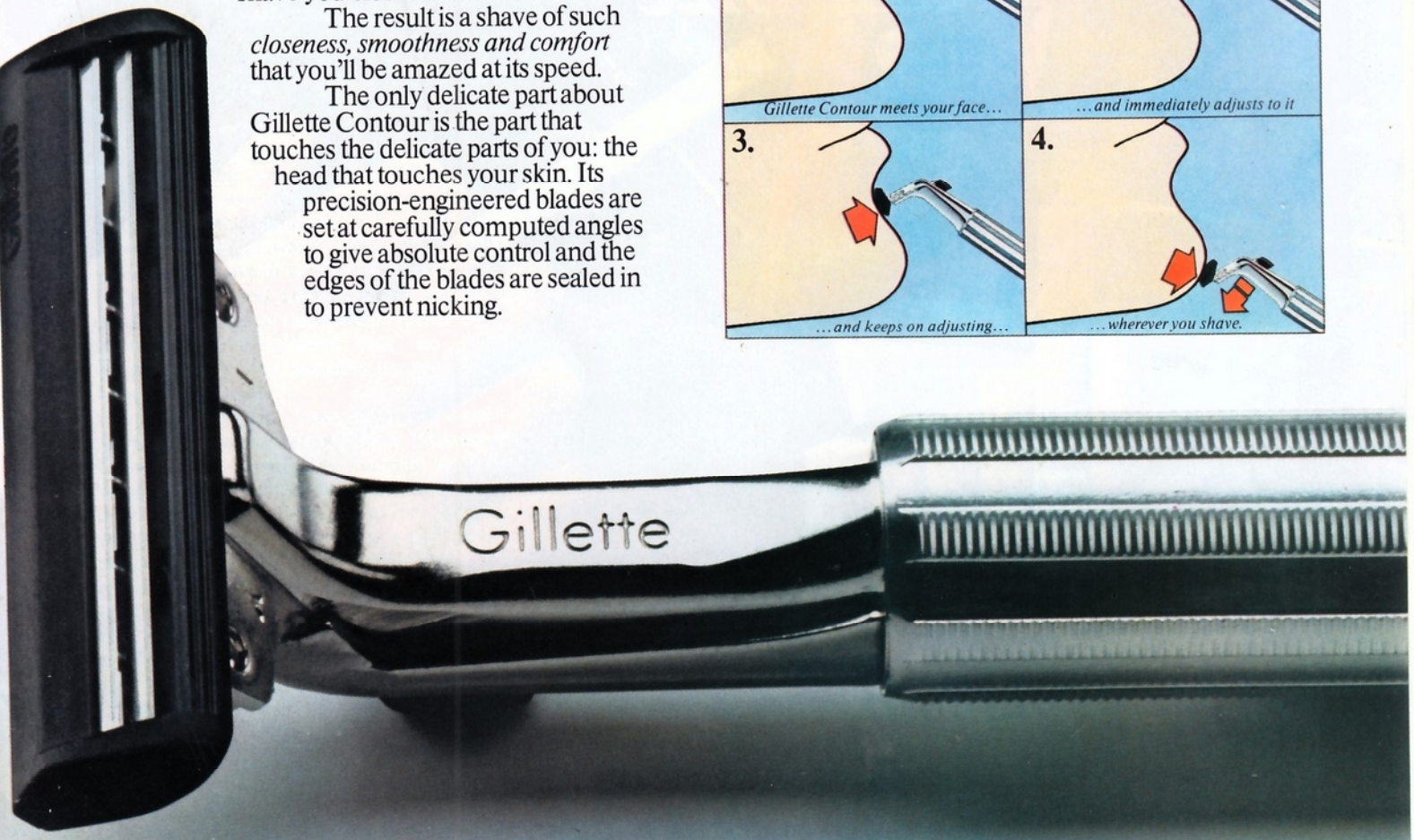
The only delicate part about Gillette Contour is the part that touches the delicate parts of you: the head that touches your skin. Its precision-engineered blades are set at carefully computed angles to give absolute control and the edges of the blades are sealed in to prevent nicking.

Gillette Contour is *built to last,* not at all delicate. The barrel is metal, milled for grip and fat enough for a man's hand to get hold of. It looks very much as if it means business and it's very much a razor that a man will want to hold onto.

As you would expect, Gillette Contour costs a little more: about £2.

As you would hope, however, for that money you

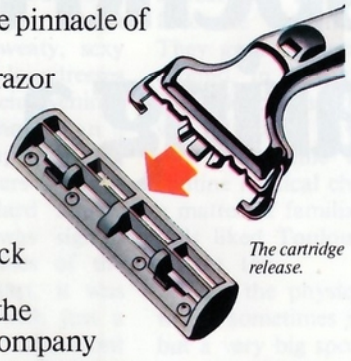




man can hold onto.

do indeed get the absolute pinnacle of shaving excellence.

On removing the razor from its case you will see that there is a blank cartridge attached to the head.



The cartridge release.

When you press the black button at the back of the head it will activate the cartridge release and the blank cartridge will part company from the head in much the same way as a good shotgun expels spent cartridges from its breech.

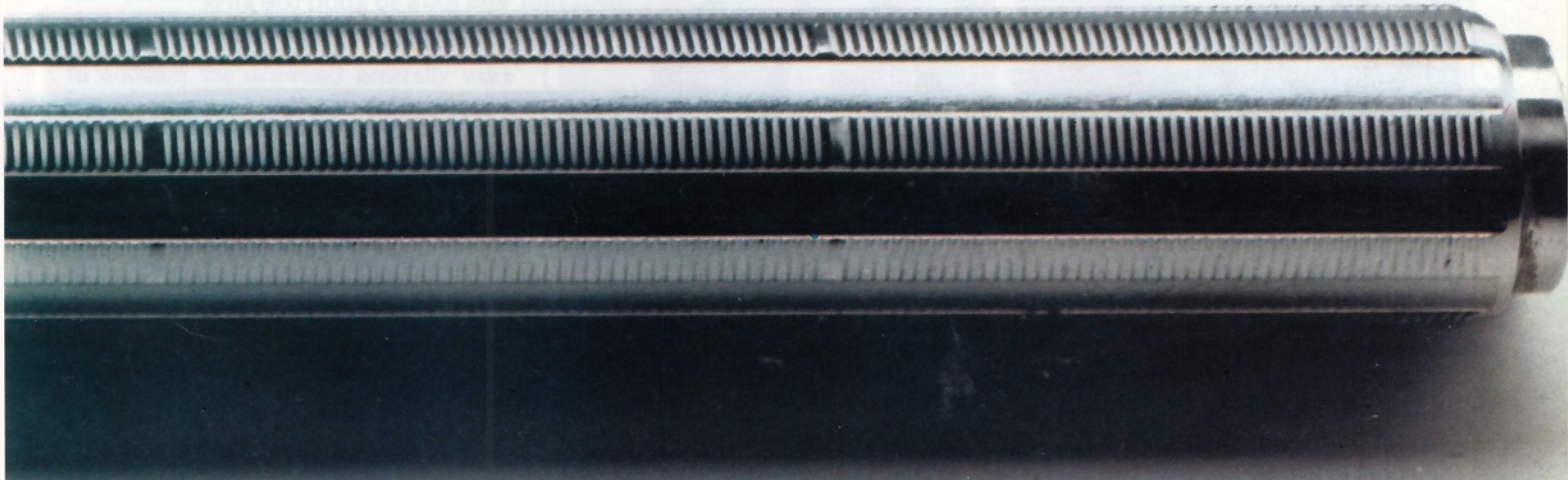
On the head you will now see three locator prongs. Press these into the back of a new cartridge in the *Easy-load dispenser.* The locator prongs will grip the back of the new cartridge with a positive click which is not dissimilar, in a small way, to the satisfying clunk of a well-engineered car door.

For £2 you'd expect your razor to be well made. You might not however expect it to be *guaranteed.* It is. Unconditionally. For life. And we don't expect anyone to claim on it.

So there it is. Gillette Contour. An important invention if only because it makes a fairly unimportant part of the day more pleasant, more efficient and more quickly over with.

Gillette®
contour

From Gillette, number one in twin-blade shaving.



Save 50 pence.

Your Gillette Contour stockist is authorised to accept this completed coupon in part payment of a Contour razor before December 31st 1978 (one coupon only per razor).

Name_____

Address_____

M1 05001

To the Retailer: Gillette UK Ltd. will refund 50p per coupon properly completed by a bona fide consumer and accepted in part payment for one Gillette Contour razor. Send coupons to Dept. 185, 34 Queen's Sq., Corby N17 1NN, Northants. Closing date for trade redemptions – January 31st 1979.

King C. Gillette

You could spend the evening wearing a hat.

Of all the ways you can think of to keep your hair in place, there's only one that does the job naturally. Cossack Hairspray.
Before you yell 'hairspray' and run for the hat-rack, we should tell you that more men than ever use Cossack these days. It gently holds hair in place and keeps it looking neat and natural all through the evening. Conditions it, too.
Get hold of a can of Cossack and try it out for a couple of evenings.
Your hair will look so good the girls will throw money in your hat.

Hairspray for men from Cossack.
The best men's hairdresser in town.

es of the Belle Epoque

tinued from page 71

toms. Or, at least, that's the way llywood has always depicted it.

e original can-can, as performed at Moulin Rouge and the various *café-ıcerts* during the *belle epoque*, wasn't lf so innocent. It was a sweaty, sexy hibition, given by the buxom laundresses d shop girls of Paris on their evenings f, and it was a good deal more than a nicker show. Apart from anything else, lot of them didn't wear knickers anyway; nd in any case, the standard female ndergarment at that time was signifi-antly different from the frillies of the Hollywood version. For a start, it was completely open-crotch; not with just a titillating slit like today's open-front panties, but completely open-crotch from belly-button to backbone. The expert *voyeur* could expect to see more than the occasional flash of pussy-fur if he kept his eyes open! Which was, of course, why the can-can created such a scandal. It took more than a flash of grubby knicker to shock Parisians of the 1890s. As one contemporary observer reported, when the girls went into the *port-d'armes* position (body perched on the toes of one foot, the other foot held as high as possible in the hand), they were displaying everything they had. The posture was deliberately invented to display the genitals through the wide aperture of the drawers. And if the watchers liked what they saw, the girls were always open to a generous proposition . . .

In addition the *danseuses* generally wore loose-fitting and low-cut bodices, and it's recorded that the big and bouncy *la Goulue*, the most celebrated of them all, frequently finished her performance with both breasts hanging out!

If the *grandes horizontales* were for the millionaires and royalty, and the can-can girls and *cocottes* for the hoi polloi, there had to be something in between for the moderately affluent. It was, of course, the brothel – and the Paris of the *belle epoque* had some of the most luxurious ever seen.

One of the most famous was in the *rue des Moulins*, and had you been able to visit it in the 1890s, there's every possibility that you would have bumped into the artist Toulouse-Lautrec. For periods of weeks at a time, he actually lived there, and one of his most admired paintings shows the main *salon* with the girls awaiting customers. The picture also gives a good idea of the opulence of the *belle epoque* brothel. The salon is a high-ceilinged room of ornate arches and fluted Grecian columns, with crimson damask panels on the walls and luxuriant potted palms; and the well-stuffed girls lounge on equally well-stuffed divans big enough to accommodate a full-scale orgy.

Like the *grandes horizontales* themselves, the brothel presents the same titillating mixture of decadence and decorum: the 'Ritz hotel' décor, the *madame* fully dressed and with hands folded chastely in her lap, while the girls lie about in languid *déshabille*, one flashing white thighs above black stockings, another – for some reason not apparent – drawing up her *peignoir* above the waist.

For all his stunted legs and quaint appearance, Toulouse-Lautrec was a great favourite with the girls in the brothels. They grew so accustomed to having him around, in fact, that they let him watch (and sketch) as they dressed, undressed, washed, slept, gave each other oral sex, and even while they paraded for their routine medical checks. But it wasn't only a matter of familiarity through habit. The girls liked Toulouse-Lautrec for another reason, too.

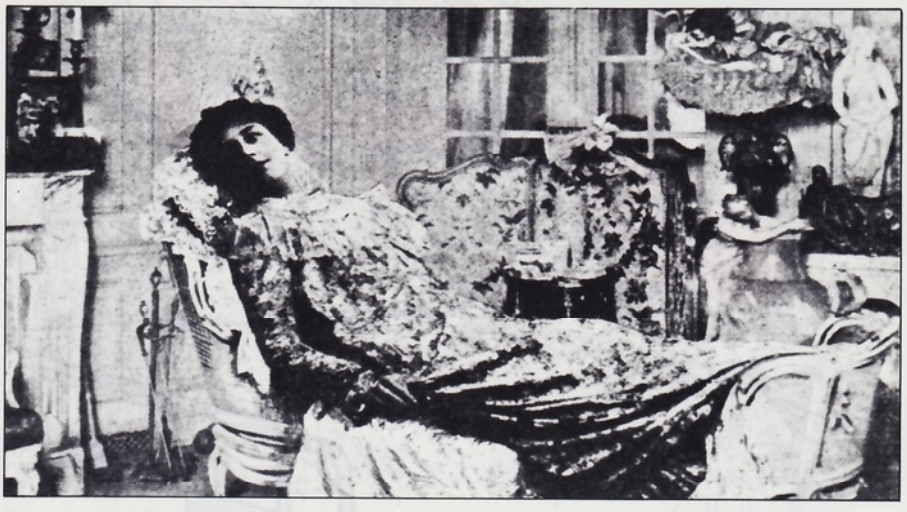
'I have the physique of a coffee-pot,' he would sometimes joke. 'No arms, no legs, but a very big spout!'

He was telling the truth. The monster tool of Toulouse-Lautrec really *did* hang down to his knees, though admittedly he was somewhat short in the thigh! It was, in fact, the precocious and abnormal development of his sexual apparatus that – doctors now believe – accounted for his stunted growth. Sexually, he was completely mature long before his body and limbs had fully grown. As a result, the soft cartilage of his joints hardened prematurely, prohibiting further growth of his legs and arms. Freakishly crippled but equally freakishly equipped in the sexual department, it's hardly surprising that he became such a regular frequenter of the Paris brothels. Even so, it's fair to say that he entered into the spirit of things with a rare enthusiasm and libidinous drive.

A genuine voyeur, he liked to watch the girls with their clients and, especially, when business was slack, making love to each other. It's said that he actually encouraged them, and it's not difficult to imagine the roguish dwarf egging on the girls to go down on each other, while he sat and played with his mammoth apparatus until he felt ready to join in the fun.

There was little that the astonishingly versatile *belle epoque* brothels could offer that Toulouse-Lautrec didn't try and, apparently, enjoy. He was not a pervert, in that he didn't indulge any one particular perversion; he was simply a sensualist with a huge appetite for sex in all its varieties.

He was a fetishist. His friend Thadée Natanson reports: 'He would clutch a pair of women's (soiled) stockings or knickers,



'Les grandes horizontales', high-class tarts of the 'Belle Epoque': Top L. Actress first and whore second, Sarah Bernhardt. Top R. Whore first and actress second, Lillie Langtry. Above: High-breasted, small-nippled Liane de Pougy, the grandest and most expensive of all

roll them into a ball, and inhale with his eyes closed.'

Again, Natanson records: 'He would purr with delight as he plunged his face into a woman's bosom, wrapping her two enormous breasts around him like a comforter made of human flesh.'

'He was fascinated by all forms of perversion,' says his biographer, André Fermigier, 'which he did not disdain to watch and which, no doubt, on occasion he took a hand in organizing.'

A graphic (and possibly apocryphal) depiction of a wild night at the *rue des Moulins* is provided by a contemporary and anonymous writer in an 'underground' pamphlet of the time, entitled *Plaisirs*.

'The scene was like something straight out of Dante's Inferno. On a couch were two girls in the *soixante-neuf* position – she underneath, a skinny blonde with small, long-nippled breasts; she above, a handsome Flemish brunette with the magnificent haunches of a mare. Yet even as each titillated the other with her tongue, J— was kneeling between the thighs of the brunette, his rigid engine finding its home alternately in the vagina of the brunette and the mouth of the blonde below.

'At the same time, P— knelt between the knees of the blonde, masturbating his penis in the long, dark tresses of the brunette, seizing great handfuls of her hair and exciting himself by rubbing it against his belly, thighs and sex. Meanwhile, a third girl, naked but for a fine gold chain drawn tightly around her waist and between buttocks and labia, thrashed the broad nates of the dark girl with a rattan cane.

'And all the while, there was T-L watching from a divan, a fourth naked girl on all fours before him, his great penis thrust deep into her body, and her shoulders pressed low to the bed, which not only raised her rump in a most inviting fashion, but also ensured that she did not obscure his view of the proceedings.

'Another night, they brought in a small pony which was specially trained to lick any girl who lay down with spread thighs before it, while a second girl sucked it, and a third sat naked on its back, wriggling her sex against its rough coat . . .'

The brothel of the *belle epoque* was not only luxurious, but could cater to the most diverse tastes in sexual stimulation and erotic nostalgia. Several had exotic 'retiring rooms' designed to help fulfil the fantasies of the clientèle: the 'cabin' of an ocean liner, complete with canvas-clad walls, cordage decorations and a swinging hammock – where the client could perhaps meet an urchin sailor-girl in striped shirt and straw hat, which he could command her to remove before directing her to unbutton and suck him, or to present her boyish backside for a little gentle session or a stimulating taste of the rope's end; a Japanese room, in which the client would be received by an almond-eyed 'geisha' who would undress him and, smilingly, offer her subservient body to please him in whatever manner he most desired – probably massaging his body from head to toe with feather-light flickerings of her tongue; or a Louis XV room, lined almost entirely with mirrors, in which the fantasising client could play at being the royal lover with his du Barry or Pompadour – and watch every delicious movement of her carmine lips around his erection, every flick of his tongue between her satin-smooth buttocks, every pumping thrust of his erect penis between her *labia minora*, all mirrored from every mind-blowing angle.

Another boasted 'the prettiest torture chamber in Paris', while yet another had a 'funeral parlour' specially designed to meet the needs of the most discerning necrophiliac. Léo Taxil, a writer of the time, describes it:

'The walls were lined with black satin and strewn with teardrops of silver. In the centre (was) a very luxurious catafalque with a lady lying inert and naked in an open coffin, her head resting on a velvet cushion. Around her (were) long candles in silver holders, incense burners and livid-hued illuminations. The lustful madman who has paid ten *louis* for this *séance* is then introduced . . . A harmonium, placed in a neighbouring closet, will play the *Dies Irae* or *De Profundis*. Then, to the strains of this funeral music, the vampire will precipitate himself upon the girl simulating the deceased . . .'

Perhaps this was one of the great secrets of these high-class Parisian brothels of the last century: they created illusions rather than destroyed them. In today's so-called permissive age, the prostitute's client is generally left with very few illusions – about himself, or about the sordid service he is buying.

The fact that they were brothels, legal and recognized – rather than fly-by-night call girls operations – would maybe account for their superior service (plus the fact, of course, that they existed in an age when service mattered). They were secure, well-established, and had a regular clientèle to keep happy. A take-it or leave-it attitude to the customer and his fantasies, however fanciful, just wouldn't do. The success of today's Dutch *besloten* clubs in Amsterdam and the Hague, which are in fact good-class legally sanctioned brothels, would tend to underline this proposition. Yet even the best of the Dutch clubs, like the *Cleopatra* and the *Jet Set*, couldn't have matched the opulence and style of the *belle epoque* bordellos. And there lies the real secret of why *fin de siècle* Paris represented the pinnacle in a golden age of sexual pleasure-taking. Paris in the 1890s with its luxurious brothels and its superb *grandes horizontales*, had permissiveness and style. Paris, with its lewd can-can and loud *café-concerts*, had a *joie de vivre* that today's night-club shows and discos don't even approach.

Britain in the 1970s has permissiveness, certainly, but in the overheated rush of the 20th century, the *essence* of style has been completely boiled away.

SCOTCH AND WATER.

CELIA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

With December being the season of jollity and merriment, it's appropriate that this month's centregirl Celia Reed is a girl in whose 37–24–36 frame those qualities are found in abundance. 'Nice of you to say so,' she smiles, 'and it's true that I'm the kind of person who always tries hard to look on the bright and sunny side of life.'

Celia, who was born in London 21 years ago, works for a West End design studio. 'Plates are my speciality.' she grins. 'One day I plan to design a naughty nude set to make food even more interesting; the more you eat – the more you'll see! I also have plans for a ceramic co . . .' She breaks off blushing. 'Purely as a conversation piece you understand,' she explains innocently. 'I mean what other possible use could it have?' Celia grins cheekily. 'I'm sure that one day my ideas will get me into trouble, but I think they'd sell like hot cakes. Celia's Daring Designs – how does that sound to you?' Music to our ears.

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH / CELIA REED

King Size
PICCADILLY

Prize Virginia Tobacco

MIDDLE TAR As defined in H. M. Government Tables.

H. M. Government Health Departments' WARNING:
CIGARETTES CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH

Who threw that ?

continued from page 67

say, a dish, the child is 'breaking' his own inner tension.

Philosopher H H Price once wrote that once an idea has been generated within the mind it may 'no longer (be) wholly under the control of the consciousness which gave it birth' but it may operate autonomously on other minds as well as the physical world. It is common knowledge that external situations such as the pressures of work can lead to major physical changes such as ulcers, colitis, and heart attacks. In other words, external situations may trigger internal changes. Price maintains that the reverse situation is possible and this is what is commonly referred to as 'mind over matter'. When we succumb to ulcers and the like, we call these conditions 'psychosomatic'. When the opposite situation occurs, the condition is called 'extrasomatic', and the poltergeist is one of the few manifestations of this order.

But although moving tables and flying china is 'unnatural' and eerie there is no real cause for fear or alarm. In the many hundreds of documented poltergeists cases very few persons have ever been harmed; the most serious injury is often nothing more than an abrasion resulting from a heavy object hurling across the room. If a poltergeist should break out in your house or in the home of a friend, neighbour or relative, the very first thing to remember is to keep cool: panicking is unnecessary and it will not solve the problem. You would be wise to report these events to an established parapsychological organization such as the Society for Psychical Research in London. They will either put you in touch with a regional research group or send an experienced field investigator who will be able to advise you accordingly. Keep it in mind that poltergeists seldom last more than eight weeks, so the worst fate you will have to face is two months of domestic disruption and a barrage of broken bric-a-brac. You will need a great deal of patience and understanding for your little poltergeist person, a few tubes of all-purpose glue, and perhaps a brief vacation once the 'ghost' has been put to rest. But no exorcists.

Although poltergeist phenomena owe their origin to emotional stress it is somewhat questionable whether or not psychotherapy is indicated. The poltergeist may be thought of as a temporary imbalance of normally unconscious psi forces belonging to a class of psi-orientated emotional disturbances that Rhine calls 'parapsychopathology'. Since most systems of modern psychotherapy have no connection with parapsychology they simply have not developed methods for handling problems of this type. There are only a handful of parapsychotherapists such as Alberti in Europe. It is best to allow the poltergeist to burn itself out. Thereafter the family may wish to consult a psychotherapist who is experienced in dealing with family tensions and childhood difficulties. This, of course, is a matter of individual choice.

People often wonder why trained scientists even bother to devote so much of their time and efforts to studying such an obscure field as parapsychology.

After all, they reason, a flying vase is a weird but trivial sight. What they are forgetting is that any event, spectacular or otherwise, that contradicts the known laws of nature *is* vitally important. Especially when the source of these mysterious events is the human mind.

Obviously, we have a great deal to learn about the laws of nature; and the poltergeist presents a major clue to unfolding some of these mysteries. Freud once wrote that the mind is akin to an iceberg: ninety percent is below the water, we only see the ten per cent represented by the tip. Below the level of conscious awareness there exist many sunken continents of the mind yet to be discovered, charted and explored. Occasionally a piece of interesting debris floats to the surface leading parapsychologists, the explorers of the mind's 'New World', to wonder about the exact locale and geography of these psychological Atlantises. The poltergeist is an artifact of this type. But further research is needed. And we must first open our minds to new ideas and other realities. In the final analysis, perhaps the only real 'noisy ghost' is the perennial and rigid sceptic who refuses to accept new and stimulating knowledge.

Are you tired of seeing the same old film every night?

Then trade in those smoker's stains now for a bright new razzle-dazzle smile. Try the Clinomyn 10-Day Clean Up. Brush twice daily with Clinomyn for 10 days just like you do with your present toothpaste and, if you don't notice a happy difference to your teeth and breath, we'll refund your money.

Why 10 days?

Because it's a siliconised toothpaste, Clinomyn needs time to work its magic. Gently yet thoroughly. Unlike old fashioned tooth powders Clinomyn actually protects delicate dental enamel. You'll love its minty fresh flavour–and the breath of fresh air it gives you! So call in at your local Chemist for Clinomyn (Pronounce it CLIN-O-MIN) today. After all, who wants to see the same old film every night?

Start your Clinomyn 10-Day Clean-Up tonight.
Your money back if you're not delighted. Simply return the used tube to De Witt International Ltd., Seymour Road, London E10 7LX.

An evocative taste of the great days of sail as the 70-year-old square-rigged barquentine *Regina Maris* voyages to the Black Sea

Riding the Rigging

Photographed by Richard Barnard

The enormous popularity of events like the Whitbread-sponsored 'Round the World' race and the Observer-backed 'Round Britain' race is evidence enough that the traditional British love of sea and sail is as strong as ever. As exciting as yachting is however, for sheer style coupled to nostalgia for what ocean travel must have been like in the days of real sail-power, you have to turn to larger ships like the *Regina Maris*, a 150-foot square-rigged 200 ton barquentine which was built in 1908.

These photographs were taken when the *Regina Maris* left Falmouth *en route* for the Black Sea where she was to be used by a film company in a movie about Joseph Conrad. For the voyage, the crew comprised

Main picture: the Regina Maris' *deck looking down from the yardarm. This page, top left, the ship on a slipway for inspection prior to the voyage; right: a stern view. Above: 'like a painted ship on a painted ocean' – a misty morning on the Black Sea. Left: drying the squaresails out after a squall.*

three mates, a bosun, a cook and nine deckhands. The sails – sixteen of them on the ship's three 100-foot masts – were set and controlled by well over 100 separate ropes which had such names as the 'lower topsail starboard clew-line'; the 'fore topmast staysail downhaul' and the 'starboard mizzen vang'. As well as knowing what each rope did, the ship's crew also had to be aware of which belaying pin each rope ran to and where to find it on a dark and stormy night, for casting-off the wrong rope at the wrong time could, in certain situations, quite conceivably lose the ship.

For experienced sailors like these though, the welter of rope and canvas presented few problems for the barquentine rig was fairly common on small trading vessels towards the end of the sailing era: the foremast was square-rigged, while the main and mizzen masts had the usual fore and aft gaff sails with topsails. More than confusing for a weekend sailor perhaps, but familiar enough for professionals.

The journey to the Black Sea port of Varna proved uneventful, punctuated only by a sudden vicious squall off the coast of Tunisia which the beautifully balanced *Regina Maris* rode with ease as if to emphasise her sturdiness and responsiveness to her weight of sail and the helmsman's sure and delicate touch. A voyage in the present certainly, but also one into the past.

MISS BERTHA'S

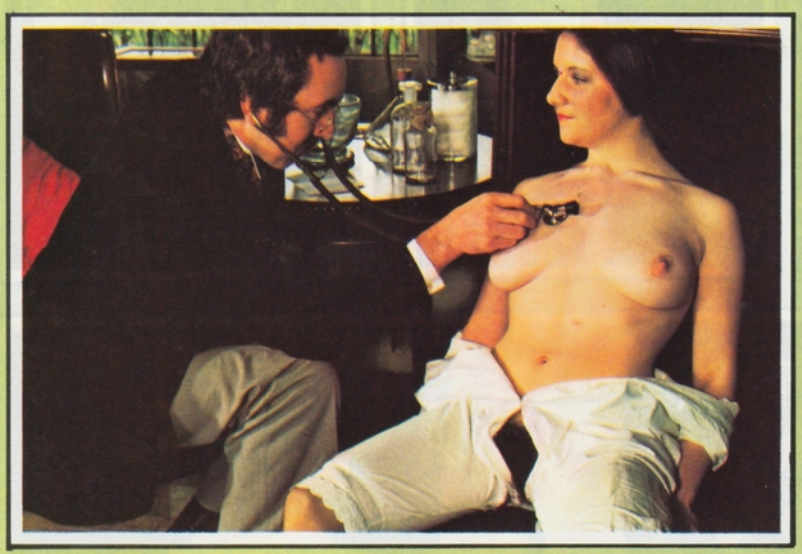
Were the Edwardians as straightlaced as less morally upright? Our photographer Roger Pearson had a free-thinking young lady visited a

BIG BREATHS

their Victorian predecessors, or much
recreates the scene to show what might have taken place
Doctor's surgery some seventy years ago

As Miss Bertha Brownlow leaves home on a bright and frosty December morning, thoughts turn to the ultimate and final purpose of her journey – Dr Worthington's surgery. Not that Miss Bertha is suffering from any serious ailment. Thankfully that is not her reason for seeking medical advice. She is however ill-at-ease and rather out of sorts for reasons she cannot fathom. Dr Worthington greets her cordially and enquires to the health of Miss Bertha's family before directing Miss Bertha behind a screen to remove her garments prior to his examination. Miss Bertha, obedient but blushing slightly, does as she's bid.

The examination begins. Miss Bertha shyly emerges from behind the screen and sits down next to Dr Worthington. Were she perhaps just a shade less conscious of her own nudity, she would notice Dr Worthington's frank and appreciative appraisal of her body, for Miss Bertha is now 21 years of age and has blossomed into full-bodied womanhood with a mature and softly-rounded 38-24-36 figure. As the Doctor's stethoscope touches her bare flesh, Miss Bertha gasps slightly, the unexpectedly cold metal sending a chill up her back and making her nipples harden. 'Hmm,' says Dr Worthington. 'Aaah. Yes.' He nods learnedly. 'Miss Bertha,' he says, 'I would ask you now to remove your – ah – nether garments so that I may complete my examination.' He smiles



reassuringly at her. Miss Bertha smiles back, suddenly strangely confident and aware of the effect that her body is having upon the Doctor. Slowly, almost langorously, she unbuttons her bloomers and allows them to slide to the floor. Dr Worthington coughs. 'What would you like me to do now, Doctor?' she asks sweetly. 'On the couch if you would be so kind,' instructs Dr Worthington firmly, 'for I think my initial probings have already uncovered some of the sources of your malaise. Now I must put my theories to the test.' Miss Bertha can only marvel at Dr Worthington's speedy diagnosis. 'Isn't medical science wonderful,' she thinks to herself while gazing warmly up at the good Doctor. 'Just by looking at me he is instantly aware of my ailments. But,' she asks herself, 'does he know a cure?'

She lies back and once more lets Dr Worthington's skilled hands explore her body. 'How warming his touch is,' thinks Miss Bertha. 'It makes my body go almost liquid,' 'Doctor,' she says to him, 'what, pray, have your examinations shown?' He lays down his stethoscope and clears his throat. 'Miss Bertha,' he begins, 'I feel almost certain that I know both the cause and the cure for your current feelings, but in order to cast aside any lingering doubts that I may have, I must first ask you a few questions of a rather delicate and personal nature. May I do this?' Miss Bertha nods. 'To begin with, do you have any gentlemen friends?' asks the Doctor. 'Why yes, of course,' answers Miss Bertha. 'Good ones?' 'I suppose so.' The Doctor pauses. 'Miss

Bertha, are you still *virgo intacto*?' 'Good heavens, yes' cries Miss Bertha, 'but . . .' Dr Worthington leans forward. 'But what?' he asks. 'Think carefully, Miss Bertha, for here lies the solution to your problem.' Miss Bertha reddens. 'I do get strange feelings sometimes when I am with my gentleman friends. Feelings I'm not sure it's proper for a young lady to have.' Dr Worthington smiles. 'There, Miss Bertha, lies the cause and the cure as I suspected. You long for love, yet your desires cannot be fulfilled.' 'True,' murmurs Miss Bertha sadly, 'yet there's nothing I can do, unless you have an answer.' The Doctor smiles. 'I prescribe a discreet liaison with a gentleman. I fancy love will provide you with a perfect cure.' Miss Bertha smiles. 'What wonderful medicine – but how often should I take it?' 'Whenever the need arises,' is Dr Worthington's answer.

'Gosh! After seven dwarves, that's a sight for sore eyes.'

CAUGHT WITH THEIR PANTOS DOWN

With the traditional pantomime season approaching, our ribald cartoonist, Peter Maddocks, raises the curtain on some new, sexually liberated adult Christmas entertainments

'To be honest, I'd be happier if you let me rub your lamp.'

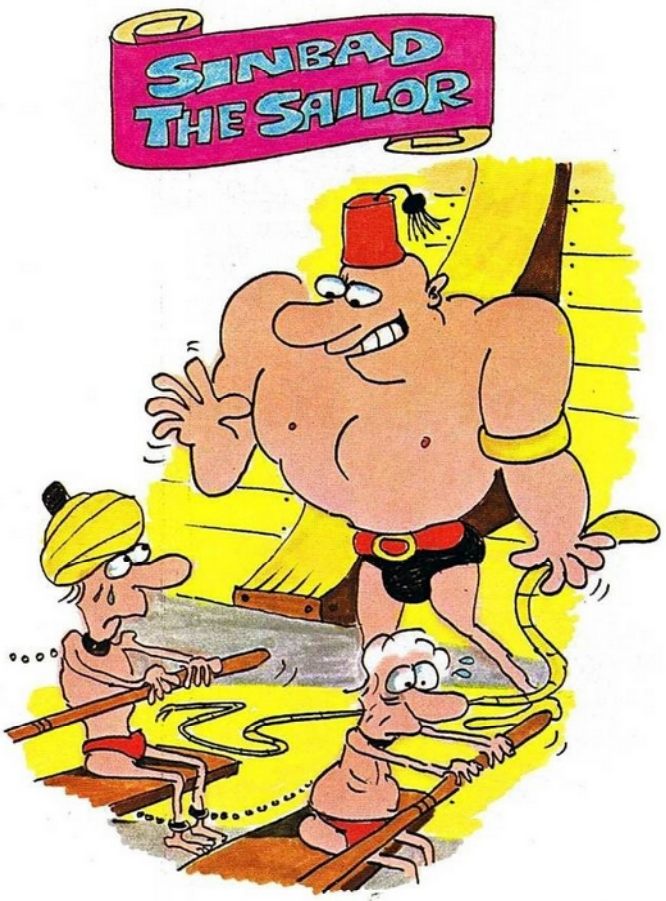
'I shall be glad to get to London if only to get these boots off.'

'It fits! It fits.'

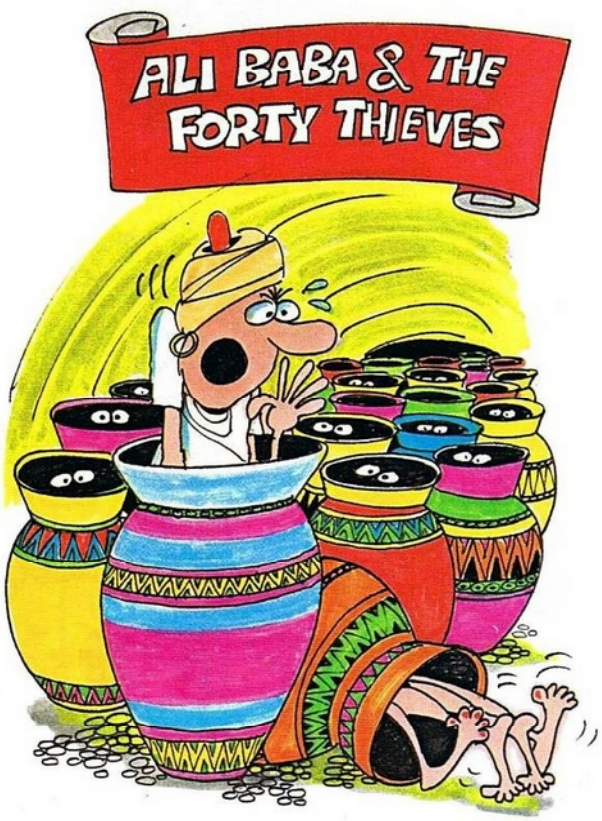
'Hello Tinkerbell. Want to see how far up I can go?'

'Oh mother, you should see Jack's beanstalk grow.'

'Hang on awhile, I think they're making babes in the wood.'

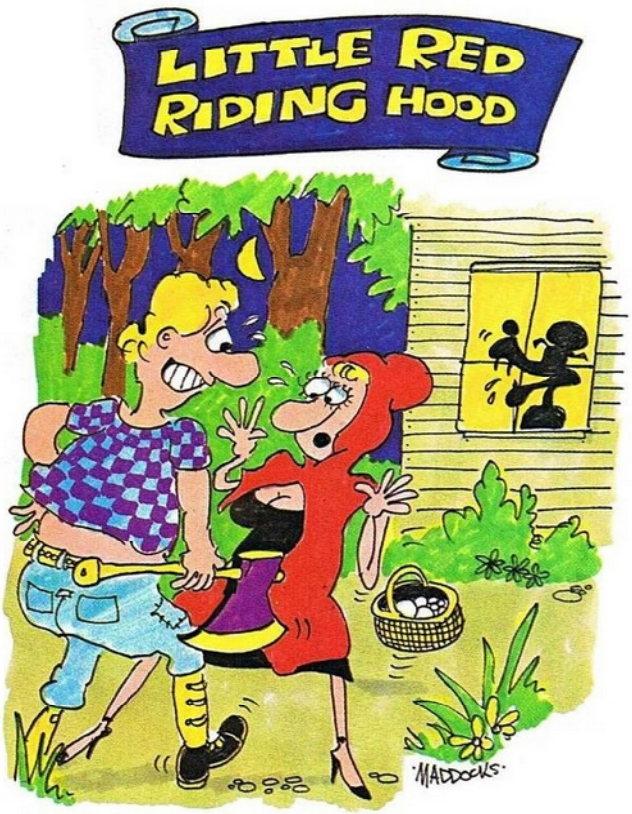


'Hello sailor.'



'Okay – which one of you slobs has run off with my woman?'

'Are you sure that's your thumb, Tom?'



'With a chopper like that, I'll take my chances with the wolf.'

'. . . *Not* all *the king's men?*'

'You know I only have fish on Friday!'

'If you want to wake her up, you're kissing the wrong end.'

Black Christmas at the Bayflowers

continued from page 34

of White Mice, a Christmas confection made of flour, butter, powered sugar and crushed almonds, which she had Baked as a gift for Dr Bayflower and his wife.
Magda's White Mice were also Laced with strychnine.
Strychnine would make it look like they had heart attacks.
With the Bayflowers out of the way, it would not be hard for her to Gain custody of Ritchey.
After all, she had been like an Aunt to him.
She fantasized, she and Ritchey sitting in the darkness together, as he Grew to young manhood.

☆ ☆ ☆

Christmas morning.
The Bayflowers came downstairs early and unwrapped their gifts.
Ritchey did not come down until nearly noon.
The Bayflowers heard him leave his room and then the sound of his leather heels Clicking on the hall floor.
He appeared at the head of the stairs.
When his parents saw him, their hearts Sank.
He was wearing his Hermann Goering costume.
Ritchey's devotion to the Nazi leader was so intense he had demanded his parents get him a uniform like Hermann Goering used to Wear on state occasions, white satin tunic, white satin knickerbockers, pink suede sash, pink suede boots and a pink silk turban.
The child even used cosmetics, like Goering did, lip rouge, eye shadow and Hair colour.
Ritchey swaggered down the stairs and across the floor to the Christmas tree.
He was very fat, the consequence of his eating nothing but Sweets, and he actually looked a little like Hermann Goering.
'Here's your Santa Claus, Ritchey,' said Rilla Bayflower, handing him the box with Oscar Moose and his Forest Friends in it.
Ritchey had a pink suede riding crop, also part of the Goering uniform, and he struck the box with it, knocking it out of his mother's hands, then he kicked it across the floor and Strode around the room.
'To Hell with Oscar Moose and his Forest Friends!' said Ritchey. 'I wanted a Bowie knife and lots of candy! You knew that! You both knew that!'
He started turning Over tables and chairs.
The Christmas tree caught his eye and he stopped in his tracks.
Something about the tree threw a scare into him and he stopped his tantrum and Marched up the stairs to his room, making noises like the engine of a Messerschmitt.
'What are we to do with him?' asked his mother. 'Should we call in Ben Spoon for an emergency consultation? Perhaps some emergency testing and evaluation.'
'I don't know what to do,' said his father. 'Sometimes, I wish I were dead.'
Dr Bayflower buried his face in his hands.
'I'd kill myself if there weren't so many parents Depending on me,' he said.
'You'd better not start that Whining, unless you want me to tie you in a Double knot, you little mouse!'
'Yes, dear,' said Dr Bayflower.
'And another thing, I'm sick and tired of that English accent you have!'
'Yes, dear'
'I can't imagine how a boy growing up poor white trash in Texas ever picked up talking the Way you do!'
'Yes, dear,' said Dr Bayflower.

☆ ☆ ☆

Magda and the Bayflowers were going to a Christmas afternoon party at the home of a medical doctor.
She came over early, bringing the Bayflowers their gift of White Mice.
'Show Magda what you got for Christmas,' said Rilla Bayflower to her husband.
He showed Magda the necktie.
Rilla showed Magda the bowling ball.
'I wonder if there's a bowling alley Open on Christmas Day?' asked Rilla.
'I hope so,' said Dr Bayflower.
'Where's Ritchey?' asked Magda.
'He's upstairs in his room, playing with Oscar Moose and his Forest Friends,' said his mother.
Ritchey *was* upstairs with Oscar Moose and his Forest Friends but he was not Playing with them.
He had observed that the Forest Friends could be Shaved to points and stuck on the ends of arrows, missiles he meant to Try on his parents if his explosives failed.
'You have such a wonderful family,' said Magda to Dr Bayflower; she started to cry.
'Now, now, Magda,' said Dr Bayflower. 'You mustn't have a spell on Christmas Day. You might split out Another dress!'
'You're right,' she said. 'It's just that your family is so Perfect and you're all so Happy that I was crying with Joy!'
She reached for the plate of White Mice, to offer them around, when she noticed the tree.
Magda stood watching it for a full minute.
'That tree looks so strange,' she said. 'Like it was Angry.'
'It's a live tree,' said Dr Bayflower. 'It's as alive as you or me. We're planting it in the front yard right after Christmas, to celebrate our first Year in this great house.'
'Your house is so lovely,' said Magda. 'I know you must be glad Medicaid started Paying for psychological evaluations.'
At that moment, Ritchey appeared at the head of the stairs, in his Hermann Goering regalia, complete with twenty or thirty medals and decorations Pinned to his chest, and hurled a fruit jar of brown coloured liquid down the stairs into the living room, expecting it to explode and do Away with his parents and 'Aunt' Magda.

'Come over here and sit down, Miss Grant, I want to talk to you about redundancies.'

☆ ☆ ☆

When neither the Bayflowers nor Magda showed up at his party, Dr Muir, a heart specialist, telephoned the Bayflower's home.
He got no answer.
'There must be something wrong at Bayflower's,' he said to Dr Nelson, a chest surgeon, who was Standing nearby.
'I think I'd better drive Over there and check on them', said Dr Muir.
'I'll come too,' said Dr Nelson.
The two doctors of medicine arrived at the Bayflower home and knocked.
No answer.
The door was unlocked and they Entered.
'What a house!' exclaimed Dr Nelson. 'How long has Bayflower been living as well as we do?'
'Since Medicaid started Paying for psychological evaluations,' said Dr Muir.
They looked around the house, calling out for the Bayflowers, but did not find them.
'I guess they're out to dinner, or Something,' said Dr Muir.
'Or, maybe on a trip,' said Dr Nelson.
'That's a beautiful tree,' said Dr Muir, looking up at the tall glittering pine.
'It's a Live tree,' said Dr Nelson.
Dr Muir picked up Rilla Bayflower's bowling ball.
'Do you bowl?' he asked Dr Nelson.
'No, I don't. Never took it up.'
'I do. This is a fine bowling ball. Bayflower shouldn't have left it here with the door Wide open. Someone could walk right in here off the street and Steal it.'
'The same for this,' said Dr Nelson, who had picked up Dr Bayflower's new necktie and was Admiring it.
'Maybe we ought to take this bowling ball and that necktie home with us,' said Dr Muir. 'Just to teach Bayflower to keep his Doors locked.'
'We can return them Later,' said Dr Nelson. He winked broadly at Dr Muir.
Dr Muir winked back.
'What about these White Mice?' asked Dr Muir. 'They look mighty tasty!'
'Bring them along for the ladies,' said Dr Nelson.
The two doctors left the house, proudly carrying their new possessions.
As soon as the two doctors were gone, the Christmas tree Began to move.
It swayed back and forth, Gently, as in a warm breeze, and licked the tips of its Own branches.
Then it burped and the uneaten Remains of a pink silk turban, of the sort Worn o... state occasions by Hermann Goering, fell out of its Inner branches to the floor.
It then shook off All the five hundred glass elephants and started to leave the house by the front door, rolling from side to side on its earth ball, headed for the Hole on the front lawn, leaving here and there a Spot of resin on the polished floor.

If you're one of those people who imagine that watching TV in bed is an ideal way to relax, just think about it for a second.

Every time you want to change the channel, adjust the volume or turn off the set, you have to get out of bed.

Which, we're sure you'll agree, is anything but relaxing.

So, if you're thinking about a second TV have a look first at the new National Panasonic remote control portable.

By touching a button on the control unit you can adjust the volume, flick through the channels and turn the set on and off.

All without leaving the comfort of your bed.

That's the remote control. What about the TV?

At 13.1 Kg. it's the lightest 14"colour portable on the market. Which is important if you're going to be moving it all around the house.

It's got a clear, sharp picture just as you'd expect from National Panasonic.

Much of the credit must go to our own 14"Quintrix tube. With its extra lens to focus the electron beam needle-sharp and a black matrix screen to give the picture more contrast.

To help you tune the set more accurately there's the magic line colour tuner. Here again, an exclusive of National Panasonic sets.

Flick a switch and a green band appears across the screen. Turn the tuner until the band is as narrow as possible, switch off the line and your TV is perfectly tuned.

And finally, it comes with a two year guarantee for parts and labour.

Which makes it a TV that puts your mind at rest as well as your body.

To: National Panasonic, Sales Promotion Department, 107-109 Whitby Road, Slough, Berks 3L1 3DR.
Tel: Slough 27516.

Please send me a brochure and a list of appointed dealers.

Name _____

Address _____

National Panasonic

Just slightly ahead of our time. M/12/78

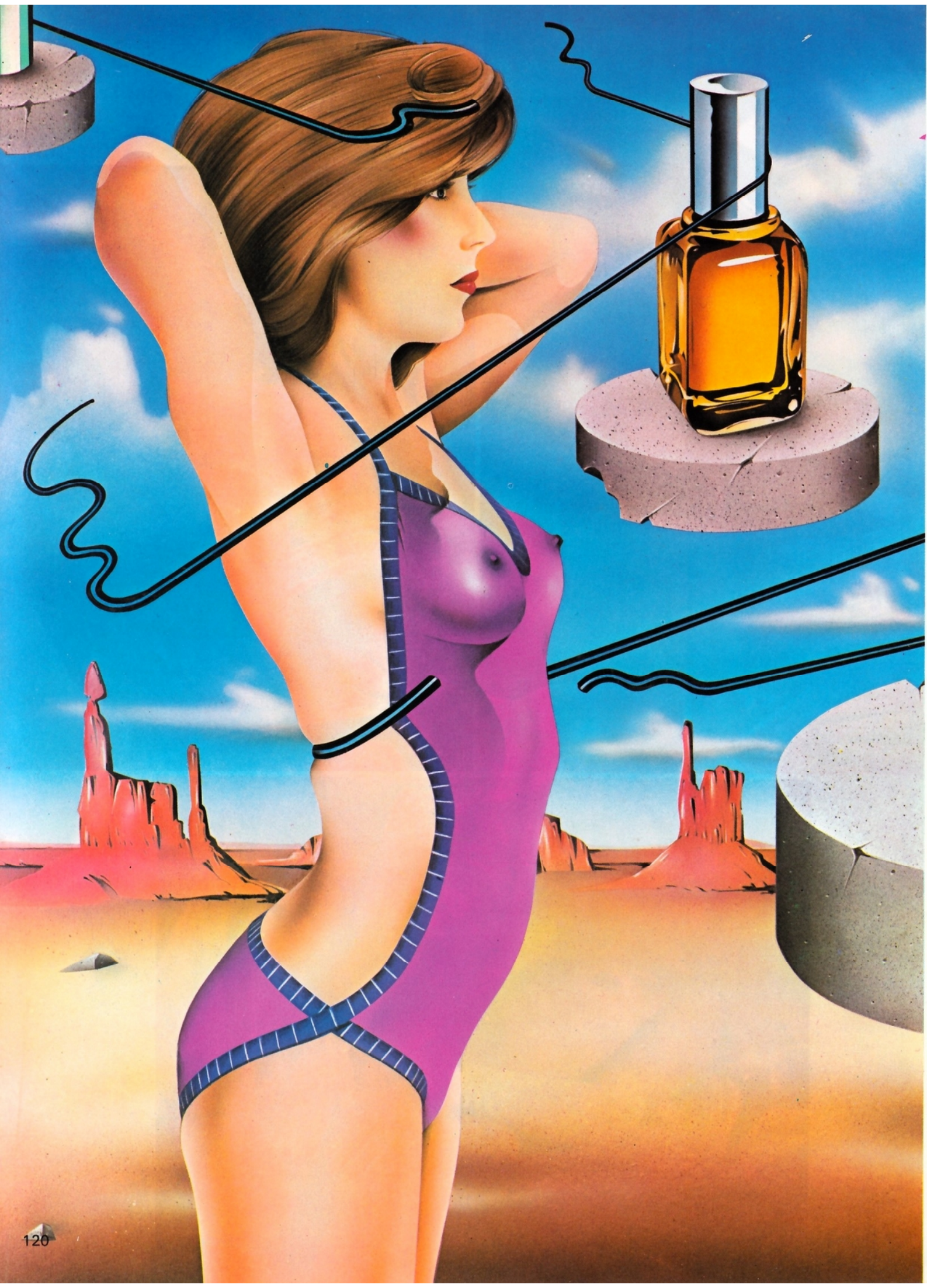
ABOVE (PICTURE SIMULATED): TC-481G (14") £377.95, TC-381G (13") £274.95, TC-333G (13" MAINS OR BATTERY) £365.95, TC-275G (20") £405.95, TC-2203 (22") £399.50.
ALL SIZES REFER TO TUBE SIZES. PRICES CORRECT AT TIME OF GOING TO PRESS.

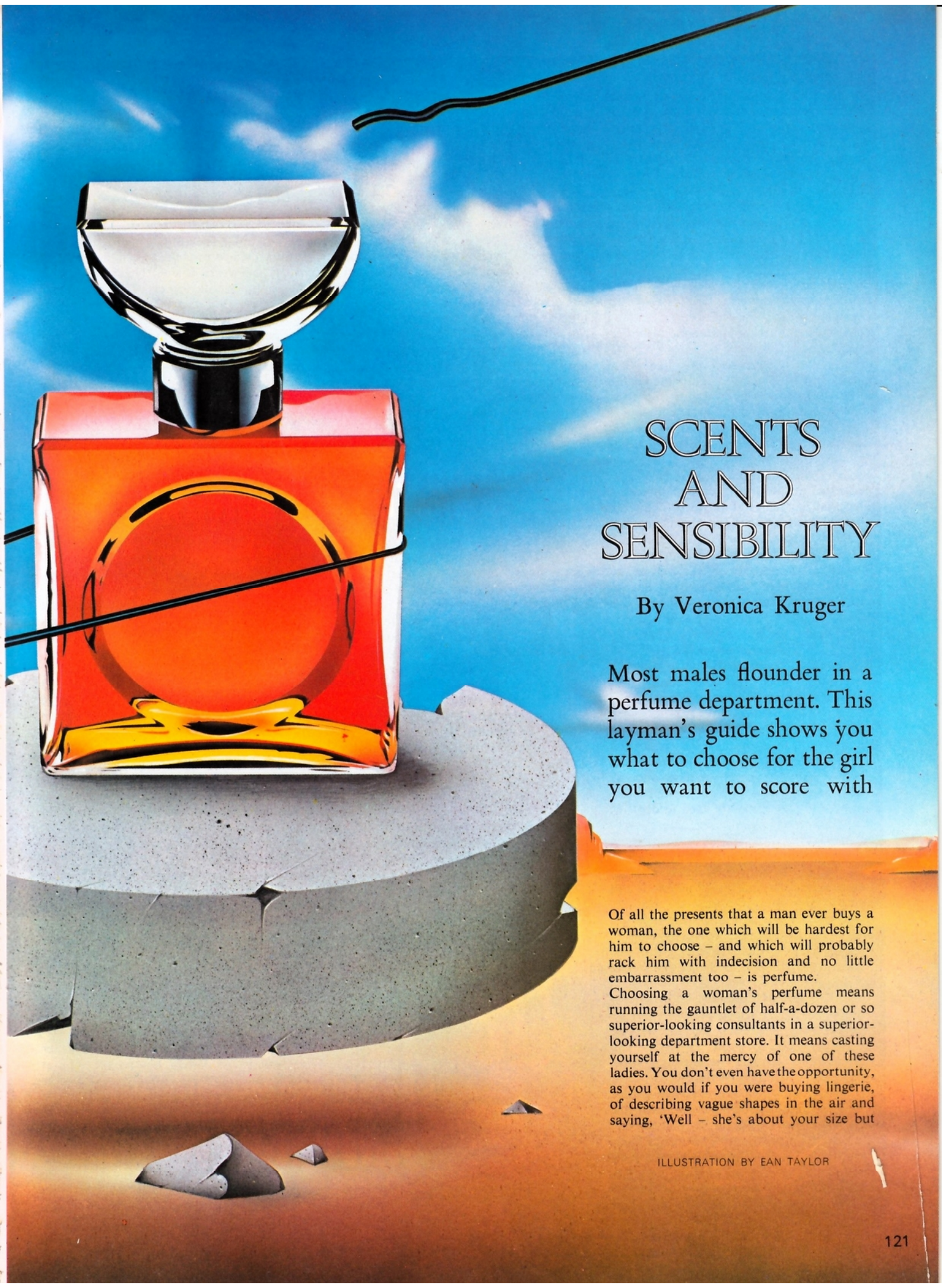
Sandra dreams of Santa

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHAEL HAMMETT

Santa and sexuality might not seem obvious bed-fellows to the man-in-the-street, but then he's unlikely to have met 35-23-35 inch, 19-year-old psychology student, Sandra Bellowes. Now studying at a northern polytechnic, Sandra believes the psychological overtones are ripe with dark meaning. 'Just think of it,' she says.

'A stranger entering your most private inner sanctum down a long dark chimney. He has a long bushy beard, a typical father figure, and he's dressed from head to foot in red. Freud would have a field day.' Somehow the twinkle in Sandra's china blue eyes suggests she's not entirely serious. Laughing, she agrees. 'Oh I don't think you'll see my paper on the sexual implications of the St Nicholas myth for a while, but I think as a fun thing Santa can be quite erotic. He'd have to be young, of course, and totally nude under his costume; a favourite lover, so you'd be dressed up to the nines in wait for him. It would be ravishing, literally!'





SCENTS AND SENSIBILITY

By Veronica Kruger

Most males flounder in a perfume department. This layman's guide shows you what to choose for the girl you want to score with

Of all the presents that a man ever buys a woman, the one which will be hardest for him to choose – and which will probably rack him with indecision and no little embarrassment too – is perfume.

Choosing a woman's perfume means running the gauntlet of half-a-dozen or so superior-looking consultants in a superior-looking department store. It means casting yourself at the mercy of one of these ladies. You don't even have the opportunity, as you would if you were buying lingerie, of describing vague shapes in the air and saying, 'Well – she's about your size but

ILLUSTRATION BY EAN TAYLOR

a bit more – you know – here. And there.' Some men decide that if it's expensive then it's got to be good, and stick to Chanel No 5, Joy or Miss Dior. But perfume is not like jewellery. Diamonds sparkle on whoever wears them, but perfume reacts to the skin of the user (or rather, the acidic content, to be technical). The most expensive perfume can smell decidedly odd if the chemical components of skin and scent don't agree with each other.

So what do you do? Well, whatever it is that you eventually end up doing (even pretending that you were just strolling through Perfumery on your way to the Hardware Department), don't follow the example of that suave-looking gent leaning negligently against the counter and chatting easily to the consultant as he sniffs bottle after bottle. Perfume is not like wine, either. Just as it needs a sympathetic skin to bloom into a perfect rounded fragrance, so a perfume will never reveal all its true character while it's contained in an unresponsive glass bottle. The genie needs to be released before you can expect it to perform. Another thing. Not even a Master Perfumer would smell more than six, if even that, perfumes all at once. The sense of smell is easily confused and if you line up a row of ten or so perfumes, determined to buy presents for all your female relatives in one fell swoop, you will be well served if the consultant hands you a bar of carbolic soap after you've reached bottle number eight. You probably won't be able to tell much difference between the soap and any of the perfumes you've tried.

You can't buy on spec; if you're wise you won't buy solely on the consultant's recommendation, and you can't even buy on the strength of a cautious sniff. But why not try a little imagination?

Perfumery is one of the oldest fine arts of the civilised world. A Master Perfumer is a scientist, a psychoanalyst and an inspired composer of olfactory symphonies. In fact, musical terms are used to describe the various elements of a perfume. A well-balanced fragrance will have a top note (the first impression you receive when it is applied to the skin), modulating through to a middle note and finally rounding out into the base note. If your wife's perfume smells exactly the same from the time she puts it on in the morning to the end of the day, then it is badly balanced, with one overriding ingredient that has smothered the others.

There are several thousand odorous raw materials from which a perfume can be made. Most perfumers use about two thousand, and a good perfumer can recognise about eight hundred of these on smell. To the skill of the perfumer, or 'the Nose' as he is appropriately called, add the knowledge of science with the development of the gas chromatograph and the electron-microscope. The use of these instruments has made possible superlatively fine analyses of natural perfume material, thus increasing the number of permutations a Nose can call upon when blending his creations.

And science has even introduced perfume categories of its own. Alongside the natural perfume families of floral, woody and animalic we now have man-made aldehydic and chypre. Aldehydes are used to intensify the natural fragrance into an ultra-essence and are always used in combination with other essential oils. Chanel No 5 and Madame Rochas, for instance, are aldehydic-floral perfumes while Calandre and Rive Gauche are aldehydic-floral-woody perfumes. Chypre perfumes – best characterised by the innovative Chypre by Coty – are a special aldehydic combination that includes fresh, mossy and animalic elements. Ma Griffe, Cabochard and Miss Dior are all chypre-type perfumes. A classic chypre perfume is one of the most difficult to formulate, and all the perfumes in this family are noted for their very individual personalities. But however much scientific skill the Nose now has at his disposal, he is above all carrying on a very ancient tradition that has its roots in primitive magic – and no wonder. Our sense of smell reflects directly back to our animal past; man couldn't have become the successful hunter he was unless he could smell out his prey like a bloodhound.

Your lady will react to a perfume as she would to a lover – not only on the grounds of physical compatibility, but also because of an inner rapport. And, as with any other relationship, the physical side is the easiest to establish. When it comes to wearing a perfume, it simply means that the acidic content of the wearer's skin should be in harmony with the perfume.

Everybody has a slightly different acidic (pH) content but the variations are minimal and a very good initial rule of thumb when choosing a perfume is to consider the skin tone of the recipient. If she is fair skinned (even if she has the stunning Celtic combination of dark hair with blue eyes), then think of perfumes with a dominant floral note such as Charlie, Chloe, Fidji, L'Air du Temps, Diorella. If her skin tone is gold/olive or darker, then she can wear with panache the rich Oriental perfumes such as Shalimar, Youth Dew, Tabu, Opium, Dioressence. Redheads pose a bit of a problem as often their own body odour is so distinctive it will alter a perfume out of all recognition unless it is truly compatible. For a redhead with a lot of gold in her hair (strawberry blonde and shades thereof) a with a slightly freckled, creamy sk choose a perfume with a dominant gre note such as Vent Vert, Chanel Givenchy 111, Amazone or Halston. A for deep copper-haired ladies with warm skin tones go for the aldehydic woo perfumes such as Rive Gauche, Chamad Calandre, Caleche, Complice.

'Well, I just think it's a very unhygienic way of curing premature ejaculation. . . '

Just as a statuesque beauty can fall love with the small fella wearing glasse so you may well find a blonde wearin Youth Dew, a brunette smelling of heave when she wears Chanel No 5 – a classi floral. But don't despair. These rules sti hold good. But like all rules they can b broken if you also understand the rules o the new ball game – the sense of identit every girl feels, either consciously o otherwise, with the perfume she prefers.

A classic perfume is a work of love, a truly artistic creation of the Nose. Like every great artist, he gives his 'child' a personality of her own. Just as a composer will create out of many notes a melody that is romantic or martial, or nostalgic, so the Nose will blend the many ingredients of a perfume to evoke an overall characterisation. Thus there are light, sporty perfumes like Alliage, Charivari or Blazer; ultra-feminine, romantic ones such as Femme, Jontue, Bal à Versailles; the essence of sophisticated chic such as Joy, Private Collection, L'Interdit.

A perfumer works on many different levels, trying to say many different things through his creation. A perfume's name isn't chosen at random; it is its human evocation. 'Ma Griffe' means 'my signature' – implying something personal and individual, and this is confirmed by the very unusual combination of a floral top note blended with a touch of fruit on a woody base note to make it a true chypre perfume. It's a fragrance to give to a sexy liberated lady who knows her own mind and who gives as good as she gets.

Nina Ricci's 'Farouche' means 'wild but shy' and this fugitive perfume reveals its secret splendours in a subtle blend of rose and jasmine resting on a base of fruit and aromatic woods. Although the name might imply it's best given to a romantic ingénue, 'Farouche' could also be given to a sophisticated woman who treasures her privacy and who keeps her soul for herself. 'Cabriole' means 'a leap of the spirit' and is an exuberant rich floral perfume. Only for blondes if they're not farouche – and very well suited to brunettes with a sense of humour and a carefree attitude to life.

So – consider the perfume's character as well as its family before you buy it for your lady. No tomboy – however brunette – is going to feel at ease under the languorous weight of Opium; you will barely smell the delicate peachy Madame Rochas on a forceful redhead.

Overall, the great dilemma that a man has, even having followed my suggestions, is whether or not the girl will really like his choice. Her choice, after all, can be conditioned by factors he knows nothing

turn to page 131

If you haven't drunk Wyborowa
you haven't tasted wodka.
It tastes. Like no other vodka.
WYBOROWA
GENUINE POLISH WODKA

Macho. The powerful new men's smell from Fabergé.

CHARON

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SIWER OHLSSON

Those interested in Greek mythology will tell you that Charon was the name of the ferryman who transported souls across the River Styx into the underworld. All rather grim and cheerless stuff, especially at Christmas time, and certainly in no way representative of our own particular Charon whose surname is Morris and who hails from Cardiff. 'I can't say I'm too familiar with the chap you mentioned,' she says with a grin, 'but with the amount of rain we tend to get in my particular part of the world maybe I ought to set myself up as a ferrywoman,' Charon laughs. 'Although I don't think the people on the other side of the River Taff would take too kindly to being referred to as the underworld.' She pauses mischievously. 'On the other hand though, there are some who might consider that to be not an altogether inaccurate description'.

Joking apart, 19-year-old Charon's dark good looks may be found far removed from aquatic pursuits in her day-to-day work with a local publisher where she checks manuscripts prior to typesetting. 'Not the perfect setting for Charon,' decided our photographer Siwer Ohlsson, before whisking her off on a dream trip to Honolulu where, with a few deft ethnic touches, Charon's full-breasted 36C–24–36 was transformed from Welsh to *wahine* – which, if you don't happen to understand the local language, translates as 'native girl'. Charon adapts to the transformation as if to the manner born. 'The scope of my day-dreams used to be men on white chargers,' she laughs happily. 'All that sort of thing appeals to the romantic side of my nature.'

While waiting for the sound of hoof-beats to echo up Castle Street *en route* for Charon's home off the City Road, our heroine can, on Sunday afternoons in both summer and winter, be found taking a regular jog around Sophia Gardens. 'I'd like to jog more often,' explains Charon, 'because it's incredibly good for you. But sadly I just don't get the time. Even Sundays can be a bit of a sweat; I have to force myself.' She smiles. 'Mark you I infinitely prefer something like this trip abroad. It's really lovely. I can hardly bear the thought of going back home because it'll be such a come-down.' Charon pauses, grinning as a thought strikes her. 'This will add a new scope to my day-dreams though. Imagine being carried off here by a handsome man. It'd be absolute bliss'! She stretches herself lazily. 'So dreamy; I must start wishing now.'

Number 1 for Christmas

MIDDLE TAR
As defined in H.M. Government Tables.

H.M. Government Health Departments' WARNING:
CIGARETTES CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH

Scents and Sensibility

continued from page 122

about. Fortunately, I can make a constructive suggestion here.

Most men may think that astrology, like Henry Ford's history, is 'bunk' but most women have a sneaking suspicion that there is something in it. Secondly, most women find it easy to believe that they do in fact possess the principal virtues that their birth sign is said to represent. It may be psychological self-deception, but there it is. If you tell a girl, therefore, that you have bought this perfume because it is one specially suited to an Arian, and Arians are lively and spirited, you will not find yourself going very wrong. These are the perfumes I would match to the supposed characteristics of the zodiac signs:

Sagittarius (November 24 – December 22) The footloose and fancy-free Sagittarius is quite often an enchanting tomboy so choose fresh floral or green perfumes such as Chanel No 19 or Charivari to match her ebullient personality.

Capricorn (December 23 – January 20) Ambitious, Capricorns may be, but Capricorn women are invariably ladies. Quite often they also suffer from depression so consider perfumes that have jasmine as a dominant ingredient as this beautiful floral essence is also an effective antidepressant. Le Dix or L'Interdit (especially suited for brunettes), both have absolute jasmine as a major ingredient and both will suit this lady's taste for elegance.

Aquarius (January 21 – February 18) Aquarians are genuine originals; intellectuals who act on a highly-developed intuition and who love the unexpected. Give an Aquarian Essence Rare whose combination of floral, spicy and warm woody notes is so original it defies current classification.

Pisces (February 19 – March 20) That essential female, the typical Pisces, will love slightly old-fashioned floral perfumes such as Quelques Fleurs or that great classic and completely feminine perfume – Femme.

Aries (March 21 – April 20) Aries are strong, lively and spirited so give an Aries either Cabriole or Casaque, a very exotic floral blend, which – according to its creators – is designed for the woman who is original and audacious. An Aries, in fact!

Taurus (April 21 – May 21) Taureans are generally highly artistic and have innate good taste. They will love the rich simplicity of a perfume like Calandre – a single red rose nestling on a mossy bank.

Gemini (May 22 – June 22) For the lighthearted infinitely charming Gemini Cabochard seems to have been uniquely formulated. The name means someone who is irresistibly wilful, captivating and persistent (a Gemini to a T) and this personality is evoked with a combination of French sophistication and Oriental allure – a floral bouquet is blended with ambergris and Tonquin musk.

Cancer (June 23 – July 23) Romantic, intuitive Cancerians seem made for Farouche or (especially if she's a redhead) L'Heure Bleue, which is a romantic and feminine blending of iris, heliotrope and jasmine on a base of musk and Bulgarian rose.

Leo (July 24 – August 23) Extrovert Leos should wear 'Y' – created by Yves St. Laurent for the sophisticated, worldly woman. It has a clear floral top note warmed with woods, pepper, amber and musk. It doesn't hide its light under a bushel anymore than does a self-respecting Leo.

Virgo (August 24 – September 23) Virgos, for instance, are renowned perfectionists – finicky and with a cool exterior hiding a warm, very private, person. Give a Virgo either Joy or Chanel No 5. Both are great classic perfumes against which all other perfumes subsequently created are measured (a goal in complete harmony with a Virgo's aspirations), and both are meticulous floral blends that have been orchestrated by a maestro.

Libra (September 24 – October 24) Symmetry-loving Libras are both logical and sensual. So give a Libra a perfume like Chamade which is a perfect balancing of hyacinth and lilac with tuberose. The name, incidentally, means 'a drumbeat signifying surrender' which you might like to point out to her.

Scorpio (October 25 – November 23) As a true Scorpio will show the unmistakable characteristics of a Mata Hari-type femme fatale (she will be one of the few women you know who loves to wear rich reds and purples), any Oriental perfume is a safe bet. Take your time choosing the perfume. Start with ones best suited to her skin tones then compare her personality with those of the perfumes you have selected. One by one you will eliminate them as being too brash, or too heavy, or too sporty until you're left with one – or two – that is made for her.

A final warning: the most personal perfume in the world that's chosen with care and given with love will be lost unless it's used as it should be. Perfume must always be applied to the body's pulse points, where the body heat will warm and dispel the fragrance. These spots are: the nape of the neck, the side of each breast, the inside crook of the elbow, the wrist, and the inside crook of the knee. Just to make sure that it is worn properly you might like to demonstrate to your lady exactly where her pulse points are. Using the perfume, of course.

ILLUSTRATION BY PHILIP CASTLE

Ahead: The Lotus Position

Brainchild of the brilliant Colin Chapman, and direct descendant of Grand Prix winners, the Lotus marque mixes road-burning speed with designs of originality and an undeniable genius

Motoring with William Boddy

That remarkable man Colin Chapman is right on top of Formula One racing this year, with outright victories, in the Grands Prix of South Africa (Peterson, Lotus 78/2), Belgium (Andretti, Lotus 79/2), Spain (Andretti, Lotus 79/3), France (Andretti, Lotus, 79/3), Germany (Andretti, Lotus 79/3), Austria (Lotus 79/2), and Holland (Andretti, Lotus 79/3). As you see, this is mainly by virtue of his all-conquering John Player Specials, to call a Lotus by its sponsored title, those slim-skirted projectiles which glue themselves to the corners of racing circuits without recourse to the fan that caused all the fuss when applied to the Brabham-Alfa Romeos. There is no happier man in the world than our Colin when you see his cap flung high into the air as one of his Lotus racers crosses the finishing-line, victor of yet one more Formula One Grand Prix race.

It is right and proper that this should be so. Because this genius of a man, and that certainly isn't too high a rating, has loved motoring sport all his life. Today he may be a millionaire. But he began, like so many of us, with Austin 7's. It was his avid desire to make these rather pedestrian little motors motor quicker than their original designer had ever intended that put Colin on the path to fame, riches and, more important, happiness. Happiness that his Lotus cars could beat the best of the opposition in the highest form of motor racing, and that he could run a successful business building very exciting motor cars for fellow enthusiasts. To which can be added his ability to fly skilfully in his own light aeroplanes.

Chapman's is a full and busy life. If you

were to visit the Lotus headquarters up at Hethel in Norfolk, to which Chapman moved in 1966 after disagreements with local councils about extending his previous premises in Hertfordshire, you would find this stocky, grey-haired man, who set out to be a civil engineer but who soon found cars more interesting, immersed in planning an F1 car to go even better, if that is possible, than his present Lotus 79, looking after the specialist business of Lotus Cars Limited, currently making the Eclat, Esprit and Elite models – all £10,000-plus fast cars – or perhaps taking time off to take-off from his extensive landing strip or to watch some vital testing round the private track they have up there at Hethel.

It is a life many would envy and, as I have said, it all started with an aged Austin 7, the pride and joy of Hazel, who was to become Colin's wife and who is now very much part of the Grand Prix scene. That luckless Austin saloon was turned by Colin Chapman into a typical trials car. Pleased with this first-success, Colin made his Austin 7-based car go faster by installing a Ford Ten engine. That Lotus Mark 2 was born in 1949 and by 1951 Chapman had caused something of a stir in amateur motor-racing circles by running away from the opposition. He achieved this with a lightweight Austin Special-Lotus Mark 3, which hallmarked some of the ingenious thinking which has ever since marked down Chapman as a top automobile engineer. What he did to this Austin engine was to give it separate inlet ports, instead of the siamesed ones that restricted the breathing of a standard Austin 7 power unit. This, in addition to independent front suspension and 'simplicating to add lightness', left other 750 cc racers standing.

From these low-key competition successes stemmed Colin Chapman's present business. He formed a company with Michael Allen, to build sports cars which would be appreciated by those who know a winner when they see one. If it wasn't quite up to the fabled standards of the man who could make a better mouse trap, it was mighty interesting to those of us who live for fast cars. I remember the days when Colin was making a bewildering number of different Marks of Lotus, in a small factory in Hornsey, in the north of London.

Cramped, primitive, and with the welding-torch very much in evidence, some exciting small sports cars emerged. If you were there at lunchtime you would be likely to get sausage and mash, or the like, at the nearest Bert's Caff. I remember, when I eventually prised a road test car out of Colin, wondering whether it was taxed and insured (of course, it would have been) but being far too frightened to enquire. So that I drove off through the London traffic in this stark, noisy Mark 11 Lotus with this thought in mind, to add to the car's other exciting factors. Some years later I was flown up to a Lotus Open Day at Hethel in a racing aeroplane and I suppose I could be excused for thinking how far Chapman had come from his Hornsey days, what with all the young executives, the board-room in which we waited lunch until this wealthy MD had arrived from some important conference with top businessmen and the size and scope of the new Norfolk premises.

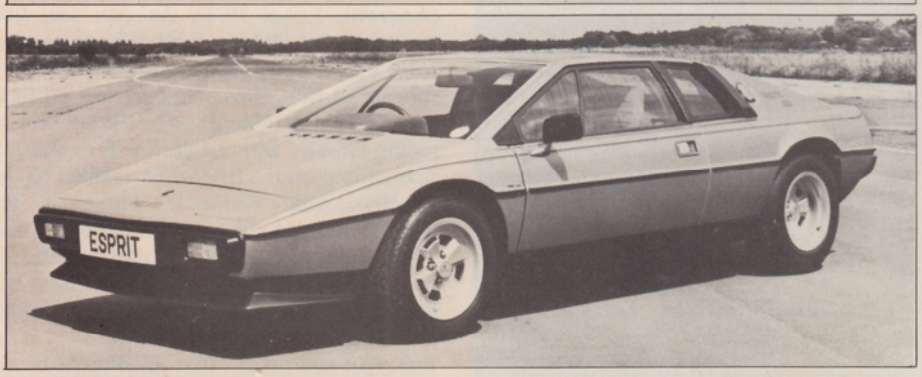
That is the measure of this clever man, who not only wins most of the motor races that matter for Lotus but who had Ford buying his services when they were anxious to make a twin-cam sporting Cortina-Lotus saloon.

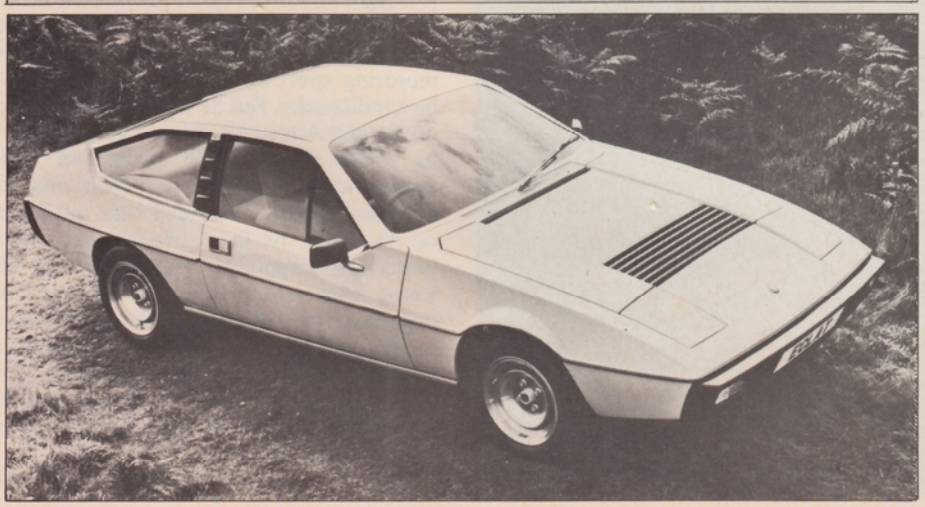
How the Lotus models progressed in the early days of this venture can best be shown in the following table:

Mark 1 – Austin 7 Special.
Mark 2 – Ford Ten-engined hill-climb and speed-trial car.
Mark 3 – The racing Lotus with the special four-port Austin 7 motor.
Mark 3B – the prototype of the production Lotus.
Mark 4 – A trials car used by Colin's friend, Mike Lawson.
Mark 5 – Intended to be a racing 750 Formula car, but not proceeded with.
Mark 6 – The first 'catalogue' Lotus; but I doubt if there ever was a catalogue!
Mark 7 – Abandoned in the experimental stage, to become the Clairmonte Special.
Mark 8 – A further step forward, with aerodynamic body, space-frame, de Dion rear-end, and inboard brakes.
Mark 9 – Improved Mark 8, with Colin Chapman now giving all his time to his Lotus factory.
Mark 10 – Ditto, but with a 2-litre Bristol engine instead of smaller Ford, MG or Coventry-Climax power-providers.

Enough will be gleaned from this list to show why every new Lotus was important news for enthusiasts. Like the fabled Frazer-Nash, every Lotus was different, so the above table may be queried by the fanatics. The point is that Chapman never

turn to page 137

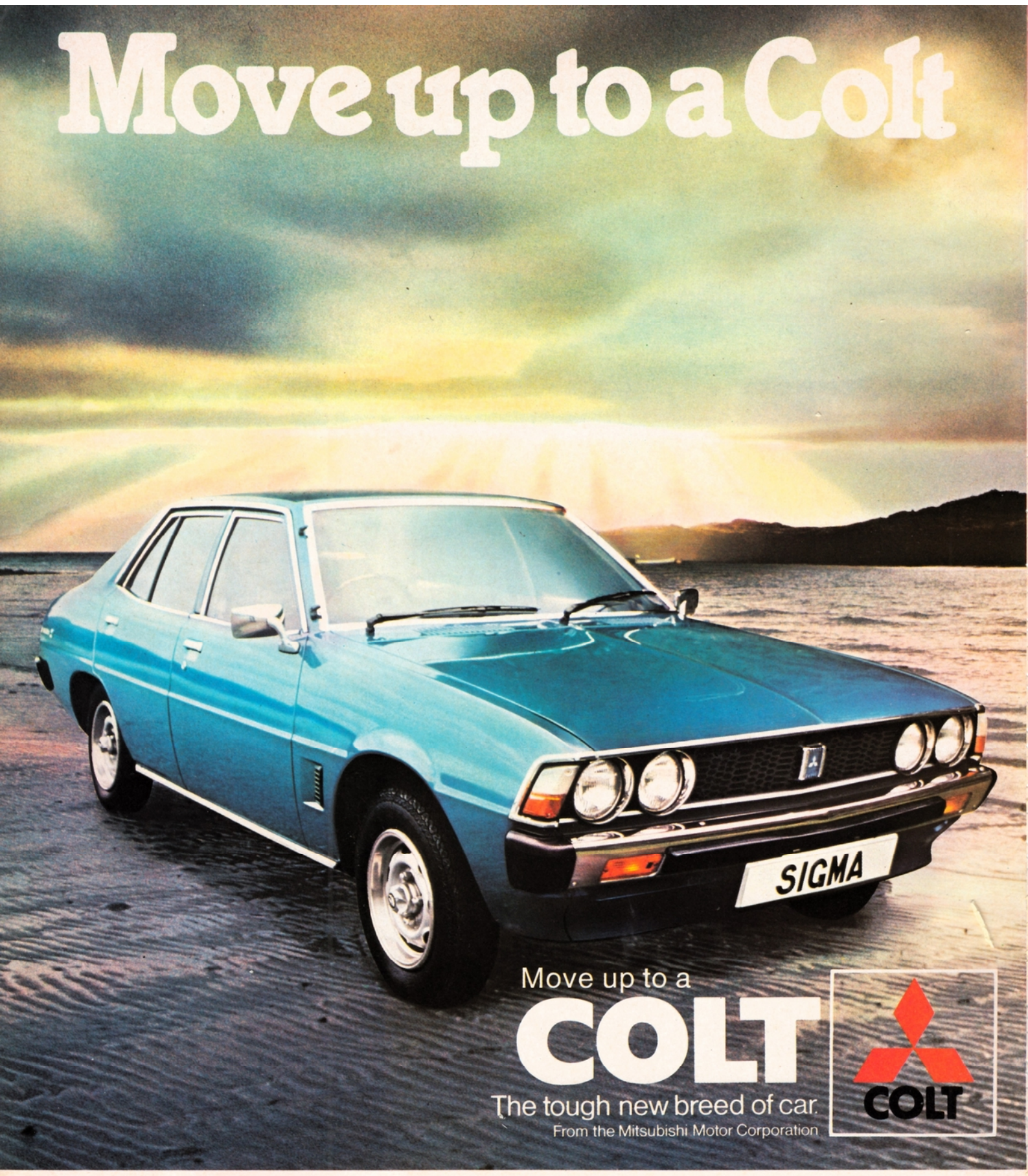




Top: the glass-fibre-bodied, 128 mph Lotus Elite. Middle: the mid-engined two-seater Esprit which can manage 100 mph in 19.4 seconds. Bottom: the two plus two Lotus Eclat.

This Vladivar Vodka advertisement seeks like-minded Vladivar Vodka advertisements with a view to advertisement-swapping.

Move up to a Colt



Features of the Colt Sigma 2000 include: 2-litre 'Silent Shaft' engine. 5-speed gearbox (automatic optional extra). Reclining back seats with built-in head restraints. Push-button radio. Tinted glass. Laminated windscreen. Built-in front air spoiler. 12 months 'no exclusion' unlimited mileage warranty. 10,000 mile major service intervals.

SIGMA 1600 GL £3,916 **SIGMA 1600 GL Auto £4,216**
SIGMA 2000 GLX £4,436 **SIGMA 2000 GLX Auto £4,736**
SIGMA 1600 ESTATE £4,436

Prices shown are rec. retail prices applicable to UK mainland only and include: ✳ Seat Belts ✳ Number Plates ✳ Radio ✳ Heated Rear Window ✳ Rear foglamps ✳ Delivery ✳ Car Tax ✳ VAT. Prices correct at time of going to press.

Tax Free Sales Dept. and U.K. Sales inquiries: The Colt Car Co. Ltd., Spitalgate Lane, Cirencester, Glos. Tel: Cirencester 61441

See Yellow Pages for your local dealer or M12
Send FREEPOST (No stamp required) to:
The Colt Car Co. Ltd., FREEPOST,
Cirencester, Glos. GL7 1BR.

Please send me further information on the Colt Sigma and other models in the Colt Range.

Name .....
(Block Capitals Please)
Address .....

Town.....County .....

Tel. No.....Age if under 18.....

Present Car (Make).....Year.....

Ahead: The Lotus Position

continued from page 134

rested on his laurels. He knew about multi-tube space frames, was quick to adopt disc brakes, and could build a road-clinging sports car round any road-burning engine that came his way. I suppose it all began to come together when aircraft technician Frank Costin joined up with Chapman. He produced the 1954 Lotus Mark 8 with its very complex space frame, shrouded in an aerodynamic body. By now all manner of drivers were queueing up for their cars.

Space restrictions prevent me from giving you even a pocket low-down on how the Lotus story emerged. Circuit triumphs prompted Chapman to go for the up-market car, in the form of the little Lotus Elite. Officially it was the Mark 14. With so many racing successes behind them, and so many well-known racing drivers (including Chapman himself) Lotus-mounted, and with such Chapman-Costin innovations as strut suspension units, cast alloy lightweight disc wheels of magnesium, canted-over power units, 5-speed gearboxes, and so on, the time seemed ripe. The result was not quite what was intended, because the Elite was aimed at the Porsche-type customer but lacked the refinement of the famous German coupé. As was the case with glass-fibre then, if you hit anything your Elite probably had to be removed with a shovel, as it would disintegrate into small pieces. Nevertheless, it was a handsome little car, powered with a Coventry-Climax engine of 1,200 cc mated to a BMC B-type gearbox. Production got going, in a new factory at Cheshunt, in 1959, at which time the racing Lotus 16 was being driven by Graham Hill and Innes Ireland, with Stirling Moss, no less, using a Lotus 18 in 1961.

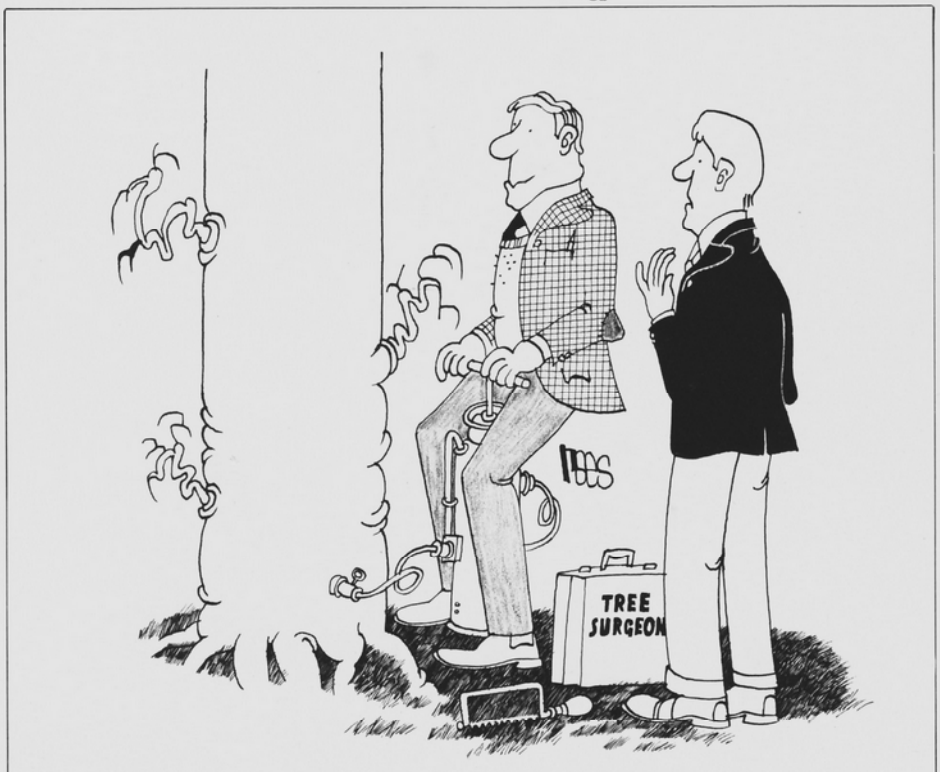
Chapman was producing real racing cars at a great rate, selling 125 Lotus 18s during 1960 and doing still better with the simple sports Lotus 7, which combined good road-clinging with much fresh air for its occupants. The great little Lotus 7, one of which I collected from Hethel during that aforesaid Open Day and drove back to Wales, was made in kit form, to elude purchase tax. As with most enjoyable things government regulations killed it, although today Caterham Car Sales specialise in assembled, and much improved, Lotus Super 7's.

Colin Chapman was to continue the Lotus sports-coupé theme with the splendid little Elan, that made its appearance in 1965, initially as an open two-seater. Using a box-backbone-type chassis fabricated from sheet steel, the Elan featured Chapman struts at the back, a twin-cam version of the 1,499 cc Ford Classic engine, and a turtle-like body drawn by J Frayling. This one really adhered itself to the tarmac and with a 105 bhp dual-choke Weber-fed 1,558 cc Ford engine and disc brakes, was a very rapid means of transport indeed. It had started life as the Lotus Mark 26 and in fixed-head coupé guise became the Mark 36. The Series Two Elan followed in 1966, as the Lotus Mark 45, and a two-by-two-seater developing 118 bhp ensured good sales, some ten a week, totalling about 5,000 made by 1967.

Chapman was by now enjoying his great monopoly of original thinking in the Grand Prix field, marred only by the death of drivers, particularly his close friend Jim Clark. The racing grids were populated by rear-engined single-seaters, so perhaps not surprisingly Lotus explored the mid-engined road car, coming up in 1966 with the first, Mark 46, Lotus Europa coupé. Engined with a Renault R16 motor for export markets, in a back-to-front, as it were, Elan chassis, the new model was given an eyeable, low-built, low-drag, Frayling-styled body. Lack of rearward vision, noise, and unreliability of early versions had to be lived down. But I would say the Europa was every inch a Colin Chapman motor car. One-time mud trials enthusiast, turned big and suave businessman, but one who was never too big to remember his old friends, Chapman now thought of entering the turbulent aircraft industry.

Perhaps wisely, he stuck to cars. But very refined and exclusive are the present day Lotus models, bred from direct and enormously impressive racing participation. The Elite, the name having been revived by Lotus in 1974, has an impeccable paint finish for its glass-fibre body, leather upholstery is optional, and equipment and the execution thereof superb. Even when weighed down with a Borg-Warner Model 65 automatic gearbox top speed is not all that far short of 120 mph, acceleration might be termed 'adequate', and the twin-cam light-alloy 16-valve, 4-cylinder slanting engine pokes out 160 bhp at 6,500 rpm, from 2-litres, or 1,973 cc. This Lotus Elite 504 costs £13,020. This and the Lotus Eclat are front-engined cars. The mid-engine theme is carried on in the Lotus Esprit. All models use the same Chapman-evolved engine. They are all driven through the back wheels, another racing tradition, because front-wheel-drive, even four-wheel-drive has never proved effective on the circuits, with the possible exception of some front-drive successes at the American Indianapolis track. The Lotus Esprit has been undergoing continuous development and the styling details and interior have recently been revised. This very impressive £11,124 Lotus accelerates from rest to 100 mph in something like 19.4 seconds – very much a chip off the old block, for Chapman's main idea ever since he started cobbling up cars at Hornsey all those years ago, has been speed, good handling and safety, in much that order.

Chapman is a perfectionist, otherwise he would not be dominating modern F1 racing. This is reflected in the fact that, in my experience, road-test Lotuses are delivered to the journalists on transporters, which keeps them clean and in top tune, and prevents the driver from indulging in a personal road race on the way. It is also typical, and a nice touch, that as once Jaguar quoted Le Mans successes on the boot of their saloons each production Lotus carries a badge denoting the make's F1 prowess, and often they are finished in the black-and-gold colours of John Player, who sponsor the Lotus 79s in Grand Prix racing. Chapman has sold more than 1,270 Esprits since the 1975 Motor Show launch of this model and the first of the new wedge-shaped coupé S2s was shipped to Pennsylvania for – Mario Andretti.



'I wanted to be a tree surgeon, but I can't stand the sight of sap . . .'

By Appointment to Her Majesty The Queen Suppliers of Martini Vermouth M & R-Martini & Rossi Ltd., London
By Appointment to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother Suppliers of Brandy & Martini Vermouth M & R-Martini & Rossi Ltd., London
MARTINI
REGISTERED TRADE MARK
MARTINI & ROSSI LTD
VERMOUTH
VINO
IMPORTED & BOTTLED BY
M&R-MARTINI & ROSSI LTD
LONDON
MARTINI & ROSSI
LESS THAN 30 PER CENT PROOF SPI
Frozen Assets.
Winter just wouldn't be the same without ice. Nor would Martini Dry.
Because ice enhances the clean, subtle taste of Martini's unique blend of fine herbs and wines.
Ice and Martini simply belong together. And we'll drink to that.
MARTINI
REGD
Extra Dry. The right one. Just by itself.
Only carefully selected wines and herbs are good enough for the world's most beautiful drink.

Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

Noticing the attractive brunette dancing alone at the disco, the young man decided to trust his luck. Sidling up to her he asked if she would dance with him. The couple bopped away but he found his dancing skills left much to be desired as he kept stepping on her toes.
'Don't worry,' replied the girl, 'when I was little I used to go barefooted and because of that I have very big wide feet.'
The youth escorted the girl to her flat and one thing led to another and they ended up in bed together.
'Maybe it's none of my business,' he said as he was leaving the next morning, 'but I bet you never wore panties when you were a little girl.'

A Hollywood party was held recently to honour another successful mission by the Bionic Man. All the usual party-goers were there – The Bionic Woman, Batman, The Incredible Hulk, Wonder Woman and Superman. The Hulk was lying about grunting and growling when Wolf Man suggested he retire for the night as he obviously had had too much to drink.
Hulk grunted and sloped upstairs. On passing one of the rooms he noticed Wonder Woman lying on a bed, stark naked, with her legs splayed wide apart. Unable to resist, the Hulk let out a roar and dived on top.
Bionic Woman who happened to be passing the room saw what was happening, gasped and shut the door.
Two hours later she bumped into Wonder Woman looking fresh as a daisy. Remembering who she had seen her with earlier, she commented that it was she who had shut the door as it had obviously been a terrible experience with the Hulk.
Wonder Woman shrugged her shoulders. 'No, I wouldn't say that. But the Invisible Man is still suffering from shock!'

'I realise that this is only a formality, Sir,' stammered the young man, 'but I want to ask you for your daughter's hand in marriage.'
'And just where did you get the idea that it was only a formality my boy?' asked the bemused father.
'From her gynaecologist.'

A world famous lion-tamer who scorned the use of whips and other aids in his act was checking the ring prior to a gala performance when an old circus-hand sidled up to him. 'Tell me,' urged the hand, 'why you don't need to use a whip when you face those ferocious lions. What's your secret?'
The lion-tamer smiled. 'I don't normally divulge my secret tricks of the trade, but just for your benefit, my entire act is based on mind over matter. The instant a lion enters the ring I fix him with my look X-1 which robs him of all power of movement.'
'But suppose that doesn't work?' asked the hand.
'In that case,' answered the maestro, 'I use what I call look X-2 which instantly removes all traces of aggression from the lion.'
'That's all very well,' persisted the hand, 'but suppose that neither of your looks works?'
'Then I bring escape plan B-3 into play,' answered the lion-tamer. He gestured towards a small trap-door in a corner of the ring. 'If I'm in real trouble, I'll manoeuvre myself towards that, reach down and grab a handful of shit from the floor of the ring, throw it into the lion's eyes and while he's temporarily blinded I'll make my escape.'
'What if there's no shit on the floor of the ring for you to throw?' queries the hand.
The lion-tamer smiled knowingly. 'If I'm ever in that sort of spot,' he said, 'there will be . . .'

Ambling down the lane Jack happened upon one of his near neighbours.
'How are things?' asked the neighbour.
'Terrible,' answered Jack, 'that wife of mine's cleared off again, that bone idle son lays in his bed, my daughter's got herself pregnant and doesn't know who the father is, AND on top of all that my shoes are worn out and I've no money to buy new ones.'
'Well,' said the neighbour, 'I'm sorry about that. There doesn't seem much I can do to help, although I do have a pair of shoes you can have.'
A fortnight later Jack once again bumped into his neighbour.
'Hello Jack, how goes it?'
'Awful,' said Jack. 'That wife of mine's still missing, the son won't get out of bed, my daughter gave birth to a baby and it's coloured. The only time I get any relief is when I take these bloody shoes off.'

The building site foreman was somewhat perplexed to see a penguin waddle onto the site.
'Paddy, take it to the zoo. And be back as soon as you can,' he ordered.
Paddy trotted off with the penguin on a leash behind him. Two hours later the foreman was more surprised to see Paddy and the penguin walk past the site.
'Didn't you take him to the zoo?' asked the foreman hurrying after them.
'Indeed I did,' answered Paddy, 'and he enjoyed it so much now I'm taking him to the cinema.'

The prior of Dunstan St Just,
Consumed with erotical lust,
Raped the bishop's prize fowls,
Buggered four startled owls
And a little green lizard that bust.

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected. Due to the extremely high postal charges we no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final.

CATHERINE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN ALLUM

While she hates being thought of as a spoilsport and a killjoy, it's nevertheless true that Christmas is 23-year-old Catherine Montgomery's least favourite time of year. 'You can go even further than that,' she says grimly, 'because I absolutely hate it.' Before you brand Catherine as a Scrooge of the seventies, let us clarify the position slightly. Catherine works in a large London department store which reaches its most busiest time just about now.

'Hectic isn't the word for it,' maintains Catherine. 'It's totally loony. What with all the late nights and the mad crushes in the store as people do their last-minute shopping, you tend to feel like a wet rag when you finally close for the holiday. I love Christmas itself just as much as the next person: it's just the build-up that drives me crackers.' Catherine grins. 'I'm sorry to unburden all my problems on you; you must think I'm a real moaning minnie which isn't my character at all – you should see me at other times of the year because I'm all sweetness and light then.' She smiles. 'The ideal sales-girl. Polite, courteous, efficient and friendly – the epitome of helpfulness.'

Catherine's 36–24–36 is to be found in the store's lingerie department amidst the silks, satins, lace and brocades. 'That's where these white stockings come from,' she says, 'and I think they make rather a nice change from the normal sexy black. I tend to wear stockings quite frequently because I get a bit of a kick from sexy undies; I reckon they're quite fun. I'm not talking about outrageous things, but little bits of frilly feminine frippery which can be a real turn-on when worn in the right way by the right person.' Catherine smiles. 'It always makes me chuckle to myself when I notice men wondering what I'm wearing "underneath".' A grin. 'But there's only one way to find out!'

It weighs less. It eats less. And it'll almost certainly live longer.

We often find one advance leads to another.

Take our CWP 133 for instance. We started out to design a small and simple 13" colour TV set.

Naturally a set that's smaller uses less electricity.

A set that uses less electricity puts less strain on its components.

A set that puts less strain on its components lasts longer.

Witness our two year guarantee on parts.

Of course even with a clever compact design like CWP 133 we can't make a TV set smaller than its tube. But we can turn that wasted space into room for improvement.

So our 1979 model has a single push button tuning device that hunts out and locks in to the station where the signal is strongest. And that means a perfectly tuned picture.

Being small it can go where no colour TV has been before. Shelves, beds, desks, kitchens.

Being light means that it can be moved around the house.

Being long-lived means that it can even be around when you move house.

CWP 133 could be the end of the fat 26" set.

So when you're shopping for a TV remember there are some big advantages to thinking small—and that includes the price.

HITACHI

"In a word, reliability."

Simulated picture

If you would like further details of Hitachi colour portables, black and white portables or 20 inch TVs, write to Department A, Hitachi Sales (UK) Ltd., Hitachi House, Station Road, Hayes, Middlesex UB3 4DR.

'Usually I don't care much for Blind Man's Buff . . .'

GAMES FOR PARTY LOVERS

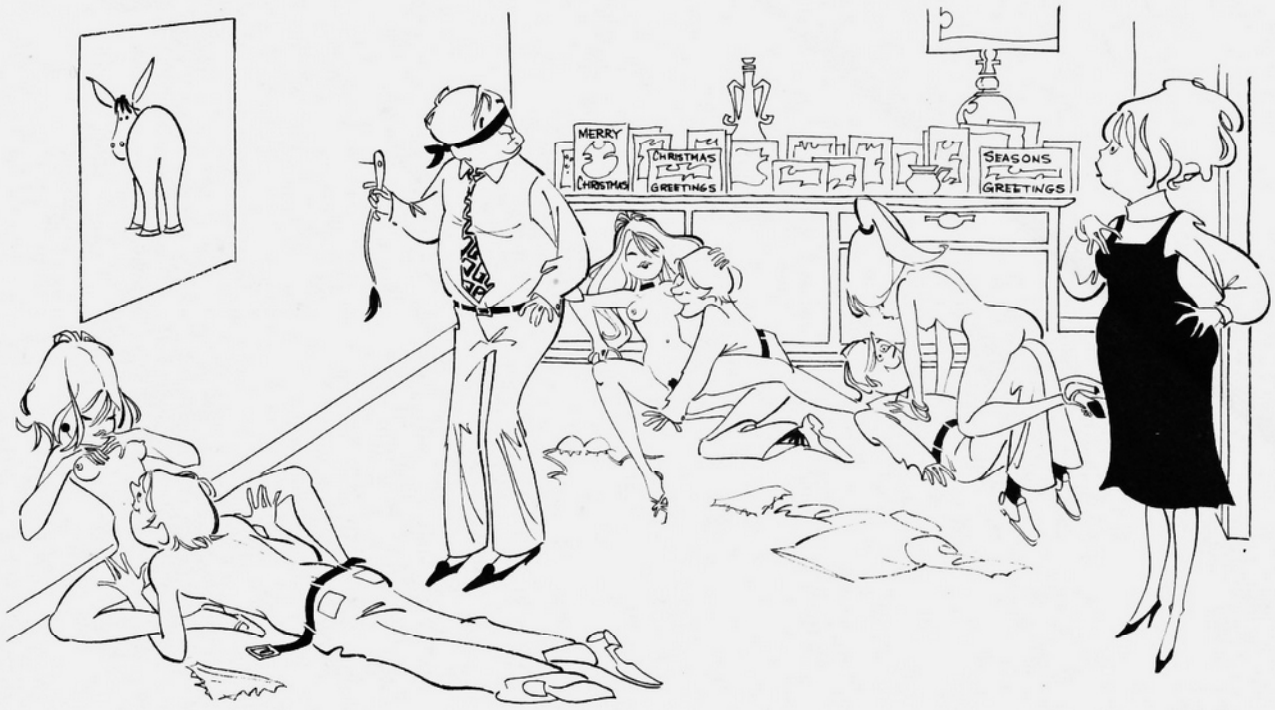
Cartoonist Paul White updates
some favourite party games to make them more
in tune with the permissive society

'I spy with my little eye . . .'

'No, no, no! The murderer is supposed to place his hands round the victim's neck.'

'She's being punished for hiding the slipper in such a tough place to find.'

'Monica! If you can't stick to the rules, there's no point in playing.'



'For Heaven's sake, Howard, admit it – our little girls have grown up.'

'Back to Charades everyone, my parents are due home from the pub . . .'

'I was just getting into the swing of it.'

BOOKS

Arthur Pottersman

Have you ever noticed how life imitates art? I don't mean just in the obvious sense – like reading of position 102 in a book and trying it out in a bed. But the experience of finding something invented – then finding it for real. This is how it happened to me recently:

I was sitting next to a show-biz personality at lunch. He was explaining why he didn't make speeches that were full of nothing but wisecracks – that was too obvious, he reckoned. Rather, he'd give a series of jolly extracts from his life. Then he told me a wisecrack. About the oil explorer who was warned that his wife was a raver and had at least one lover in every major capital city. His reply: I'd sooner have a gusher than a dry well – every time.

A jest, forsooth! Then only days later I'm *reading* a volume of extraordinary erotica by a lady called Anais Nin, a friend of poets and artists in the Paris of the 1930s, people like Henry Miller. And one of her tales turns out to be about an artist whose wife was a raving nymphomaniac. But who nonetheless loved her so much and was so fearful of losing her that he would beg his best friends to satisfy her.

So it seems only right that I share these passionate tales with you. They're in a volume called **Delta of Venus** (W H Allen, £4.95) and not the least of its considerable delights is the picture on its front cover of a demure young lady in a cloche hat of the 1930s with skirt raised just enough to display her stockinged thighs. That artist with the insatiable wife, for example, did lose her in the end. To a powerfully-built Cuban who took her to a hotel room and literally tore her dress from her body, leaving only her heavy silver belt encompassing her slender white waist.

He kissed and mauled the woman, liberally, ungently, bruisingly but would not let her even unfasten his trousers. She was almost blind with passion for him, but he merely replied: 'We are going to stay in this room for days. There is a lot of time for both of us.' When at last he did undress his golden-brown body, she at once fell upon his penis, taking it into her mouth, while he plunged his fingers into every part of her. He would kiss and bite her body, raising whatever part of her he wanted to his mouth – as if she were composed of morsels of food. But all the while he refused to let her satisfy that gnawing hunger that engulfed her womb like a flame. She became exhausted from want of satisfaction, soft as cotton, almost without desire. Meanwhile, the Cuban left no part of her body untouched.

At length the Cuban took the woman from their hotel bed, made her kneel on the floor so that he could cover her with his entire big body and insert his penis in her from behind. Then he slipped his head under her to suckle at her luxuriant breasts (but still permitted no orgasm to relieve her lust) until she was panting and twisting like a serpent.

'Only then did he lift her up, carry her to the bed, and put her legs around his shoulders. He took her violently and they shook and trembled as they came together. She fell away suddenly and sobbed.'

Artists seemed to provide Anais Nin with inspiration for her stories – written for an anonymous collector who paid her a dollar a page.

There was the Basque who lived with the greatest whore in Paris – except that living with him had seemed to reform her for a while. One night, with friends drinking in their home, the Basque had an idea. He made his woman bring him a brush, soap and razor. Then while three men held her down, he carefully shaved her luxuriant tuft of pubic hair.

At first she struggled. But soon realised it was safer to lie still – while he exposed first her promontory, then the soft folded flesh that enclosed the clitoris, then the pale lips of the vulva itself. That was the part the men wanted most to see – to compare it with a series of scandalous paintings current in Paris at that time. But the woman closed her legs as soon as the razor blade was taken away and would not open them again.

The Basque said: 'I will make you open there.'

And with the brush he brushed the lips of her vulva gently up and down. At first, the woman contracted her legs together even more tightly. The Basque, holding her legs against his own erection, meticulously brushed the vulva and tip of the woman's clitoris. Soon she could no longer control her buttocks and sex, and with each movement of the brush the lips of the vulva parted . . . and she pushed and pushed, moving her belly in rhythm.

Once, indeed, the characters she writes about became not only artists in their own right – but performers to an audience, too. A man meets a couple in a bar. The woman disappears – her companion explains, she is a rich eccentric who desires to pay you to make love to her, will you be so kind as to oblige?

With fifty dollars safely stowed in his wallet, he is taken blindfolded to a room where the woman awaits him. She is truly lovely, with a satin skin, slim waist and prominent breasts.

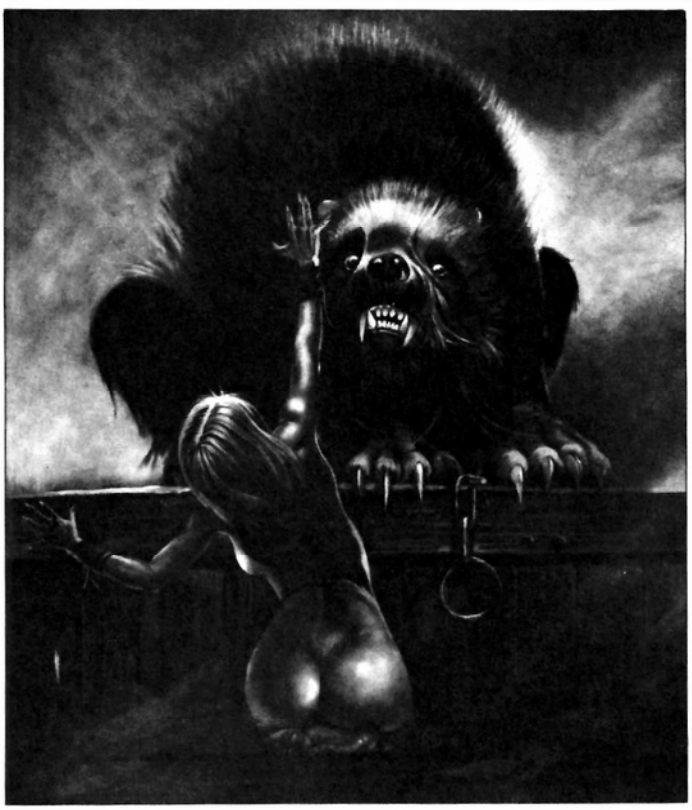
Feeling he should treat this rare bloom tenderly, the lover kissed and caressed her the length of her body: her feet, her soft inner thighs, her velvety shoulders. Her beauty was reflected by the mirrors that surrounded them on every wall. She kissed and fondled him, which he ardently returned, all the more easily as she had in her eagerness to get at him presented his face with her full backside.

At last she opened her own vulva's lips herself, to take him inside her, throwing herself over him in order to gyrate around his erect penis, sending lightning flashes of ecstasy tearing through him.

Months afterwards a friend of the lover told him of a spectacle he had paid one hundred dollars to see: of a handsome man making passionate love to a sensational woman. The friend had not recognised the couple's faces, but he had been able to describe in detail the mirrored room and canopied bed.

Poor lover-man! For, says Anais Nin, long after that he was wary of even the most freely charming of women. When would such play-acting occur again, was there a spectator hiding behind the curtains?

Or is the moral – keep away from those two-way mirrors?



'Captive of Gor', one of about eighty colour drawings in 'Beauty and the Beast' – a collection of heroic fantasy illustrations – by Chris Achilleos, and published by Paper Tiger, £3.95. The works in this limpback edition run the gamut of the SF Science Fantasy genré, from Michael Moorcock and Edgar Rice Burroughs, to 'Doctor Who'.

The Mayfair Book Society

SEXUAL TECHNIQUES

Our best-selling title of all time. Thousands of *Mayfair* readers will readily testify to the impact that this book has made on their lives. In 42 full-page photographs, a man and a woman demonstrate love-making techniques that range from the traditional to the adventurous, while the accompanying text explains how differing movements can increase orgasmic pleasure and heighten sexual fulfilment.
Price £3.90

DEAR DOC

Exclusive to our Book Society and written by Dr David Delvin, this book contains answers to more than 150 questions Dr Delvin is most often asked about sex. With the most beautifully drawn but explicit illustrations ever featured in a Book Society choice, and numerous revealing case histories, even the most taboo problems are explored; impotence, inexperience, worries about penile length, fetishism, anal sex, nymphomania, contraception and VD being only a few of the many areas of sexual activity discussed.
Price £3.75

The Illustrated Manual of SEX THERAPY

Profusely illustrated throughout with totally frank pictures which depict men and women both during intercourse and foreplay, this book shows how even the widest variety of sexual problems can successfully be overcome. These problems are analysed in the most thorough detail, thus providing a very real and lasting solution to the many and varied sexual difficulties that can so often affect even the best relationship.
Price £7.00

THE TAO OF LOVE AND SEX

Ancient China's answer to the *Kama Sutra* and the *Perfumed Garden,* this book reveals the thousand-year-old Oriental techniques of sexual fulfilment. Accompanied by many erotic illustrations, the text deals with all the many aspects of intercourse, the conquest of impotence, sex between young women and older men and reveals the many facets of erotic kissing.
Price £3.80

HOW TO IMPROYE YOUR MAN IN BED

Despite its title, this witty and understanding book has proved of equal value to both men and women. Now women can discover how to get the sexual best from their men, whilst the latter may gain a better understanding of female sexual response and sexual drives. Recommended for liberated couples.
Price £3.00

MORE JOY OF SEX

Over one hundred sensuous pictures, many in full colour, show all the passion and excitement of acts of love. Even fringe areas of sex like threesomes and wife-swapping are discussed in intimate detail in this most explicit and complete of sex guides.
Price £7.45

THE SUCCESS FACTOR

Are you the kind of person you want to be? A series of brilliantly simple questionnaires shows you just how you can become more successful with women, and bring other amazing changes to your life. Read it and you'll never be the same again.
Price £4.80

THE PILLOW BOOK

Here at last is the British edition of a masterpiece of Far Eastern erotica containing more than three hundred highly original and highly arousing 'naughty pictures'. This book is sure to add a new and stirring dimension to all of your sexual activities regardless of whether you share its contents with your partner or choose to linger over its pleasures at your own leisure as you savour the sensual visual delights gathered from all over the world.
Price £6.25

To Mayfair Book Society, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2.
Please send me the books I have ticked.

The Illustrated Manual of Sex Therapy £7.00	☐	Dear Doc £3.75	☐
The Tao of Love and Sex £3.80	☐	More Joy of Sex £7.45	☐
Sexual Techniques £3.90	☐	The Success Factor £4.80	☐
How To Improve Your Man £3.00	☐	The Pillow Book £6.25	☐

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Cheque/PO for £..... enclosed. Date.....

Orders clearly printed with name and address on plain paper are acceptable. Prices include postage and packing and books are sent under plain cover.

M1312

LET US KEEP YOU POSTED

There are two ways of getting *Mayfair* every month. Easiest is to simply stroll round to your local newsagent and take a copy off the rack, but if you always find your newsagent has just sold his last copy as you arrive, or if you live abroad, (or even miles from a town in this country), then a subscription is the thing for you. A single payment of just £10.60 – for both the UK and abroad – ensures prompt delivery of print-fresh copies every month for a year; there's nothing more to pay either, even if postal rates do go up again. Each month, your own personal copy of the magazine with its sparkling blend of gorgeous girls, readable fiction, absorbing features and of course Quest, readers' letters, jokes and cartoons will be delivered to your home. Is that an offer to be refused? And remember, a subscription to *Mayfair* is an ideal Christmas gift for friends and colleagues alike.

To: *Mayfair* Subscriptions, PO Box 126, 294/304 St James' Road, London SE1 5JZ. Please send to the name and address below, the next 12 issues of *Mayfair*. I enclose a cheque/PO made payable to 'Fisk Publishing Co Ltd' for £10.60.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....Date..... M1312

FILMS

Gerald Cole

*****A Classic, ****Excellent, ***Good, **Average, *Boring
♡♡♡♡♡An Erotic Classic, ♡♡♡♡Highly Arousing, ♡♡♡Titillating, ♡♡Limp, ♡No discernable sex content

♡♡ **Convoy (A), 1hr 54 mins. Kris Kristofferson is 'Rubber Duck', leader of an impromptu convoy of American heavy lorries, fleeing the wrath of corrupt lawman Ernest Borgnine after a cafe brawl. Based on the hit song of the same name – with a plot that's hardly more substantial – it provides an unlimited excuse for automotive destruction. Its only saving grace is that no one ever appears to get hurt; even when the trucker heroes show an alarming tendency to drive through buildings without enquiring if anyone is within. But the chief sadness is that the maker is top director Sam Peckinpah hopefully taking only a temporary breather from his more intense and interesting work. Go and see it if you feel mindlessly destructive but are worried about breaking the law.

♡♡♡ **Blood Relatives (X), 1hr 34 mins. At home in France director Claude Chabrol is a noted master of suspense, most especially among the bourgeoisie whose impeccable front is found to hide unmentionable crimes. Seen behind subtitles I'm sure this Ed McBain tale of a girl's savage murder by an apparent pervert would have been riveting. Filmed in English – with Donald Sutherland as McBain's Detective Carella – the awkward dialogue smacks of imperfect translation (it is Chabrol's first effort in this language) and stumbles painfully into cliché. It emerges as a spare, jagged-edged account of an extremely dogged police investigation, spiced with a long, erotic flashback via the victim's diary – she enjoyed a passionate affair with the male cousin whose family she lived with. Lisa Langois' playing of the pleasant, vacuous teenager who fails to take account of the fierce passions she arouses, finally rings true. But this is provincial France imported to North America and even in Montreal, the story's setting, it jars. Ed McBain fans beware.

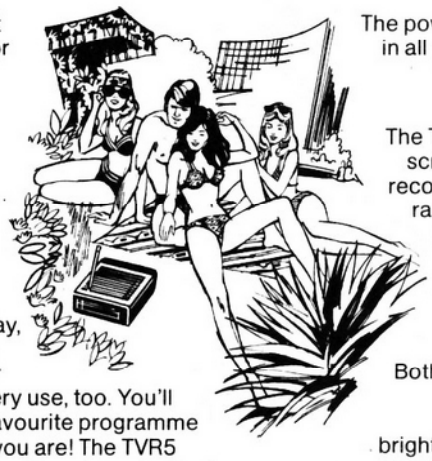
♡♡ **Power Play (X), 1hr 42 mins. The best political thrillers are only a heart beat away from the headlines; we *know* Costa-Givras *Z* was pre-colonel Greece, that the devious President Monkton of *Washington Behind Closed Doors* could only be Richard Nixon. The thrill comes in the proximity to real-life, as it might have been, as it might be. But in *Power Play* reality – not to say credibility – is conspicuous by its absence. David Hemmings is the conscience-stricken colonel in an unnamed civilian dictatorship who comes to feel that only a military coup can bring improvement. Peter O'Toole is the sly fellow colonel who sees more personal advantages in revolt. Transatlantic accents abound, the military men dress like Americans, the settings are vaguely European, the plot is noticeably gappy. Under the weight of such a hotch-potch, reality – and the thrill – are squeezed out the back door.

****♡♡♡♡ **Ai No Corrida** (In the Realm Of The Senses) (No Certificate), 1hr 44mins. Performers Tatsuya Fuji and Eiko Matsuda copulate energetically and genuinely in this true tale of thirties' Japanese lovers who withdrew into a life of total eroticism. The first sex film honestly to examine sex and therefore unviewable outside a cinema club or without a local certificate.

***♡ **The Last Wave** (AA), 1hr 46 mins. In rain-sodden Sydney Richard Chamberlain defends five aborigines for a ritual murder and unearths mythical clues to an imminent flood disaster that will wipe out white civilization. Well acted, soggily told, with impressive, apparently genuine aboriginal mysteries.

***♡♡ **The Fury** (X), 1hr 58 mins. Psychic teenagers provide the pawns in a plot by US secret agencies to harness extra-sensory powers. By the maker of *Carrie*, it's a fast-moving, stylish, gory thriller, largely notable for having its heroine (Amy Irving) tell villain John Cassavetes to go to hell and he does, literally. But, alas, definitely not for the squeamish.

A new kind of entertainment comes with Plustron's great 5" TV with radio. It simply *makes* any occasion, indoors or out. Its 4-way power choice means true go-anywhere viewing in the UK and listening anywhere in the world. Telescopic antenna gives a super picture – but in weak signal areas simply connect a normal TV aerial. A built-in handle makes it so convenient that even a child can carry it.



The powerful VHF/LW/MW radio brings in all your favourite stations, including all the new BBC frequencies.

The TVRC7 luxury model has a 7-inch screen and superb built-in cassette recorder. You can record sound from radio or TV programmes and make recordings of live events as they happen with the integral condenser microphone. Also plays your favourite tapes.

Both models give big picture quality and incorporate an anti-glare surround for viewing on the brightest day. Picnic, ramble, caravan or car outing with the family – and still see Wembley, Wimbledon and Aintree in comfort!

Easily replaced batteries make the TVR5 ideal for any outing or holiday, gardening or sports. There's a socket for car and boat battery use, too. You'll never miss that favourite programme again, wherever you are! The TVR5 comes complete with mains adaptor for home use, and there's a re-chargeable battery pack option.

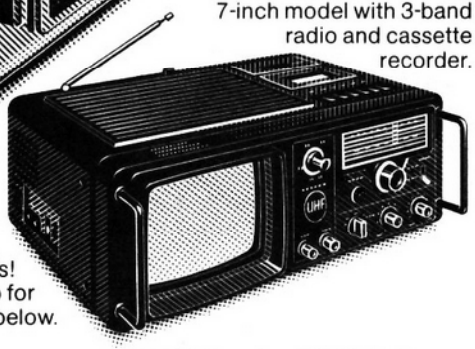
'unputdownable'

NEW PLUSTRON TVR5 TV/RADIO

Plustron policy of volume-purchase ensures the best entertainment value. You'll find some retailers advertising the TVR5 for as little as £99.95 – up to £50 less than similar models!
Free Plustron sun-visor for your car, send 15p for P&P to address below.

PLUSTRON TVRC7

7-inch model with 3-band radio and cassette recorder.



PLUSTRON

Free colour leaflet on the "Unputdownables" and 12 page colour catalogue available from: Plustronics Ltd., Hempstalls Lane, Newcastle, Staffs. ST5 0SW

A member of the Photopia International Group of Companies which ensures a fast and efficient after sales service at all times.

Get these exciting new "Unputdownables" at: Dixons, House of Clydesdale, Largs, James Scott & Co., Electricity Service Centres, Telefusion & Trident, (Both models). Boots Department Stores, Curry's, Rumbelows, Woolworth & Woolco (TVR5 only), and other good electrical and photographic stores. Or see it at our London Showroom, 235/241 Regent Street, W1.

WE OFFER A GREAT DEAL

Lissom Margit Schwartzer (Vol. 10 No. 12) is just one of the naked lovelies awaiting you in our amazing five issue bargain deal. For only £2.40 we'll send to you Vol. 8 No. 10 and Vol. 9 Nos. 1, 2, and 3, and Vol. 10 No. 12.

Other back numbers available include:
Vol. 8 Nos. 10 (Birgetta, Rileys) 58p; Vol. 9 Nos. 1 (Sweden's sex star, Comics) 58p; 2 (Jeanine, Jennifer Forbush) 58p; 3 Miss Brighton, Jaguar XKs) 58p; 4 (Schoolgirl Nicky, Barges) 58p; 5 (Harmonious Viola, Starlets Shella and Karen) 67p; 6 (Biggest summer special) 67p; 7 (Twosome on the beach, Drag racers) 67p; 8 (Golden Shot girls, Shark hunt) 67p; 9 (Elaine, Bunter's return) 77p; 10 (Vilma, Hang-gliding) 77p; 11 (Claire, Houdini) 77p; Vol. 10 Nos. 2 (Eight girls, Victoria's pornographer) 77p; 3 (Seven girls, Mustang fighter) 77p; 4 (Geraldine, Austin Sevens) 77p; 5 (Red colonel's daughter, Bronco Bikes) 77p; 6 (Mandy, Bareknuckle battlers) 77p; 7 (Nude Miss Sun, Windjammer at war) 77p; 8 (Usherette Pauline, Adam's Eves) 77p; 9 (Lindy, Tarzan) 77p; 10 (Debbie's Sahara strip, Sword-fighting) 77p; 11 (Dawn, Thunderbolt Superbikes) 77p; 12 (21 Girls, Wooster spoof) 77p; Vol. 11 Nos. 1 (TV's 'Omnibus' girl, World War Two vehicles) 77p; 2 (Nude: Miss World's runner-up, Walrus sea-plane) 77p; 3 (Rachel: the girl from 'The Sweeney', Miniature mariners) 77p; 4 (Unchained Charlotte, Sunbeam cars) 77p; 5 (Nudest Miss Norwich, Prince of practical jokers) 77p; 6 (132 pages – nine girls, Steam submarines) 77p; 7 (Bridget from Torbay, Speed sailing) 77p; 8 (Bobby, Tiger Tanks) 77p; 9 (Tenth anniversary special, Douglas Dakota) 77p; 10 (Human cannonball, Canal boats) 77p; 11 (Nordic Nanna, The foundering father of submarine warfare) 77p; 12 (Biggest issue, ten girls) £1.15; Vol. 12 Nos. 2 ('Jaws' nude, Brooklands) 87p; 3 (Sixteen-year-old Sally, King Kong) 87p; 4 (Outstanding Miss from Cheltenham Ladies' College, Raid on St. Nazaire) 87p; 5 (Germany's sexiest cinema star, Rolls-Royce) 87p; 6 (June Jubilee issue, WW2 gliders) 87p; 7 (US President's great-great-grand-daughter) 87p; 8 (Bond's new bird bared, Stanley steam cars) 87p; 9 (Farmer's daughter Bernice, Gambling for greenhorns) 87p; 10 (Beauty from Bath, Dan Dare) 87p; 11 (June Palmer, Rommel raid) 87p; 12 (Captivating Claire, 'Star Wars') £1.20; Vol. 13 No. 1 (Caroline, Q-Ships) 87p; 2 (Nudest Miss Denmark, How to seduce an air stewardess) 87p; 3 (Sophia Loren's nudest double, Graffiti) 87p; 4 (Nurse Nancy's naughty fantasy, Triumph Roadsters) 87p; 5 (The nudest bingo caller, Hovercraft racing) 87p; 6 (Tricia on the court, Air guns) 87p; 7 (Frances, Heydrich assassination) 87p; 8 (Sheffield's nudest lady lawyer, Spraycan cars) 87p; 9 (Our cute clairvoyant, vintage tractors) 87p; 10 (Dancer from 'Top of the Pops', crazy ways to bow out) 87p; 11 (Nude Miss England finalist, Lust in Liverpool) 87p.

To: Pat Asquith, Mayfair,
95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Please send me your bargain offer and/or these separate issues.

.....

Name .....

Address .....

.....

I enclose a cheque/postal order for £.....

Reg. London No. 875169 M1312

DISCS

Peter Hopkin

The Who's new album **Who Are You?** (Polydor) took on a new dimension with the tragic death of Keith Moon a couple of months back. Question marks still hang over the band's future, but happily the new album is a fitting testament to a totally unique pop talent. *Who Are You?* doesn't perhaps have the immediacy of *Who's Next* – arguably the band's finest-ever album – but it does have a power that very few bands today have the ability to capture. Pete Townshend and John Entwhistle as usual share the writing honours; there are nine tracks of which the title one, *Sister Disco* and *Music Must Change* are the pick for me. As the band's last album in the four-piece format that's lasted from the sixties, it'll obviously be a huge hit and a collector's item too.

I first came across the vocal talents of Laura Nyro in the late sixties when I heard her sing a supreme version of her number *Stoned Soul Picnic* and her new album **Nested** (CBS) shows that she's lost none of her smooth ability in the intervening period. There are ten tracks, all of them self-penned, on the album which is just the sort of thing to play when lights are low and your mood is amorous. No self-respecting seducer should fail to have a copy.

Coming your way round about now should be the movie **Sgt Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band** starring the Bee Gees and Peter Frampton and loosely based on the Beatles' brilliant concept album of the same name. There are no fewer than 28 tracks on this mammoth A&M compilation–all Lennon/McCartney numbers – with the brothers Gibb and Frampton sharing the bulk of the honours while other contributions come from Billy Preston – who does a great version of *Get Back* – Earth, Wind and Fire who perform *Got To Get You Into My Life* and Aerosmith with, for them, a restrained version of *Come Together*. All fine and dandy so far, but the Bee Gees aren't the Beatles and I could happily have lived without the 'novelty' of hearing Frankie Howerd's rendition of *When I'm 64*.

Regular readers of this column will be familiar with my self-confessed predilection for the Ozark Mountain Daredevils whose new A&M album is called **It's Alive**. It is too, a twin set recorded while the band were gigging around their native mid-west. From early days as a six-piece the band have now swelled to encompass eight members, although founder-influences Larry Lee and John Dillon are still very much the band's leading lights. The two albums only contain 16 tracks – which is a bit stingy – but the quality is pretty good, as indeed is the mix with old favourites like *Jackie Blue* and *Chicken Train* interspersed with newer material.

Saving the best until last this month, onto **Stuck In The Middle With You – The Best of Stealers Wheel** (A&M), a compilation album from those two princes of Scots Joe Egan and Gerry Rafferty. *Star* and the album's title track are probably the most instantly familiar, but each of the other ten will be known to those who bought the band's three albums recorded before Egan split for a rural life in Scotland and Rafferty soldiered on solo.

That concludes the reviews, but with the season of goodwill upon us again, you might like a few suggestions as regards the perfect present for musically-inclined friends or family. My choices for the albums I've enjoyed listening to most this year? **The Last Waltz** (Warner) a double-album live recording of the legendary Band's farewell concert which features the likes of Bob Dylan, Neil Diamond and Joni Mitchell. Then there's Eric Clapton's masterly album **Slowhand** (RSO) displaying guitar virtuosity at its laid-back best. Country fans cannot fail to appreciate Emmylou Harris' **Quarter Moon In A Ten Cent Town** (Warner) with its distinctive, soulful songs and they should go too for the infectious rhythms and good humour of The Pure Prairie League's **Just Fly** (RCA). For heavy metal freaks, look no further than Aerosmith's ear-shattering **Draw the Line** (CBS), but for sheer, unbridled class, my 'Album of the Year' is Gerry Rafferty's brilliant **City to City** (UA).

QUEST

The laboratory of human response
Volume Ten

Taking up a normal sex life again as a single person after separation and divorce can be traumatic enough for most men and women. But often the most enduring problems arise when a divorcee re-marries or resumes a comparable relationship. This month Quest looks at the sexual aspects of love 'the second time around'. Does the experience of a basically satisfying sexual relationship – however unhappy otherwise – tend to raise expectations unrealistically high for the future? Or does the upheaval of separation cast a destructive shadow over subsequent involvements? Both extremes are revealed this month.

INTERVIEWS

(*In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.*)

One **Supermarket Manageress, 26 years old, blonde, town of origin Leeds**

This interviewee had married at the age of seventeen and was separated within eighteen months. Now divorced, she lives with her boyfriend and manages a small local supermarket.

Quest: Marriage doesn't seem to impress you very much, does it?

Manageress: No way, not for me. I'm not saying others aren't happy, or won't be happy; but I'm not built for it, not now anyway.

Quest: You mean you might have been if things had been different?

Manageress: Oh, I'm sure. When I was first married I might have looked like a little tart – all the make-up and the tight little dresses, the pick-you-up bra, not that I needed it, or do now – a right little Miss Candy Floss, but I was just a kid under all that. All starry-eyed, waiting for Mr Big, Frank Sinatra in tight trousers. If I'd married some decent ordinary bloke, like friends of mine, I'd have got fed up as well but I'd have knuckled down, I'm sure. Curled up in front of the fire. I can tell you don't believe me.

Quest: You know yourself better than me.

Manageress: Too well, perhaps. It's just a dream, isn't it? Life's not really like that. You meet bums like Barry. God, he *was* a bum. Doing his rock and roll bit down the club I used to go to – he was thirty then already. That was really eccentric then – seven, eight years ago; he remembered it from the first time. But I thought he was fantastic, a star in the making. Ogling him from the front row. All he made was me.

Quest: How did you meet?

Manageress: At the club bar. Barry used to come in there after his act with his stage clothes on – his bird-pulling gear, he called it: swept back hair and luminous socks. It was a big laugh, but it went over well with the girls, me included. I never had the courage to get near him; but one night he came and stood next to us – there was a group of about five girlfriends of mine; Barry had this very smooth looking girl with him, so we were all sort of hushed whispers, trying to hear what was going on. Then the girl stormed off and Barry was left on his own, eyeing us up. So a friend of mine, Maureen, was whispering, 'Go on, talk to him, you fancy him rotten. You won't get a better chance!' Loud enough for half the bar to hear. Everyone was staring at me and I was trying to be cool and unruffled and only glancing at Barry – God, it makes me cringe now. He must have been laughing himself silly. Then suddenly he leaned over and said, 'Can I buy you young ladies a drink?' Instant terror, but of course we were falling over ourselves, and he started on all the chat – you couldn't fault him on that. I was perched on my

bar stool, flashing my thighs and trying not to ogle him; obviously he knew where his best chances were because he started sidling towards me, chatting generally. Then he was making some silly remark just to me, and suddenly it was just us; and all my friends were winking and smirking and making, 'Must get home' noises. I couldn't believe my luck. Then he offered to give me a lift home and I was walking on air. He took me out the back as well, through the artist's exit, down this crumby corridor behind the stage – I really thought I'd hit the big time. Then we came out into this dim alleyway behind the building and he had this big American car, covered in aerials, blocking it. He asked me if I liked it so I nodded furiously and suddenly he grabbed hold of me and gave me this really fierce kiss. At first I just froze, I was too surprised; then I went half berserk – it was just like a dream – and immediately he jumped away and said, 'Hang on, I've got to have a slash.' Very romantic. He disappeared behind the car and did what he had to do. But then he didn't come back; so after a minute I wandered over, wondering what was the matter. And he stepped out the shadows with his hand pressed over the front of his drainpipes. I said, 'What is it? What's the matter?' And he stared at me, absolutely straight-faced; he said, 'I can't get it back in again. I think I've fallen in love with you.' I just stared at him; I didn't know what to think. Then he reached out and pulled me next to him, in the shadow of the car. And he took my hand and drew it down to his trousers and said, 'Can't you help me? Can't you do something about it?' I said, 'I don't know what you want.' Then he took my shoulders and pushed me to the ground, so that my head came on a level with his penis – it was sticking out his trousers nearly straight. And he started to push it into my mouth.

Quest: This was the first time you'd practised fellatio?

Manageress: I was a virgin; French kissing and a bit of boob squeezing; that was all. Not that it lasted. Suddenly he started jerking and moaning and I couldn't keep my lips round him. He hissed, 'Quick, quick before –' And he was dragging me to my feet, sticking his hand under my skirt and pawing away at my knickers. It was so bloody quick I didn't have time to do any more than pant and blink. Suddenly I was lying back on the car bonnet and he was breathing like a wild horse and squeezing my tits with one hand and working away under my skirt with the other. And then I felt him – thank God I wasn't too tight; he'd have killed me. I found myself whimpering and crying and slipping down onto him while he humped like a mad thing, bending my legs right back and crushing the life out of me. What a way to lose your virginity; banged stupid on the bonnet of a Chevy.

Quest: But you married him?

Manageress: I was besotted with him; I'd have done anything. In fact he only married me because he thought I had a bun in the oven, which I didn't. He complained a bit at first but he seemed to settle down; I moved into his flat and I used to watch him work at the club two or three nights a week. What I didn't realise was that he was banging other women in his dressing room. God, he had energy, I'll give him that. In the end it was a friend who told me – you remember Maureen? Then I found out he'd even had her, in the garden when we had a party once. That shook me rigid, it was useless after that.

Quest: And that altered your attitude to men?

Manageress: I thought, 'Right; if men are such bastards I'll be the biggest bitch out. I'll call the shots now.' And I did. For nearly three years I was a bloody cow.

Quest: How exactly?

Manageress: Any man I half fancied and who wanted it I let him have it. But only once; after that they could shout for it. And if it was someone I really liked I was even harder. Things that make me cringe now. I remember once on holiday I picked up these two right cocky little sods, just for a laugh and a tickle. We got pissed in my hotel bedroom and I ended in bed with one of them while the other stood by the bed jerking himself off. I found out afterwards they were seventeen years old – bloody schoolboys!

Quest: But you're more settled now. How did that happen?

Manageress: I met Roy three years ago and he was the first bloke who made me feel like Barry had done – which frightened me rigid. He was a rep who called in where I was working, which I thought made him safer, so when he asked me out I went, really planning not to sleep with him; which of course I did and it was bloody marvellous. So I thought, 'That's it; call a halt.' When he rang again I said I couldn't fit him in any more; he just laughed. He said, 'You won't throw me off that easy.' He was as cocky in his way as Barry. I was a *cow* to him. I broke dates at the last minute; I turned up hours late – I went out with dozens of other blokes.

Quest: Having sex with them?

Manageress: A couple, but that got harder. In the end I thought I had to rub his nose in it – if I humiliated him I knew that would be it. He wanted to take me out for a picnic one Sunday and he was going to call for me in the morning. So the night before I rang up this randy sod I'd screwed six months before – a really rough, foul-mouthed idiot who happened to have a cock he thought was great. He came round for dinner and by half ten we were in bed; we literally screwed all night – I can't say I enjoyed every minute but it was what I wanted. So in the morning Roy rings the bell at half past nine and Steve and I are still in bed, feeling shattered and looking like death. Steve was saying, 'Who the hell is that?' I made some excuse about the milkman wanting money, and started getting fruity. Steve couldn't even get up for a minute and the bell was still ringing away. So I started playing with him, rolling him around and jerking his cock and saying, 'Oh come on, Steve, fuck me. I want to feel you again. You're so bloody good.'

Quest: Could Roy have heard that?

Manageress: Oh easily; the bedroom was the first room off my entrance hall; just a wall between that and the corridor outside. And as I was calling out the ringing stopped. And I dried up; it was awful; Steve was half into me and excited now and he wouldn't stop – I thought I'd die. And of course when I got up fifteen, twenty minutes later and stuck my head out the door to fetch the milk, Roy was waiting. He barged straight in, kicked open the bedroom door where Steve was pulling on his jeans and snapped, 'If you think bloody play acting like that's going to fool me, you're got another think coming. I'm crazy about you and you're crazy about me and as soon as you realise that you'll stop being miserable with idiots like him!' I've never felt so proud and so humiliated all at the same time. I was lucky not to have a fight on my hands.

Quest: So your attitude to Roy changed?

Manageress: It surfaced; I let it. He'd taken everything I could give and more and he still wanted me. I don't understand it, but I'm stuck with it now. For better or worse. No, I do care for him and I like caring. He showed me that.

Quest: Thank you.

Two **Professional footballer, 26 years old, town of origin, Dundee**

This – male – interviewee separated from his wife after three years of marriage. He now lives alone in a studio flat.

Quest: Why did your marriage fail?

Footballer: Who knows. I suppose that we were just not compatible.

Quest: In bed?

Footballer: I have a very high sexual need. To me, fucking's what life's all about. Apart from football, it's all I'm into. No booze or drugs – just women.

Quest: And you were like that when you were married?

Footballer: I felt like it, sure, but when I was with Anne, I was faithful, except once when I went with the team to London and we got there on the Thursday. We went to this reception-cum-party and I met this chick who was a real knock-out. Great body, nice face and just the right height.

Quest: Which is?

Footballer: Five two or three. I'm five ten, and I really love small women. I mean, if you've got any sort of a dick, screwing with a small woman is so much better. Anyway, this bird had seen me play, or so she said, and we started talking, nothing special, and gradually I could tell she wouldn't be against sampling a bit of Dundee dick. So I suggested we go somewhere – I don't know, maybe she was a celebrity fucker, and she thought I was a celebrity. (Laughter)

Quest: Did you make love?

Footballer: It was not what I would call making love at all. It was fucking. Hard, beautiful fucking. I mean any girl can lay back, open her legs and groan a bit. This one was different. Real passionate stuff it was. From behind, her on top, everything.

Quest: Quite. Did this incident contribute

DOCTOR PROVES ENLARGEMENT CAN WORK!

Amongst the numerous claims made in this most sensitive field comes an entirely new method, the result of two years research by a world famous Sexologist.

Controlled tests have proved this method to be reliable and totally safe.

While most methods remain closely guarded secrets the Chartham Method has nothing to hide. All the facts are published including actual test results — a firm testimony to the success of this revolutionary method.

The Chartham Method is a proven means of increasing the size of the male organ, both in the flaccid and erect state, developed and tested by Dr.Robert Chartham, Ph.D.

A NEW BREAKTHROUGH

There has never been, until now, anyone of repute willing and able to undertake a serious investigation into the possibility of increasing the size of the penis. The medical profession has always scoffed at both the desirability and the possibility of achieving this.

The desirability is surely the choice of the individual, while the possibility is obvious, when one thinks about it.

An erection is produced by erotic stimulation, transmitted from the brain via the appropriate nerves, causing the penis to be liberally charged with blood, which in turn causes it to expand and stiffen.

Basically speaking, to enlarge the erection, it is necessary to increase the blood flow and to stretch the erectile tissues of the penis to accommodate the extra blood.

These are the two most important problems successfully solved by Dr. Robert Chartham, during his lengthy investigations.

THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE CHARTHAM METHOD

Dr. Robert Chartham is the author of a dozen books on sexology with world wide sales of over 9 million translated into eleven different languages. He has been a sex counsellor for 40 years and has his own clinic in London, England, where he received over 4,000 letters a year from all over the world. He also lectured on sexual psychology at many British Universities, has spoken on television in both America and Britain, and was the pioneer of sex education for teenagers in the U.K.

THE FACTS ABOUT THE CHARTHAM METHOD

Dr. Chartham's interest in the possibility of increasing penile dimensions caused him to investigate such alleged methods as were already in existence. To this end he was able to call on the assistance of a number of men who have helped him in other experiments.

His initial research showed that the fantastic claims made by many of these methods were backed by no concrete evidence whatsoever and experiments proved them virtually useless. However, two methods did succeed in producing some improvement – the Magnaphall Course and the Vacuum Developer.

The improvements gained by the former were slight but permanent and also resulted in a much firmer erection. The Vacuum Developer produced considerable improvement, but only of a temporary nature. Various models of these were tested but some were found to be positively dangerous in use, with the result that Dr. Chartham decided on one of his own design.

He next tested these two methods in conjunction with each other and achieved considerable success.

Further research enabled Dr. Chartham to incorporate additional improvements in order to combine them to the best possible advantage. The result was an entirely new method of penile development.

He then conducted controlled tests with 15 men of varying age groups. The following results are exactly as stated in his report.

"Of the 15 who took part, 3 were aged 21, 23 and 24 respectively; 4 were between 28 and 35; 5 were between 40 and 45 and 2 were 51 and 54 respectively. The 21 and 23year olds added up to 1¼" in length and ¾" in girth. The 24 year old added 1" in length and just over 1" in girth. The 28s to 35s added between ¾" to 1" in length and between ½" and ¾" in girth. The 40s to 45s were within the same limits, though one added 1½" to length and an inch to girth. The 51 year old added ¾" to length and an inch to girth, and the 54 year old put on ¾" in length and just over 1¼" in girth.

A latecomer to the tests was a man in his early 60s, whose measurements were already 6½" in length and 5" in girth, yet produced the surprising results of 1.3" in length and 0.7" in girth by the time all had completed the course, though he carried it out for one month less than the rest."

These results are even more amazing than at first appears.

First, there was not a single failure in any age group. Secondly, the increases both in length and circumference are quite remarkable when one considers them in perspective. To appreciate what an increase in girth of ¾" means, take a tape measure and curl the end over to make a circle of 4¾" (roughly average penis circumference) then move it out to 5½". The difference in length can be shown by holding a ruler against the length of your own erect penis and imagining another 1" added.

SOME QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ABOUT THE CHARTHAM METHOD

Q. Why should a man wish to increase the size of his penis, when all the books say that size doesn't matter?

A. It is a fact that the size of a man's penis does not physically affect his sexual performance or his ability to give satisfaction to his partner. Dr. Robert Chartham, has for over 30 years attempted to convince worried men that their feelings of penile inferiority were unfounded. However, of recent years he has come to the conclusion that, psychologically, the size of a man's penis is of vital importance to him and, that no amount of assurance will convince the underdeveloped man that he can be the sexual equal of his more well endowed neighbour. Neither is it possible to convince the average woman that a larger penis will not necessarily afford her more sexual enjoyment. The penis is the symbol of man's masculinity and any fears as to its dimensions being inadequate can be extremely damaging to his sexual confidence. On the other hand, the man who is well endowed in this respect has every confidence in his lovemaking.

Q. What does the Chartham Method consist of?

A. The Chartham Method consists of the course manual, containing detailed and illustrated instructions as to the exercises, manipulations and massage, together with the Vacuum Developer, which is used in conjunction with these. There are no drugs or medications. The instruction manual has been written by Dr. Chartham himself in clear and concise language, making it simple for anyone to follow. The specially designed Vacuum Developer is made of clear material so that you can actually see the penis expanding during use. This model has been specially constructed so that no harm can be done to the penis by it's use, according to the instructions. The course needs to be carried out for 12 weeks in order to obtain maximum results.

Q. How does the Chartham Method work?

A. Expressed as briefly as possible, the rationale of the Chartham Method lies in stimulating the circulation to increase the supply of blood to the genital region; in promoting the elasticity and expansile properties of the vascular tissue of shaft and glans; and in enabling the subject to achieve positive control of normally involuntary muscle action.

Q. Are there any side effects to the Chartham Method?

A. Yes. Use of the Chartham Method invariably results in a stronger and firmer erection and the great majority of users report that they are able to hold an erection for longer periods than before taking the course.

Q. Is the Chartham Method suitable for me?

A. Yes, if you are in a reasonable state of health and wish to increase your penis dimensions. No, if you suffer from heart trouble or any condition whereby you cannot safely indulge in moderate exercise.

Q. What is the cost of the Chartham Method?

A. The total price is £15.00 including postage. All orders are dealt with by return post.

The instruction manual is printed in English, German, Italian and French.

IF NO RESULTS ARE ACHIEVED AFTER CARRYING OUT THE CHARTHAM METHOD AS DIRECTED A FULL REFUND WILL BE MADE ON ITS RETURN TO US.

ORDER FORM

ULTRANORM LTD., DEPT. C10 5 THE CAMPSBOURNE, LONDON, N8 7PN ENGLAND.

Please send me, by return, the complete Chartham Method
I enclose £15.00, which is the total cost, including postage.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

C 10

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY
If you do not wish to cut this page, you may send your order on plain paper.

This coupon could be the beginning of a beautiful relationship.

It's that simple. Simple because we do all the work whilst you reap the benefits. This is how it begins.

WE: feed a carefully prepared questionnaire with all your details into our computer. Using modern psychology and sociological methods together with the latest innovations in computer sciences, the computer will meticulously and intimately compare your personality profile with tens of thousands of other members, detail by detail. Only after this exhaustive process will the computer select your most compatible partners from its files.

YOU: merely have to sit at home and wait for your partner selection to arrive by return of post. **But that's just the beginning of the relationship**—the real thing starts when the doorbell rings and your perfect partner steps into your life.

JUST REMEMBER: Dateline is Europe's longest established least expensive and most successful computer introduction service.

Other services from Singles House (Tick the box for further details)

☐ **Singles Society** Country wide meetings and parties
☐ **Singles Magazine** The only UK magazine for single living
☐ **Singles Holidays** Unique holidays for the unattached
☐ **Breakaway Weekends** Ease the stress of a working week

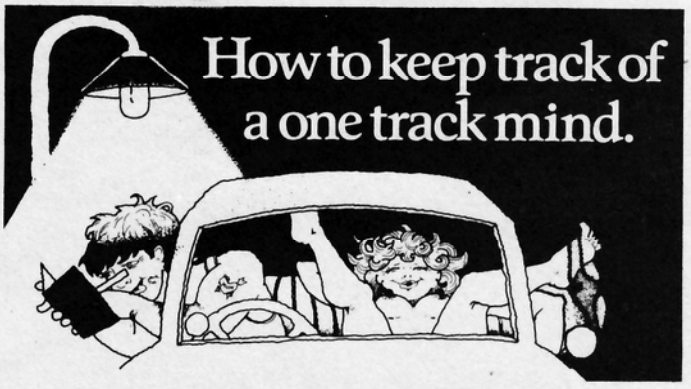
Post coupon today for questionnaire and further details:

Dateline LONDON · PARIS BONN · GENOA

NAME: (Mr/Ms)

ADDRESS:

Dateline, Singles House (Dept MAX 23/25 Abingdon Rd London W8 (01-937 6503)



How to keep track of a one track mind.

If you're someone whose thoughts keep returning to the same subject, the 1979 **Sex Maniacs Diary** could be just what you've been looking for. It'll help you to keep track of all your activities, and your achievements. And it'll also provide you with ingenious and entertaining ways to keep your mind firmly on that one track.

There's a special sex position for every day of the year, as well as a kink of the week for those who like an occasional fling.

And there's also invaluable information about the world's sexiest clubs, sex and astrology, and erotic games which anyone can play with anyone.

This illustrated pocketful of pleasure is beautifully bound and slim enough to keep handy at all times. For reference, for inspiration, and for fun.

I have an urgent desire for the **1979 Sex Maniacs Diary.**
Please send me_____ copies of this years 1979 diary at £2.50 each incl. VAT, p & p.
I am over 18, but definitely not over the hill.
I enclose cheque/postal order for_____payable to Executive Distributors (Sales) Ltd.

Signed:

Name:

Address: G1

Send to: Executive Distributors (Sales) Ltd., 2 Godstone Road, Whyteleafe, Surrey. Reg. No. 676473.

When you buy a sheath do you please yourself?

Or do you please your woman?

Do you ever find that contraceptive sheaths reduce the excitement of sex as well as the risk?

If so, it's about time you tried Stimula.

Stimula is covered with lightly raised ribbing to create ripples of pleasure that heighten your partner's stimulation.

And Stimula is shaped to fit a man like a second skin, so it brings you and your partner closer than ever.

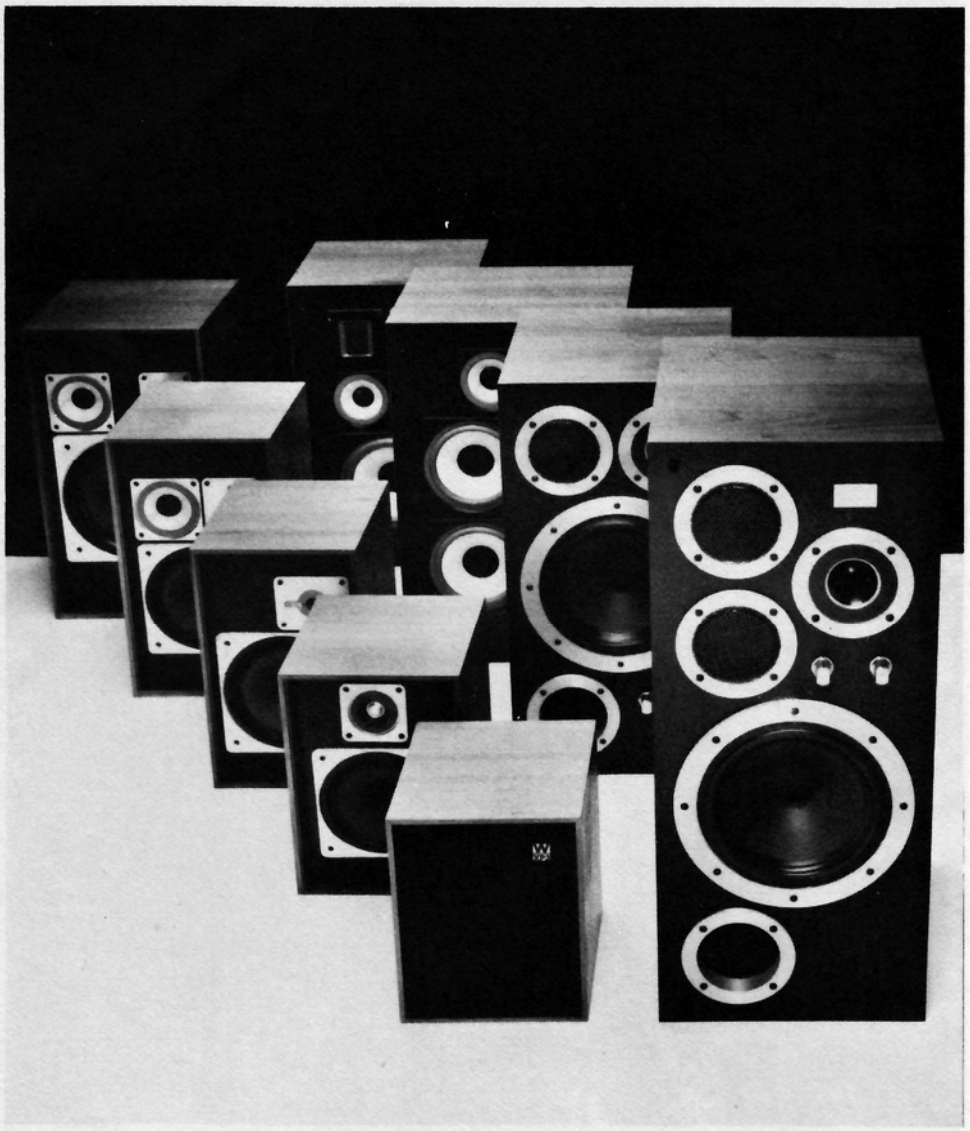
Every contraceptive makes sex safer. Stimula makes it sexier too.

Stimula and Horizon are registered trade marks.

to the failure of your marriage?
Footballer: Only in a very obscure way.
Quest: How so?
Footballer: It just made me a bit depressed knowing that I couldn't get sex like that at home. There were lots of other pressures on the marriage, and we – sounds awfully corny – well, we just fell out of love. It happens, doesn't it?
Quest: And what happened after the separation?
Footballer: That's the funny thing, isn't it? It was me who tried to keep the marriage together, but Anne was determined to split. She's living with some bod now, but I'm sure she didn't have him lined-up when she split. Then, after a week or two – I got dropped from the first team squad during that time: I just couldn't raise any enthusiasm for anything. In fact, the manager had a quiet word with me. He was very understanding: said he'd been through it himself.
Quest: And what about sex?
Footballer: I went a couple of months without it and that was hard, really. I even started having nasty thoughts about my best mate's wife – anything in a skirt I'd ogle at. I didn't think it would be so difficult to get another woman into bed.
Quest: But you did find a woman.
Footballer: A big mistake that.
Quest: Why?
Footballer: I was silly about it all. I was looking for good fun – sex – she thought I was after marriage and a woman to have around. I must have treated her pretty rotten; if I had it to do over again, I think I would have tried it differently. Maybe we could have made a go of it. But in the end she became sick of the way I treated her and she found someone else who was more understanding. And more on her sexual wave-length.
Quest: You mean she wasn't good in bed.
Footballer: She was okay – but she wasn't highly sexed, if you know what I mean. She was very young also.
Quest: How young exactly?
Footballer: Seventeen. She wasn't a virgin when I met her, but she had been with one other chap only. She wasn't all that keen on sex because it hadn't done much for her – I presumed from what she used to tell me, the other fellow was a teenager too, and he used to just stick it in, give a few strokes and come. Anyway, when I met her she was very inexperienced: she'd never sucked a cock, or had her slit licked for instance, but I taught her.
Quest: Where did you meet her?
Footballer: At a party, would you believe?
Quest: Go on.
Footballer: We just started talking and when I told her I was a footballer she was really impressed, wanted to know all about me. So I told her. I told her I wanted to fuck her too.
Quest: Just like that?
Footballer: Yep. I just said 'You know what I want to do?' She said 'What?' and I said 'I want to fuck you – tonight.' She just laughed and said something like 'I should be so lucky.' But she didn't slap my face or anything, so I knew I'd be up her later.
Quest: And how did the relationship develop?
Footballer: She was at secretarial school, so I used to get to see a bit of her during the day. She was very pretty, long blonde hair, but very girlish with it. Not very mature.
Quest: What do you mean?
Footballer: Like that first time. I didn't realise, for instance, that there were girls who didn't know about sucking off. When I got back to the flat – I'd only moved in the weekend before – and invited her in, she accepted so she must have known I was going to do what I said. We were cuddling on the sofa; I gave her a deep French kiss and wiggled my tongue to the back of her throat. She shivered all over and gasped for breath. I undid the buttons on her blouse and pulled it open and there were these beautiful tits in their bra. I undid the clasp at the front and shook them free and then we sank back onto the settee. She became so excited when I started kissing her, planting little kisses from her mouth down to her nipples. There was this gorgeous sigh as I took her nipple in my mouth and gently ran my tongue round it. But she made no attempt to play with me.
Quest: So what did you do?
Footballer: I had to place her hand on the outside of my trousers, over my dick. It was only then that she got the idea, undid my flies and got it out. She hadn't seen a really big dick before – not that I'm all *that* big: God she'd have died if she'd have seen Mick in the showers (he's a teammate, by the way). Sorry, where was I?
Quest: You were telling me of that first time.
Footballer: Oh yeah. She started playing with it, waggling it about and then just rubbing her fingers up and down it. All this time I was wriggling round edging it closer to her face until I got in a position where I could steer her head down on it, but she was saying 'No, no, I can't.' It took a lot to persuade her to suck me, she nearly choked, she didn't know what to do with it.
Quest: Yes! Well, you continued to see her for a time didn't you?
Footballer: Yes – Jenny and I were together for about six months, but we weren't close, I never let it get that way. I would take her out, sure, but I really only did so when I wanted to bang her. She eventually got a bit pissed off and found contentment on somebody else's dick.
Quest: Did you enjoy the sex with her?
Footballer: I did for the first few months. It was great being able to teach a young chick like that all about screwing, but after a few months I began to realise that it wasn't that good after all. Perhaps it was just having a woman again that made me feel good, and that it wasn't Jenny. Towards the end the sex wasn't anything. I would have got more pleasure out of an electric artificial vibrating vagina. It just became routine again, and that was the last thing I wanted.
Quest: You have had a number of women since, haven't you?
Footballer: A few. The chaps have got a nickname for me – Penalty, would you believe, because they reckon I'm up any woman before she realises, just like with a penalty kick, the ball's in the back of the net before the goalkeeper has time to react.
Quest: Thank you.

Three **Market researcher, brunette, single, aged 28, town of origin, Norwich**
This interviewee, a quiet and thoughtful girl, left home at the age of nineteen and joined her present employers, working her way up from a junior to a position of some responsibility. She lived with a boyfriend for six years before the relationship ended. She now lives alone in a small flat.
Quest: Could we begin by talking about the reasons why this long relationship you had came to an end.
Researcher: A clash of careers. You see Neil, that was his name by the way, was offered promotion by his company, but it entailed moving to Newcastle. It was quite a substantial promotion and naturally enough he wanted to take it. He also wanted me to go with him, but I'd been with my outfit for nearly eight years at that time and I wasn't about to chuck it all away and start from scratch again. So we had long and acrimonious arguments about whose career was most important and in the end he left and I stayed.
Quest: Was there any particular reason you hadn't married Neil during your time with him?
Researcher: Neither of us particularly wanted to. We didn't want children, so there didn't seem much point in getting married. I suppose it's just as well we didn't.
Quest: What did you miss most about him once he'd left?
Researcher: Companionship and sex really. It was very strange living alone in the place we had. Too many memories. I left in the end and got the place I'm in now. It was a lonely time, if I'm to be honest. Sex of course was another factor. Neil and I had had a terrific sex-life. I'd had three or four men before I met him, but he was the first one to ever make me come properly and the longer we were together the better the sex got. We did it nearly every night. There were no great fancy positions or anything like that – we made love in the old missionary position or sometimes doggy fashion or with me on top and that was about the limit.
Quest: So what did you do for sex after Neil had gone?
Researcher: I didn't want to descend into a succession of one night stands, so for about three months I remained very chaste and then I really began to get itchy for sex so I started masturbating which was something I hadn't done for ages. I used to have these incredibly randy fantasies about getting gang-banged by a group of Hell's Angels or dressing up like a tart and doing it for money. I mean I'd die if ever that sort of thing happened in real life, but you can safely fantasise about it, can't you?

WHARFEDALES MA



There was a time when music centres were hi-fi's poor relations. In terms of sound quality, they offered little improvement over the average transistor radio.

Times have changed.

While the audiophile still seeks sonic perfection with half a dozen or more boxes inter-connected with yards of spaghetti-like wiring, music centres have quietly grown up – both in performance and facilities.

How unfortunate that so often, their performance is limited by the poor quality of the speakers sold with them.

Witness the verdict of 'Hi-Fi Choice-Music Centres' on a typical model costing about £370: "This is another example of a system which is dominated by the second rate performance of the loudspeakers supplied."

The alternative is to forget the whole thing, or buy separate hi-fi components. Or, to buy a music centre and a pair of Wharfedale speakers.

Does it sound too easy?

What about amplifier impedances, and mis-matches, and things that go bump in the night?

Remain calm.

Wharfedale, who are Britain's largest

Please send me your brochure for the XP2 Series ☐ SP2 Series ☐ E Series ☐

Tick box(es) as required.

Name .....

Address .....

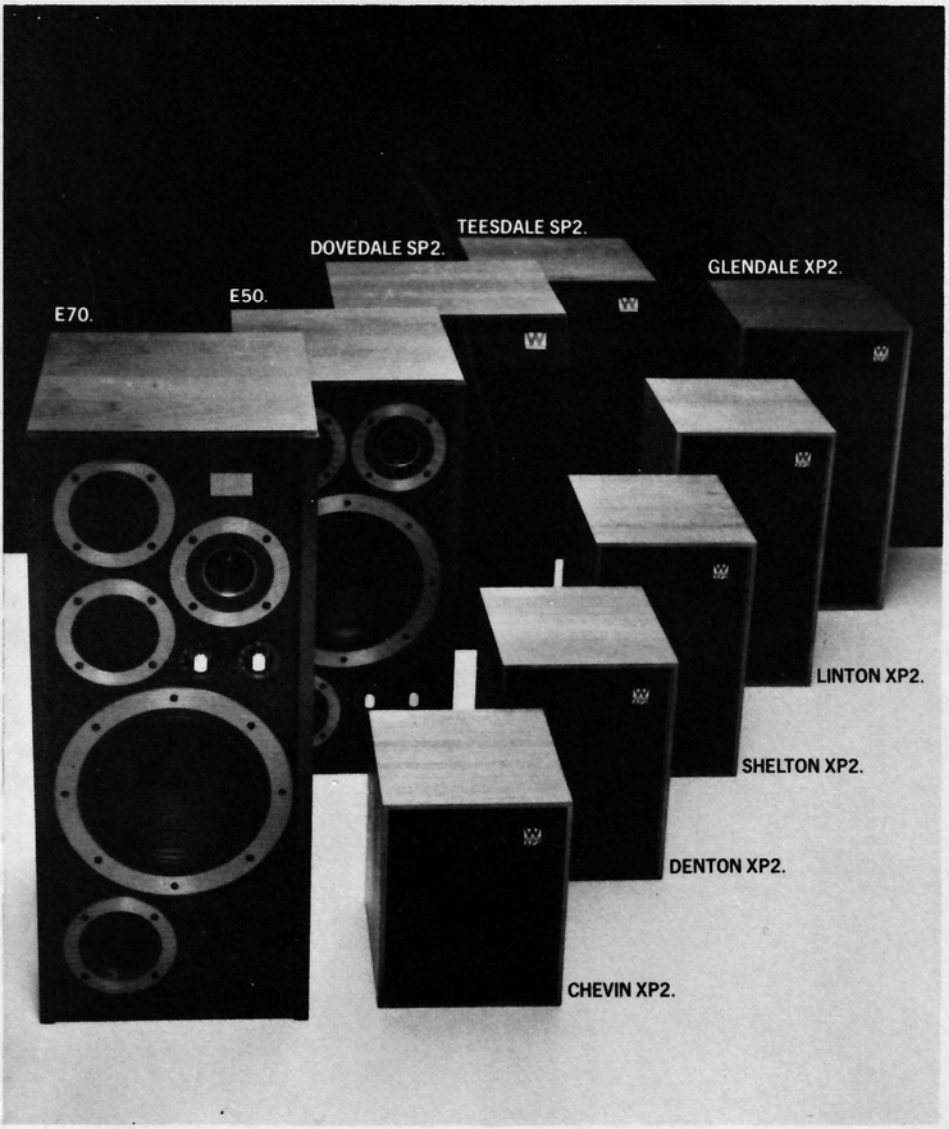
.....

.....

To: Rank Hi Fi, P.O. Box 70, Great West Road, Brentford, Middlesex TW8 9HR.

Distributed in Ireland by: Kilroy Brothers Ltd., Shanowen Road, Whitehall, Dublin 9. Tel: 379961 MA12

KE A MUSIC CENTRE.



speaker specialists, make a whole range of top quality, high fidelity loudspeakers. Choosing the right one is simply a matter of taking the relevant factors into account.

Such as the size of your room, the state of your bank balance, and the tolerance of your neighbours.

For around £39 you can buy a pair of Wharfedale Chevin XP2s. They're compact enough to fit on almost any bookshelf, yet they pack a surprising punch. Four other bookshelf speakers in the XP2 range move up in size and price to about £120.

£160 will get you a pair of floor-standing Teesdale SP2s. Like the larger Dovedale SP2s, they're designed using an amazing new technique called computer optimisation. This means that, for their size, it's mathematically impossible to produce a speaker with a more accurate low frequency response.

Finally there's the extra-ordinary E Series, starting at around £290 a pair. They're incredibly efficient – that is, they make a great deal of noise for a very small power input. For a slightly larger input, they'll keep a disco fan happy.

In fact, whichever type of music centre you go for, there's a pair of Wharfedale speakers that should keep you happy for a long time to come.

They've been making hi-fi fans happy for years.

WHARFEDALE

WHARFEDALE. BRITAIN'S MOST FAMOUS SPEAKERS.

QUEST

why you can't do without it

Quest represents an invaluable insight into female sexuality. Past surveys have covered a wide variety of subjects under this heading, a choice of which is still available in back numbers.

Vol 8 No. 10 Girls in cars 58p; Vol. 9 Nos. 1 Sex substitutes 58p; 2 Voyeuristic girls 58p; 3 Female fantasies 58p; 4 Friends' wives 58p; 5 Aunts and nephews 67p; 6 Uncles and nieces 67p; 7 Stepdaughters 67p; 8 Long promised affairs 67p; 9 New sex styles 77p; 10 One night stands 77p; 11 Mystery men 77p; Vol. 10 Nos. 2 Appeal of knickers 77p; 3 Sexy phone calls 77p; 4 Bold talk 77p; 5 Same room sex 77p; 6 Fashion flirts 77p; 7 Virgins '75 77p; 8 Jealous sex 77p; 9 Women who take the lead 77p; 10 Girls who like to be watched 77p; 11 Exhibitionist girls 77p; 12 Women and male strippers 77p; Vol. 11 Nos. 1 Women and the family friend 77p; 2 Girls who show their bodies 77p; 3 Feminine sexual fantasies, part one 77p; 4 Feminine sexual fantasies, part two 77p; 5 Girls who do what you've always dreamed about 77p; 6 Men and their measurements 77p; 7 The seducing camera 77p; 8 What women do for the camera 77p; 9 Photographers and models 77p; 10 Sports sex 77p; 11 Sports sex part 2, 77p; 12 Sexy side of indoor games £1.15; Vol 12 Nos. 2 Initiation ceremonies, part 2 87p; 3 Ritual sex revealed 87p; 4 Excuse factors 87p; 5 Excuses girls need to use sex aids 87p; 6 The erotic appeal of underwear 87p; 7 Sex and girls who dress young 87p; 8 Appeal of nurses uniforms 87p; 9 The sexy quality of serge 87p; 10 Surreptitious sex 87p; 11 Sneaky sex 87p; 12 Sexual guile £1.20; Vol. 13 Nos. 1 A man's most vital statistic 87p; 2 The measure of a man 87p; 3 Premature ejaculation 87p; 4 Premature ejaculation, part 2 87p; 5 Mystique of the beautiful woman 87p; 6 Obligatory sex 87p; 7 When a man feels obliged to have sex 87p; 8 Snob sex, part 1 87p; 9 Snob sex, part 2 87p; 10 Separated sex, women 87p; 11 Separated sex, men, 87p.

Further back numbers, page 154

Please send me the following back numbers of *Mayfair:*

.....

.....

I enclose cheque/postal order for:

.....

.....

Name .....

Address.....

.....

.....

.....Date .....

If you do not wish to cut your magazine, please send order on plain paper.

M1312

Quest: Did you ever use any sex-aids.

Researcher: You mean like a vibrator? God no! I'm sure they're terrific, but I wouldn't have the nerve to march into a sex-shop and buy one. I suppose I could have got one by mail-order, but I'd have been terrified of the postman finding out or something silly like that. As it was I either used my fingers, or sometimes a candle. Fingers were nicer – it was almost as good as the real thing.

Quest: But not quite . . .

Researcher: Well there's no substitute for proper sex, is there?

Quest: I don't think so. I take it though that you eventually found another boy-friend.

Researcher: Yes, about six months ago. His name's Gary. He's a couple of years younger than me, but he's terribly sweet. And sexy too.

Quest: How did you meet him?

Researcher: I was at a party one night and he was there too. I fancied the look of him, but I'm not one of those ladies who feels easy about chatting up a man, so I just kept my fingers crossed that he'd come over and start talking to me. I waited and waited and in the end I got the girl who was giving the party to introduce us. Actually it couldn't have been less subtle. The introduction went something like: 'Gary this is Angela, (name changed). She's been dying to meet you all evening. I think she fancies you or something.' I went all shades of scarlet, it was awful. We got talking though, which was the main thing and he seemed terribly nice. He was a final year medical student at the time, though he's qualified now and at the local hospital doing an internship. He isn't your archetypal loony medical type like on TV, but he's got this very dry sense of humour. I was quite strongly attracted to him. He drove me home after the party and he didn't try to grope me or anything, which made him go up in my estimation, but he did ask me for a date the following night. He took me to the pictures.

Quest: And how soon after did sex take place?

Researcher: About three hours after the end of the film! We went to a pub and had a couple of drinks and I was feeling really good. I was thinking to myself that 'this is the one'. I was a bit fruity actually.

Quest: So who seduced whom?

Researcher: I think Gary probably did, but I didn't put up any resistance at all. He asked me back to his place and when we arrived I think both of us knew what was going to happen, but we had to observe all the little rituals first.

Quest: Such as?

Researcher: Well I'd have been quite happy to get straight into bed, but you don't do that sort of thing, do you? I mean you have to observe all the niceties like having a cup of coffee and talking about the weather. In the end though he came and sat beside me and put his arm around my shoulder and started ever-so-casually just brushing against the side of a boob with his thumb. Then he got a bit bolder and moved his whole hand over it and began to gently squeeze it. I smiled up at him and told him how nice it felt. That was when he kissed me, I think. It was lovely, a long slow sloppy kiss with lots of tongue. I'm not usually a forward person when it comes to sex, but I hadn't had it for a good six months and I must admit I was feeling really randy. I was feeling him up through his trousers.

Quest: Did this turn you on more?

Researcher: I think I was more than adequately turned-on, thanks all the same. It's terrible wanting sex as badly as that. When the opportunity's presented you just can't wait to get it inside you. I allowed him to put his hand right up my skirt and inside my knickers. I didn't have tights on, just a long dress and boots. I must have been soaked. He was just teasing my clitty with his thumb. It was such an incredible feeling that I came almost immediately, pressing his hand tight against me and clenching my legs. I got him unzipped and got it out. It was lovely. I bent down and took it in my mouth, but that only made me want it in me even more, so I just lay back, pulling my dress up and opening my legs. Gary pulled down my knickers and knelt between my legs, guiding it into me. He filled me beautifully. Different to Neil, but just as nice. I just came and came. I bit my lip so hard I made it bleed, it was all so blissful. I could feel him inside me getting faster and faster as he built up to his own climax and then he pushed it in as hard and as far as it could go and gave this great sort of convulsive groan and came pumping into me.

Quest: The welcome end to six months' abstinence by the sounds of it.

Researcher: We did it again later, when we'd gone to bed and again in the morning. I was making up for lost time in no uncertain fashion.

Quest: And how does the relationship stand at present?

Researcher: Well he's still my fella and we see each other practically every day, but I refuse point-blank to live with him or have him live with me.

Quest: Why's that?

Researcher: Because he's a doctor he could move to another district at any time and I don't want to go through all the traumas and dramas I had with Neil again. I do love Gary, but maybe not enough to totally give up my career for him. By the same token I wouldn't expect him to come with me if I moved. I'd be very flattered and pleased if he did, but I wouldn't expect him to.

Quest: And you wouldn't consider marrying him?

Researcher: No, for the same reasons.

Quest: So what do you think will happen in the end?

Researcher: I don't honestly know. I'll just have to wait and see. I'm not unhappy with the relationship as it stands though. It may be only transitory on a long-term basis, but it's very fulfilling nevertheless.

Quest: Thank you very much.

The new electronic wonderland.

You can now add a computer to your TV set and play over 200 game programmes, variations and options.

You can play complex Combat games with tanks, planes, helicopters, guided missiles and submarines.

You can learn or teach Basic Mathematics.

You can simulate conditions in space where you dock modules or drift into the gravity of a strange star. (Space Wars.)

Or test your reflexes of hand and eye (as U.S. pilots and astronauts did on the Atari system) in Soccer, Hockey, Volleyball and Handball (Video Olympics).

Or play Casino games like Blackjack.

Or fight gun duels and stop stagecoaches. (Outlaw.)

Or foil your opponent with a moving wall. (Surround.)

All this is nothing like the pat-ball "tennis" games you might have seen and got tired of.

The names of the games (left to right). Combat, Air-Sea Battles, Space War, Outlaw, Video Olympics, Surround, Blackjack, Breakout, Basic Math.

Or the second-generation "chips" dedicated to simple war games.

The Atari Video Computer System is the third generation of TV games, a computer console with a whole library of cartridges containing game programmes. And more on the way.

Play the computer or your friends.

You can switch to a difficulty option on your console where the computer makes things very difficult. And you can pit your wits against the computer or up to 3 friends.

You get ricochets off the screen, guided missiles to steer on to target, and a dealer that defies you to break the bank.

You can lay minefields, fly jets in formation, make tanks invisible.

Realistic Sounds.

The sounds are so real, you can hear the dealer shuffling the cards in Blackjack.

The Atari Video Computer System is No. 1 in the U.S.A. where it will have sold over a million in less than two years.

That's because no other system has so many programmes and variations.

Atari Video Computer System. The third generation of programmable TV games.

How the Atari System scores.

The Atari Computer Console comes with 4 controls and a small switch box, which simply plugs into the aerial socket of your TV. Then you slot cartridges into the console.

Automatic on-screen scoring.

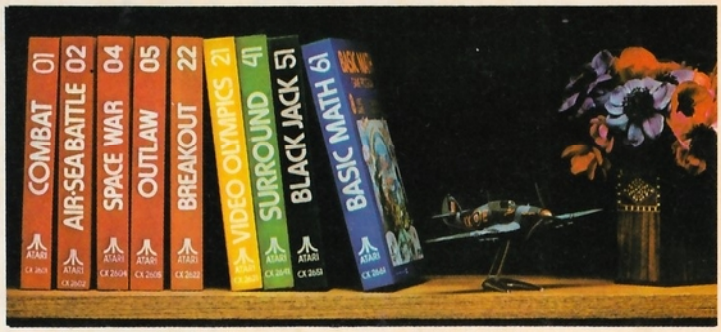
Colours are crisp (on colour TVs. Black and white on mono TV sets).

The computer is actually programmed to protect your TV tube and screen against burning-in effects.

Each Atari cartridge has more brains than a whole "chip" in second-generation games.

You get your first cartridge of 27 Combat game programmes free with your console.

The sound comes from your TV set, not the console. So you can turn the sound up or down.



Build up a library of cartridges. Over 200 game programmes and variations available.

Don't watch TV today. Play it at a store.

You must play Atari to appreciate it. We're at a lot of leading stores and hi-fi retailers. Or write to us direct.

ATARI VIDEO COMPUTER SYSTEM FROM CHERRY LEISURE.

£169.95 inc. VAT, including 27 Combat game programmes and variations, two sets of controllers, adaptor and switch box. 'Subsequent' cartridges £14.95 each.

CHERRY LEISURE (UK) LIMITED, 387 HIGH ROAD, WILLESDEN, LONDON NW10 2JR. Telephone: 01-459 2236/9.

When you're not so sweet sixteen and never had it, sex seems wildly out of reach, until you meet a girl as obliging as Eve

Hands up, all fifth form fumblers

Nostalgia by Paul Drew

The first hint of the wind of change in our sixteen-year-old lives came during a showing of *The Magnificent Seven*. Jeff, my ex-Wolf Cub compatriot and lifelong companion, was already taking the nubile Sue to the local ABC on a regular basis. Nothing unusual about that. The entire fifth form was in the habit of spending ninety minutes of a Saturday night in the back row in the company of young ladies of years and experience as diminutive as our own. You spent the entire performance with your tongue halfway down her throat and an erection halfway up your shirt, but lacked the courage or experience to go further. With Jeff and Sue, however, it was now demonstrably quite different. That Saturday in the back row, hidden in the dark, but visible if you were shameless enough to stare long enough, was the sight that changed our lives. Sue's short red skirt was up around her waist, one leg was out of her knickers and the foot rested on the back of the seat in front; her legs were spread and the top of her stocking and the strap of her suspender belt flashed in the reflected shimmer from the screen. I kept my tongue plunging away into the willing mouth of girl-of-the-moment Barbara in the seat next to me. Sighing in make-believe ecstasy I twisted towards her in order to get a better view of the developments on her left. With a shock I realised that Jeff must have had at least three fingers up, stroking and thrusting as Sue heaved herself up and against the grubby intruder, breathing like a traction engine on Westerham Hill. Her left hand was firmly hooked into his hair, pulling him to where she wanted him, her right hand *bloody hell*! Her right hand was round his shaft, a languorous movement, slipping up and down, teasing with the fingertips, moving faster then slower. She was tossing the bastard off like an expert, clearly not the first time they'd played this scene together. Faster and faster, the whole hand gripping him, rubbing and panting and working her hips against his hand, she gasps and squeals, as Jeff growls and we all three come together as the slow-motion bodies come rolling

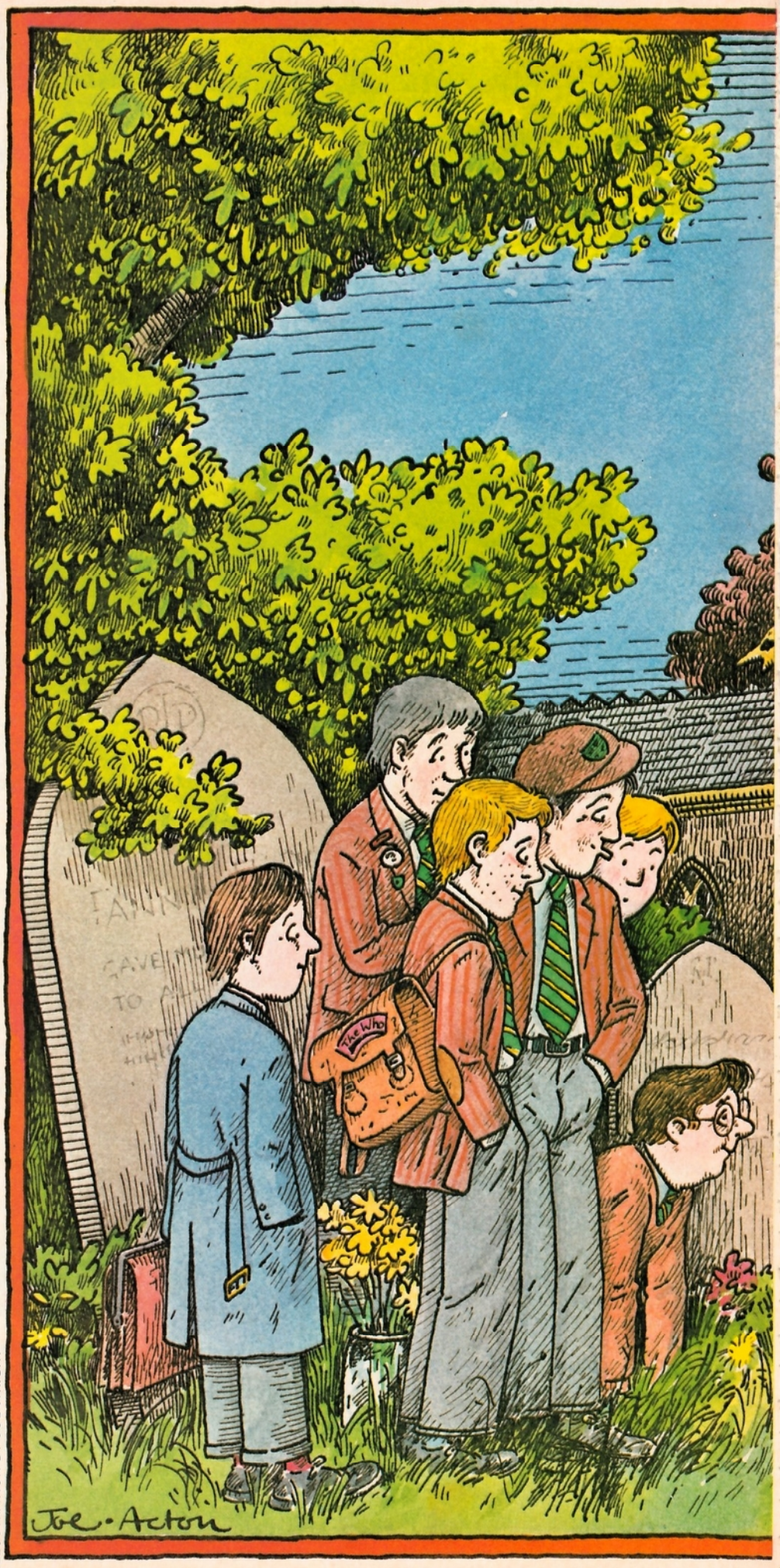
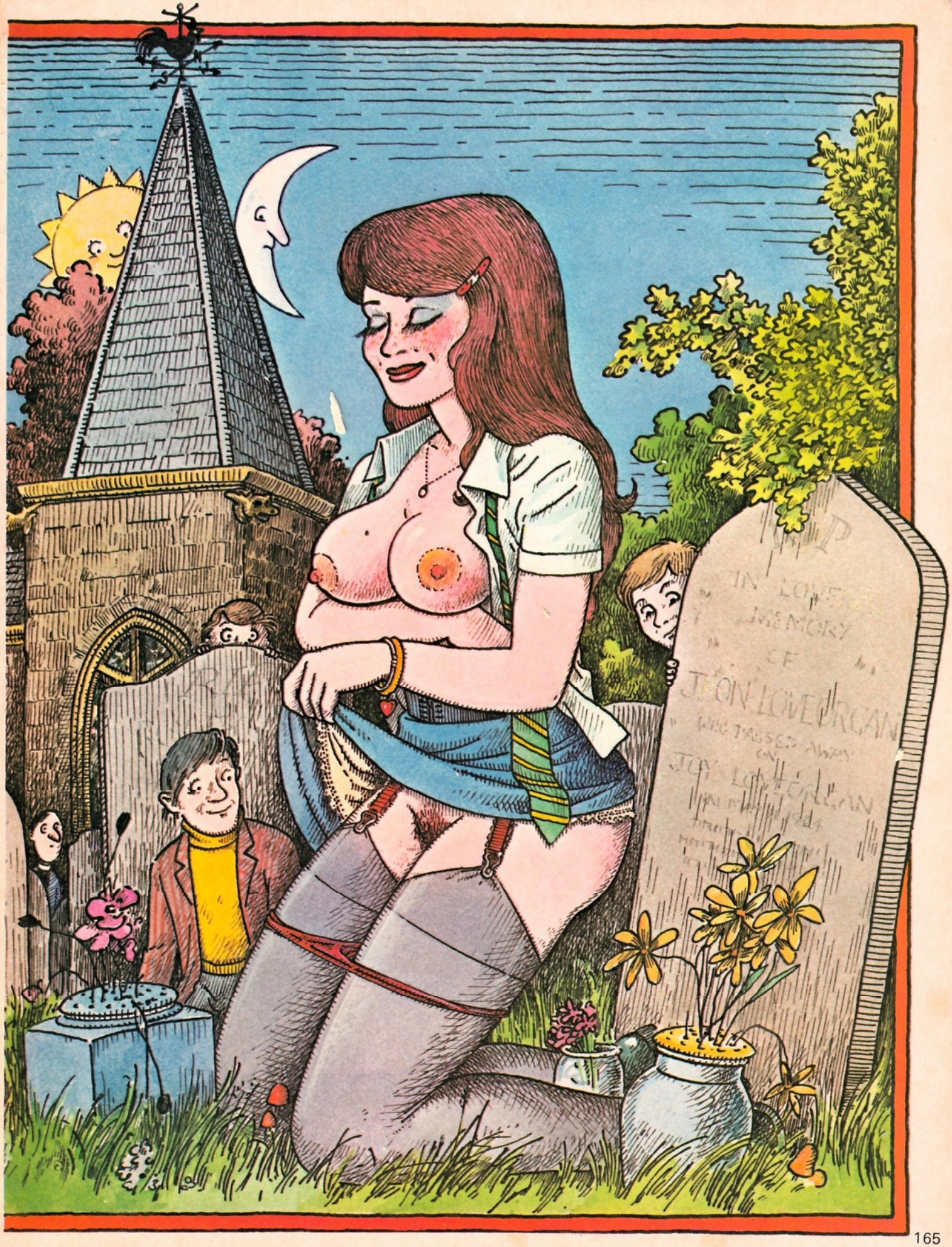


ILLUSTRATION BY JOE WRIGHT


IN
LOVING
MEMORY
OF
WHO PASSED AWAY
ON

off the screen towards us and it's so right that the lovely bald Brynner gets them at the end, I thank you MGM.

It was a long walk home that night, my mind was racing with what I'd seen; we normally had to fight with a girl for twenty minutes to get a hand on her breast outside her jumper. It was clear that I was on to a loser somewhere along the line. To the great perplexity of the fair but innocent Barbara (what *would* her parents say if she were to allow my hand to rest fleetingly on her pubescent but pleasant breasts?) I leaped into the air like the raving loony I had just become. 'Just you wait!' I shouted, to no-one in particular and everyone in general especially women. 'Just you fucking well WAIT!'

On Monday morning, Jeff arrived at four and threequarter minutes past nine exactly, and by five minutes past he was pinned against the wall by my questions. I was anxious not to give away the fact that I had never experienced that which I had seen in the ABC and he was anxious to give the impression that it was nothing unusual for him. We arrived at a tacit understanding of the approximate facts of the situation without hurting anybody's pride overmuch, although I was greatly incensed by his casual remark that, 'It's not much, really,' but I refrained from killing him on the spot. School interrupted our discussions temporarily, and while Jeff went off to his Maths lesson I took my favourite seat in the school library, next to a sunlit window and conveniently out of sight of the master in charge (the ubiquitous Doc James). I drifted off into a peaceful sexual reverie composed of myself, Sue, and the French mistress. Susan's concrete and highly visible performance had given a new reality to my thoughts and longings. I resolved to renounce my Woollies Flashamac forthwith, and bend myself to a real and physical gratification of my desires. Sue's mini-skirted, thigh-flashing, tight-knickered figure took on a real and smiling substance in my mind. It became *me* with her in the back row of the ABC and while an envious Jeff could do nothing but watch with impotent frustration, she slowly curled her hand around my erection and . . . I transferred my attentions from Sue's ministrations to a recent memory. Helen in the Churchyard. Horny Helen, the scourge of the fifth form, who only a month previously had done her bit towards providing eight of us with a little sexual performance of deliciously depraved lewdness. It had all happened one evening after the youth club, starting as a dare and ending for me, with disappointment. I could see it all so clearly, Helen leaning back against a memorial to some dear departed with her skirt around her waist and her white knickers around one ankle while our particular magnificent seven were allowed to stare and even touch. The eighth had been me, hovering half-sick with excitement and anticipation on the edge of the scrum before summoning the courage to dive in with the rest. That was when Helen had glanced at her watch and brushed me aside as she sped off home leaving seven smug voyeurs and one tearfully frustrated fumbler. Tomorrow could be different, though. She would be ready, willing and pliant. And all mine. Just as my finger began to slip inside her wet warmth and the essence of woman surrounded my hand for the first time in my life, Jeff's books crashed down on the desk in front of me and the moment was lost. Under the circumstances I considered that my aggressive attitude towards him was more than justified. 'Cunt,' I began. All innocence, his affront was both humorous and inviting. 'Wanker,' I continued. 'She's got some front, you know, tossing you off in a cinema full of people.'

'I told her to,' replied the man of the moment, swelling visibly. 'I'm the boss in our relationship, and she does as she's told. And,' he added, in a conspiratorial fashion. 'And, if you want my opinion, she likes it that way.'

'Likes what what way?'

'She likes to be made to do things. Even when she wants to do something anyway she always argues about it first, just so that I have to make her do it.'

'Yes', say I patiently, 'but if she wants to do it anyway, then you're hardly forcing her into anything, are you?'

Jeff considers this for a moment. 'Ah, but,' he propounds, 'because she likes to be made to do things, I can make her do anything I want, because, in the end, her desire to be forced and dominated makes her enjoy doing as she's told, even if whatever she's being made to do is initially unpleasant.'

This takes some absorbing, while mastermind continues: 'Anyway, Sue really likes sex, so I have, as it were, no problem getting her to do anything in that direction.'

Seems to me at this point that this Sue is the girl of my dreams, but it is more than pride permits to say so, and I continue with the disbelief, particularly where the last remark is concerned. In fact I continue with it for nearly two days. Finally, after all else fails, it becomes a bet as I stake my week's wages from working in Sainsburys on a Saturday (£1-5s-6d) against Jeff's ability to make Sue do as she is told, on the spot. The task is resolved only after much argument. It has to be something that she wouldn't normally consider of her own accord, but it must also be something that Jeff does not object to on personal grounds (she is, after all, *his* girlfriend). At the same time it must be something that puts an extreme demand on her loyalty and obedience.

So, Sunday August 20 1967 and round at Jeff's house, parents safely away for the day, Sue is unknowingly put to the test: before my gaze she is required to perform what we subsequently learned to call a blow job on Jeff.

She passed. Blow me, how she passed! She loved every minute of it – she loved being made to do it, she loved having an audience and she loved *it*. She fought in the exact style predicted by Jeff. She was aghast. She couldn't do that, she'd never done it before, she didn't know how to do it, she couldn't do anything 'cold' and certainly not with *someone* looking on from the sidelines for heavens sake! Jeff was adamant, he wouldn't ask her if it wasn't important to him, he wanted her to do it and anyway I was his best friend and it wasn't as if I was going to see any of her, or anything of him that I hadn't seen before and would she please stop arguing now and get on with it.

Tears stood in her eyes; the consummate actress, she nuzzled her head against his

turn to page 169

'The third king we originally had in mind couldn't make it, so King Kong very generously agreed to come along.'

Hedges & Butler, wine merchants since 1667, confidently guarantee the consistently good quality of every bottle of Hirondelle red, medium dry white, rosé and sweet white wine.

Unlikely as a duff bottle of Hirondelle

MITSUBISHI.
NOBODY BUYS IT FOR THE PRICE.

Why, then, do people prefer to buy the Mitsubishi range of audio and television equipment?

Some of them, we learned, were swayed by our fanatical devotion to quality control.

Still others by the sheer weight of investment accorded to our design, research and development.

There were encouraging reactions, too, from those who were familiar with the fact that our colour televisions are greatly more reliable than the average set.

Some hardy souls intimated that there was a certain exclusivity arising from Mitsubishi's restricted availability. We only allow a select few dealers who can prove the highest standard of after-sales service to stock our equipment.

But, surprising though it might seem, most people buy Mitsubishi just to impress their friends.

A perfectly justifiable human foible, considering the performance.

Could you settle for less?

MITSUBISHI ELECTRIC

Simulated picture

THE TOP PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THE MITSUBISHI HOME ENTERTAINMENT CENTRE MADE TO MEASURE FROM RECORD DECK (MODEL DP 210), TUNER/AMPLIFIER (MODEL DA R210), FRONT LOAD CASSETTE DECK (MODEL DT 4550) AND 14" PORTABLE COLOUR TELEVISION (MODEL CP 146), INCLUDING HI-FI CABINET **(AROUND £760)**. THE PHOTOGRAPH (RIGHT) IS THE MITSUBISHI 10" MAINS/BATTERY (MODEL CB 100), PORTABLE COLOUR TELEVISION **(AROUND £336)**. THESE ARE JUST A FEW MODELS FROM THE EXTENSIVE RANGE OF AUDIO AND TELEVISION EQUIPMENT MANUFACTURED BY MITSUBISHI IN JAPAN. **MITSUBISHI ELECTRIC (U.K.) LTD., OTTERSPOOL WAY, WATFORD, HERTS., WD2 8LD.**

Hands up all fifth form fumblers

continued from page 166

shoulder as he lay on the bed and she sat on the edge. Pleading, she kissed his neck. The suspense was killing me, would she or wouldn't she? She was lying beside him now, murmuring to him, asking if he really wanted her to. His reply was to kiss her again and to grip the cheek of her bottom through the material of the red skirt I remembered so well. His finger was pulling under and against her as she drew her knee up, rounding the cheek nicely and stretching the material taut across her body, making a mound within her thighs upon which Jeff's finger began to press, forcing the wet nylon into her opening cleft. Index finger and thumb, she unzipped him, popped the button and gripped his tool, trapped in multi-coloured Y-fronts. Still finger and thumb, she began to masturbate him, adding a third finger as you would pick a coin from a flat surface. As he slipped the leg of her panties to one side I could see her sex. Wet and shiny, it was, sort of open, and ready, to be taken. I hadn't realised that they looked like that and I was so entranced as Jeff's finger slipped gracefully down the cheek of her bottom and disappeared inside her that I missed her slide his jeans and pants a few inches down his hips; all of a sudden there was his tool erect and huge, her hand, grasping it at the base, caressing only half its length and as she moved it up and down slightly the foreskin rolled over the knob and back. Mouth slightly open, breathing heavily she descends, the lips just kissing the tip, rocking back and forwards on her knees going further each time, *and my God! She's beginning to eat the damn thing like a sodding great ice cream. She likes it she really does like it.* She stiffens over him, her body jerking three, four, five heaving sobs as her legs clamp together on his hand and his prick jumps; and then she falls across him, breathing deeply through her nose. No-one notices that I have also had mine, quietly in my chair.

Sue leaves the room. We light cigarettes.

'Do you believe me now?' asks Jeff.

'I believe you now,' I say. In fact I believe him so much I give him the money without being asked. All I can think of is that I want one like that, and I want her now.

'I want one like that,' I say, 'and I want her now.'

'That can be arranged,' says a quiet voice, breathing smoke out from his nostrils; the poor man's James Bond and teenage Teasy-Weasy, the man of the world that used to be my little buddy, age sixteen, likes Eric Clapton, dislikes the Beatles, reads *Exchange & Mart*, ambition: to own an SX 225 and a lifetime supply of No 6.

'I could have sworn you just said "that can be arranged" to me,' I joked. 'I did,' says the quiet voice again. Already I am beginning to get sick of this smooth bastard who just replaced the best friend I ever had. Suppressing the urge to hit him in the ear I force myself to listen to the words of near wisdom. Yes, he's quite right, I do most definitely remember Eve and no, I most certainly don't believe that she fancies me in the slightest. So, okay, I'm ready to go on this flower expedition with him. Even Sue is ready to back him up on it (she acts as if nothing happened this girl, what is she?) and claims that this Eve is not only a good bet but fancies me gutless to boot, plus she already had them off for another guy once before. I make a mental note to put this Julian in his place posthumously and find myself committed to Biggin Woods on Sunday next . . .

☆ ☆ ☆

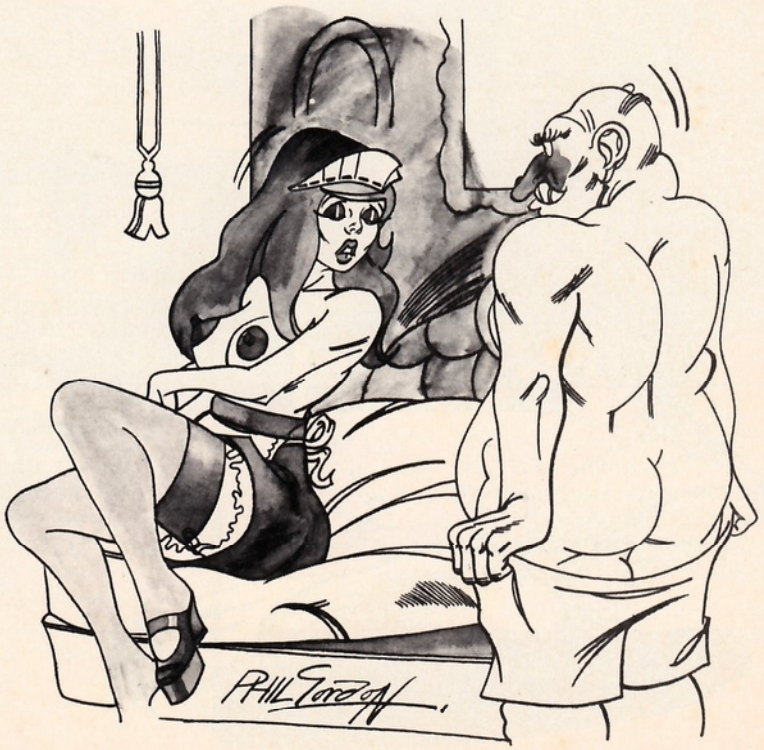
The keeper looks suspicious as we walk past, and I am prepared to bet that he'll follow us, so we take evading action just in case. Trying to be casual and suave whilst wading through bollock-high stinging nettles is a task best left to those still equipped with the resilience of youth, and we all managed fairly well. Even Eve, wearing the shortest black mini-skirt I've ever seen. As a bonus, the encouragement Jeff had given me didn't seem all that misplaced: Eve seemed to really like me, above and beyond the call of duty. As she walked beside me holding my arm, I felt a certain pride plus randy as hell.

'Let's find a nice spot for . . .'

'Dandelions,' interrupted my good friend and companion.

We found a nice spot for dandelions and sat down. Sue and Eve made a feeble pretence at counting them, there were hundreds of them. Jeff and I gave up at ten and lit up.

Lying on my back, listening to the birds, I realised that the girls had stopped counting. I looked around. Jeff and Sue had already started, locked in a firm embrace, and after thirty seconds I could hear their breathing at ten paces. Time I got organised myself. I was as nervous as hell, my tongue was dry and stuck to the roof of my mouth and my hands were shaking slightly. I kissed Eve gently, probing into her mouth with my tongue opening her teeth. Opening my eyes briefly I could see that I was lagging behind; Sue's hand was already busy inside Jeff's open fly, her leg bent over him, exposing that old, familiar stocking top and thigh, and the panties (black see-through today) taut across the bottom as his hand worked away inside them. Press on! I ran a finger and then a hand over Eve's tits, lightly at first and then harder and with feeling. Tits were her only weak point and she soon demonstrated her own awareness of this fact by gently pushing my hand away. I began to curse under my breath, but forgave her in the same instant. I realised she was pushing the hand onwards and down. I began to tremble all over, never before had I been permitted the liberty that I was about to take from what was surely the most beautiful girl in the world. I let my hand run down her thigh to her knee, and lingered on the silky roughness of her stocking. The flesh beneath was firm and hot, dropping towards the gap between her legs where the most enticing exquisite, rounded mound rose up towards the heavens. I cupped it, rubbed and fondled, gasping, paused and took the final step, and horror! shock! dismay! No wispy nylon, nor schoolgirl navy, but the later well-known Marks & Sparks Pantie Girdle, a device impregnable to all but the most experienced groper, and then only with a great deal of co-operation and concerted effort, but to me? I tried. I wrestled, tugged and pushed. I didn't even know what I was up against. My



'Will that be all. Sir?'

previous visions of female underwear had included only small delicate objects. I couldn't get a finger under this anywhere without asking this sixteen-year-old stranger to perform the most outlandish contortions; a task I might have attempted in private or with the benefit of a longer acquaintance; but here, in the open, I knew I was beaten. I contented myself with stroking and groping aimlessly around in Eve's underwear until my good friend on my left had, once again, the dirty lucky bastard, finished the job in hand.

As we walked back I was bitter with defeat and failure. Eve was clearly all that I had been promised, a veritable gold mine of a girl, and I had, clearly, impressed her only with my ineptitude and inexperience, Worse still, she might think that I didn't fancy her, or even, God forbid, that I was queer.

After we had dropped the ladies at the bus stop (all good girls had to be in before dark on Sundays) I confessed my dismal failure to Jeff. Elated with the success of his own day, he was a poor substitute for dear marje. We both agreed, however, that I was unlikely to hear from the lovely Evelyn again.

But on Tuesday my luck changed.

Jeff rang me at home at six fifteen. Eve was at home, he said, doing her Latin homework and failing miserably. So miserably, in fact, that she had asked her father (of whose temper I had heard much on Sunday) if it would be possible to skip piano lessons on this one occasion and continue with the Latin. Also, would it be further possible to contact a friend of hers whose prowess at said dead language had spread from his school to hers, with a view to engaging his assistance for the evening? Father had apparently been deeply touched by his only daughter's devotion to her schoolwork, the poor fool, and had given immediate consent with the proviso that I should be out of the house by eight o'clock, at which time he was due to go out to a religious gathering of an unspecified nature.

I made it to Eve's house by six forty. It took nearly five minutes to get my breath back before I was able to return her father's greeting, during which time I found his concern for my health rather touching and, regrettably, I began to quite like him. Fortunately my rising scruples were crushed rapidly and totally once I was ensconced alone in the front drawing room with Eve, dealing with rising problems of a different nature. This girl, in school uniform, could slay any of the overdressed teenagers I'd ever seen at the Top Rank or anywhere else. No make up, no gimmicks, just the thick red hair, creamy skin, button nose and green eyes of a natural lovely. She indicates a place on the two-seat settee and, folding the pleated navy skirt under herself, she sits beside me, a Latin text book open on her lap and she smells of perfume and woman. Her lips are full, soft and moist, warm to the touch, her teeth a barrier that gives way to gentle pressure; she twists to meet you; her cheek is small and tight. Down the back of her leg, up around the knee, across the stocking along her thigh, the top, her skin, tease it, touch it, outside the thigh, under the hem of cotton knickers (thank you, Lord). Her bottom is soft, back out, around the front, the hair, the actual hair, it crinkles as her legs are opened. She must have noticed now, her skirt is up around her waist, the white knickers peeping shyly from beneath it. A kiss will like as not distract her, or stop her caring, and, although her mouth is bruised and punished, she responds eagerly, as you let your hand loose inside her knickers, this time keeping your fingers to the outside of her lips, playing with them, rolling them together, tugging gently on the hair and nipping the little button between finger and thumb.

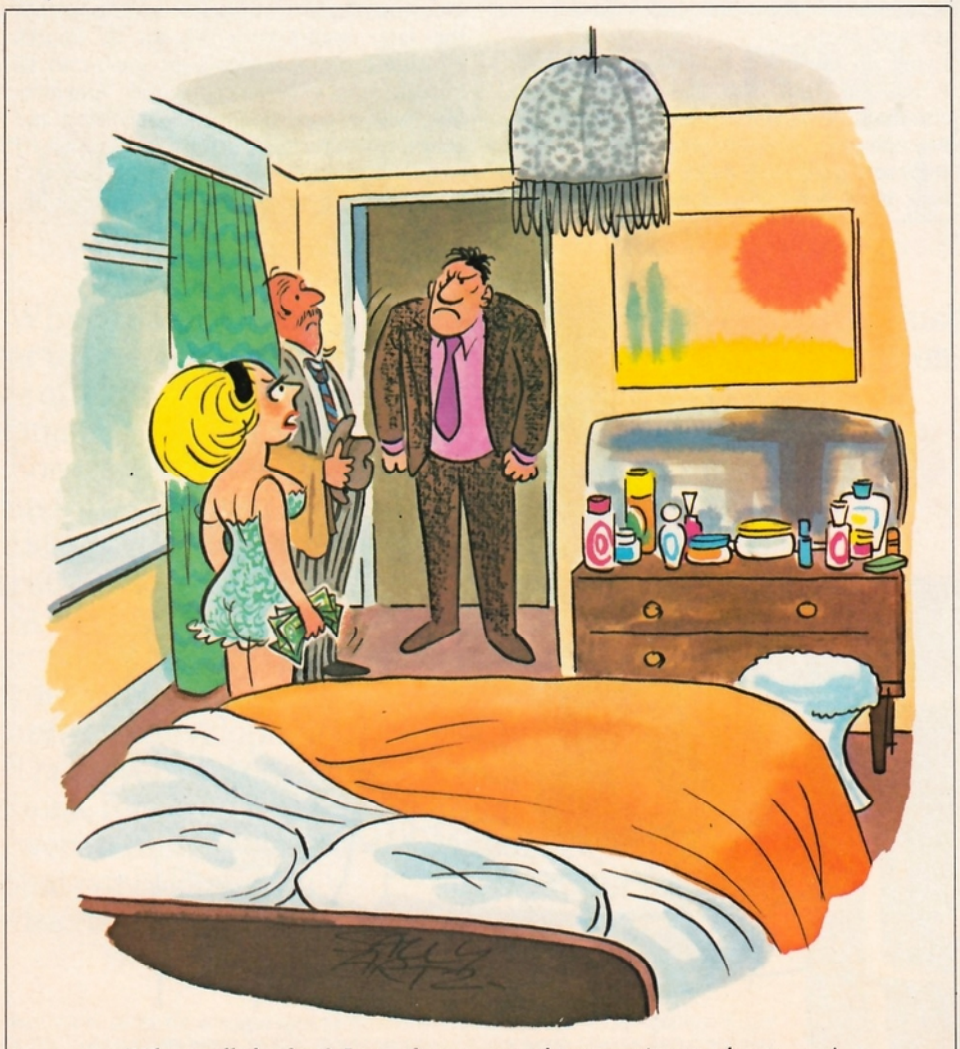
Her attention satisfactorily distracted, I can now begin to slide the panties downwards, discreetly tugging here and there. Unconcerned, Eve squirms and sighs, the rhythmic rising of her pelvis aids my progress and soon the object of my desire is in plain view. Then Eve stiffens and remembers where she is.

She's probably quite right, her old man would likely kill the pair of us if he came into the room now; Eve, beside me, has her skirt up round her ears, her knickers halfway round her knees and a leg hanging over the arm of the settee. So she commences her re-arranging, wriggling her bottom into her knickers in the most enthralling manner imaginable. A glance at my watch shows that it's seven fifty – near as dammit chucking out time. Her father finds us hard at Latin when he enters, and is clearly pleased at what he sees. I am glad to find my former feelings of conscience gone forever. How can anyone be as stupid and gullible as he?

Even more incredible, how could he have failed to hear Eve's whispered instructions to walk around the block and return in fifteen minutes, by which time Dad should be safely out of the way? Fifteen minutes passes very slowly when there's a girl like Eve at the end of it, and as I walked round the block in the evening sunlight I didn't notice the beauty of the world or any crap like that. My perception was not heightened nor my senses alert, nor was I awake to the message of nature at all; all I could think of was how slowly the long red hand goes past the other two and every tick's a second nearer. I knew that she wasn't a virgin, but at the same time I didn't know. One minute! I'm wasting time! On the move boy!

For the second time in two hours I arrived on that doorstep almost completely out of breath, as Eve opened the door and stealthily ushered me once more into the front room with a silent movie furtive glance up and down the street.

turn to page 178



'What's all the fuss? Lots of women combine marriage and a career.'

Scrumptious Karen Clark, our centre-girl in V12/1, does for black stockings what champagne does for caviar – makes a good thing even better. Karen's just one of the twelve great girls lined-up for you in *Mayfair's* sensational new full-colour calendar – the biggest-seller of its type in the UK – which, for just £1.65 fully-inclusive of first class postage and plain, flat, crease-free wrapping, is a real seasonal bargain. *Mayfair* calendars make marvellous presents too and their high-quality gloss-finish gives them that little something 'extra'. So don't keep a good thing all to yourself. Order your calendars now because the rush is really on and we'd hate you to miss out on Karen and her companions; '79 wouldn't be the same without them.

Mayfair's 1979 colour calendars cost £1.65 each, which includes first-class postage, and are sent to you packed flat and crease-free under plain cover. Send your order to: **Mayfair Calendar, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.** Print your order on plain paper if you don't wish to cut this page.

Please send me ..... calendars at £1.65 each. I enclose a cheque/postal order for .....

Name.....

Address.....

.....

.....Date..... M1312

JAN

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROY BREWINGTON

Looking at the ultra-pleasing 34-22-32 aspect of 17-year-old Jan Fairbrother, you wouldn't for a moment dream that she could be a rather dangerous girl to know. Not that Jan's a karate expert or prone to toting a Colt 45, but she does happen to be married to ace professional wrestler Paul Diamond – a fact sufficient to deter even the most determined chatter-upper, especially as Paul's mixed it with the best in the business including 'Bad' Bobby Barnes and the notorious Borg twins. 'Paul wrestles about two or three times a week on average,' says Jan, 'and I always go along to support him if I can.'

Jan pauses. 'Mark you,' she smiles, 'I sometimes have to restrain myself from going up and thumping his opponent if Paul's in a spot of trouble – but luckily that doesn't happen too often.' Although Jan and her husband now live in north London, she originally hails from Loughborough where she was schooled at the local Burleigh Community College, leaving in June of '77 with an impressive stack of CSE passes.

After leaving school, Jan worked for a short time as a junior at the offices of the nearby Mansfield Hosiery concern before taking the decision to try her luck in the world of modelling and make the move down south to London. 'It's a move I don't in the slightest bit regret making,' says Jan firmly. 'The area around home isn't the liveliest in the world so it wasn't that much of a wrench to leave. True there are places like *The Gallant Knight* in Knightthorpe Road and a club called *Rebecca's* which aren't bad, but there's nowhere like the choice available to you in London. Admittedly the gloss hasn't yet worn off London in the short time that I've been here, and at the moment I'm very impressed.'

In addition to this pictorial, Jan has been swift to make her mark on the modelling scene with a by now almost obligatory appearance on page 3 of *The Sun* and a commission in Portugal.
'But my ultimate and final ambition,' states Jan, 'is to get myself into Equity so that I can get into film and television work. It really is fantastically hard to get an Equity card, but I'm persevering and with a bit of luck I should get myself one eventually.' As for our admittedly biased view, we can but recommend Jan's fresh and cheery personality to any producer seeking a 'new face' for a show. While waiting for stardom to break, the next big date ringed on Jan's calendar is Wednesday, February 14 which in addition to being Valentine's Day is also, appropriately enough, the day on which Jan's eighteenth birthday falls. We'll pass on any birthday/Valentine greetings that come Jan's way care-of our offices, but in the meantime, keep an eye out for her – a new name in the making.

January Joy: It's the RSM's daring daughter

Next month we're back to our normal top-value-for-money cover price of 60p and really aiming to start 1979 in a spectacular way, with features, fiction and girls like Jacci Lowes (top) the daughter of a famous regiment's RSM. Maintaining a military stance, we join up with the Commandos for one of World War II's most audacious raids, while right up-to-date are the misadventures of Melanie, a modern miss who'll be recalling her sexy exploits. An erotic sci-fi saga is next month's fiction offering and this great package with all our regular items will be on sale, price 60p, at all newsagents on Wednesday, December 20, so start '79 in style with *Mayfair*.

Hands up, all fifth form fumblers

continued from page 170

This time I took my seat without being asked, and was surprised as Eve sat down near the fire, almost on the opposite side of the room. I toyed with the idea that she was not about to give me the chance to take liberties with her father out of reach, and that I may now have to live up to my reputation with the complexities of the Dead Language.

She pulled a cushion from a chair, tucking it beneath herself as she sat, drawing her knees up under her chin. I sat and gaped at yards of thigh, stocking top, bottom and knicker. Patting the floor beside herself she smiled at me. I dived across the room and crashed down, breathing furiously. Under starter's orders, the adrenalin surged as I waited for the off. I moved closer. Despite our recent intimacy, I wasn't sure what the next move should be.

Eve broke the silence, 'He'll be back at ten,' she said.

This was all the invitation I needed. Prick strained to bursting point by earlier unsatisfied lust and current expectation, I pounced as gently as I could, bearing Eve backwards into the prone position by surprise and strength.

'Sorry,' was all I could mumble as I rubbed the tender spot on her head where it had come into contact with the edge of the stone fire surround. Sympathy over, and on to more important things.

There was no time to waste, and no need to waste time; our lips met firmly and I pressed my body hard along the length of hers. The answering pressure assured me that all was well, and that thanks to a two hour bout of foreplay Eve was ready and willing. I knew I was – I'd had enough difficulty walking about for fifteen minutes to convince myself of that; besides which there was a broom handle jammed up between us that could only have emanated from one source. Eve had noticed it too, and she rolled the hard mound between her thighs against it, nibbling my ear the while. I pushed a knee between hers, she raised a leg, knee in my neck, foot resting on my bottom. Shaking with fear and anticipation, no time to be subtle now, the palm of my hand pressing on her red-hot gusset, my fingers working the cotton, I push two fingers firmly up to the knuckle, bruising flesh on flesh. She moves her hand down, I know where she's going, will I scream, the lights are flashing, gentle pressure on the trouser zipper, such a light touch, fingertips sliding up and down the length of my tool; it must reach the ceiling, split the trousers. Pulsing waves and pounding tension; tugs the zipper, sliding down; any minute she'll be inside my pants. Starting to undo the button, she's undone the button, going further later, I'm home and dry, just take your time and savour every second. Still the fingertips alone, so gently teasing round the pole encased in cotton. Red-painted nails slip underneath them, she's in my pants her fingers cool and firm and sure as they tangle briefly in the hairs and hold it, in her hand, she holds it in her hand and pulls it up and down; I can't breathe or think. The other hand is rolling trousers from the body, peels the prick, purple-tipped, it's huge, it's bloody huge.

She lifts her little bum so helpfully for me to pull the white ones off her, draws her knees up, spreads her thighs so I can cover her with my hand. A cunt, a live, pulsating cunt, rests beneath my youthful palm. She's pulling at me now and rolls me to her, drops a leg beneath, around me and I'm pressed against it, reddish hair of a young girl beneath my balls and along my shaft. She whispers that it's safe.

She wriggles and the pressure eases as it drops into the gap between us, drops into the gap between her legs. More wriggles and it's up against the end, I'm touching hot soft wet and open sex, I think I'm going to come, I think I'm going to spoil it all before it's started, get a grip, you stupid bastard, think of something very boring. Crisis over, for me at least, but for Eve it's just about to begin. The heat from within her beckons me in. Elbows grating on the carpet, bend a knee and free a leg, pushing trousers to the ankle, raise the hips and ease it forwards; and now hold your breath and slide inside her; relax, breathe out. A hot wet dead feeling all around it; Eve sighs deeply, smiles and pushes. I'm in, it's there, I'm up inside her. I can feel the wall soft-ribbed around me in a woman, I am a huge, enormous prick, no head or legs, no arms no thinking, just a deeply drinking fucker. Life, I know your secrets, I am Man and she is Woman. Now I start to move upon her, riding up and down and back and forwards, I slip around inside her body, pulling right out just to enjoy the entry of her once again. The carpet hurts my knees and elbows but I don't care. I look down. The softly rounded mound is cleft in two and dips to meet me rising from her. The sight is too much for me and I know I'm going to come now, push her hand down, she takes my balls cradled in her palm and fingers, feels them twitch and the shaft jerks and jumps inside her as my orgasm rips into her body and she knows me bared and helpless. Looking deeply into the flare of her eyes, I am the world and she the stars and I hold the key of life for half a second knowing everything.

☆ ☆ ☆

I could have sworn that Jeff came close to being totally unable to control the urge to kill me.

'How d'you get on last night?' he asked during a break in Egg's history lesson next day.

I thought for a moment. Words failed me.

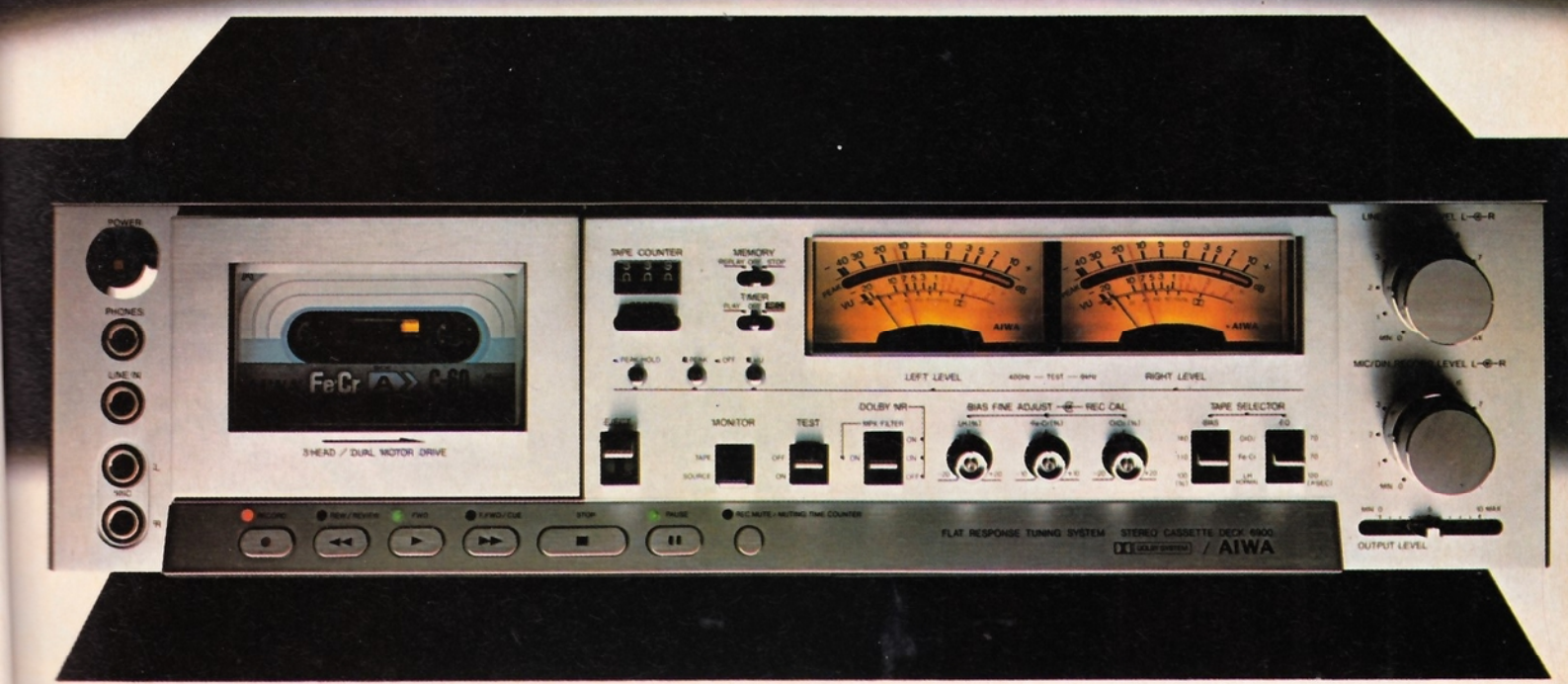
'Words fail me,' I said.

'What is that supposed to mean?' This time with venom.

I thought some more. Words still failed me. After resisting that temptation I finally managed 'It's not much, really, is it?'

I still have the scar on the right side of my chest where a pair of school issue compasses just failed to penetrate the chest cavity and merely grazed the outside of the rib cage.

If it was any more advanced, you'd need to go to night school.



The Aiwa AD 6900 is the most advanced machine of our range. It costs around £485.

It's so advanced it can compensate for the difference on virtually any tape, even between batches of the same brand.

It has 3 heads for simultaneous monitoring of your recording.

And full logic control, so you can switch from cue/review at the slightest touch. In fact it took us over 2 years and hundreds of listening hours to develop.

You can visit your Aiwa dealer or come to our demonstration centre and see the machine for yourself.

Or write to us for a free brochure. It'll save you a course at night school.

AIWA®

AIWA CENTRE, 56/58 BRUNSWICK CENTRE, MARCHMONT STREET, BLOOMSBURY, LONDON WC1N 1AE. 01-278 2081 (OPEN TUESDAY-SATURDAY).

The low tar cigarette.

SC056

LOW TAR As defined by H.M. Government

H.M. Government Health Departments' WARNING:
CIGARETTES CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH

LETTERS

continued from page 27

quality of the naked ladies you feature. It never fails to amaze me that every time I pick up a copy of *Mayfair*, I find a whole bevy of girls who are so delightful that there are not enough superlatives to enable me to express my appreciation. Keep finding and publishing them. The more you feature and the more of their charms they reveal, the better I'll like it.

Take that as a broad hint. Like most classy men's mags you have an awful tendency at times to overdress the girls and to drape them in some very strange garments. Kinky boots, interesting little frillies and sexy underwear are all very well. They do prevent monotony and they can highlight particular parts of a girl. Look, for instance, at the way in which a girl's bottom and legs can be emphasised by having her wear a tight sweater and leaving her lower charms uncovered. Despite this, generally speaking, the less a girl is wearing, the more exciting she becomes. I contend that there is nothing in this world as visually stimulating as a full length study of a beautiful girl, completely unadorned by even the smallest scrap of clothing, in a pose which gives a good view of both her breasts and her bottom and shows to best advantage, her face and legs.

(Name and address withheld)

Thank you *Mayfair* for the gorgeous girls who have been pictured over the years. My favourite men's magazine – with informative articles, brilliant stories and, once again, gorgeous girls.

In the near future, could we see more of your girls wearing little bits of nothing. I refer to G-strings, tiny panties, and rubber and leather. I can't be the only person who finds sexy wear a turn on. So, come on *Mayfair* pamper us.

While I'm writing, I would like to tell you about my collection of men's wear. It mainly consists of jockstraps. Some in leather, nylon, denim, satin, velvet, and rubber. I also have a few sideless briefs. It is unbelievable how comfortable a jockstrap can be – especially in the warm weather. Knowing that my equipment is held in place by a pouch makes me very horny and always ready to screw.

While I write this letter I am wearing only a red nylon T-shirt and a red leather jockstrap; the sort of clothing I wear in the house, away from the constriction of normal clothing.

Men, a well-filled jockstrap will turn your girl on . . . I guarantee.

Andrew Smith, Hull, East Yorks

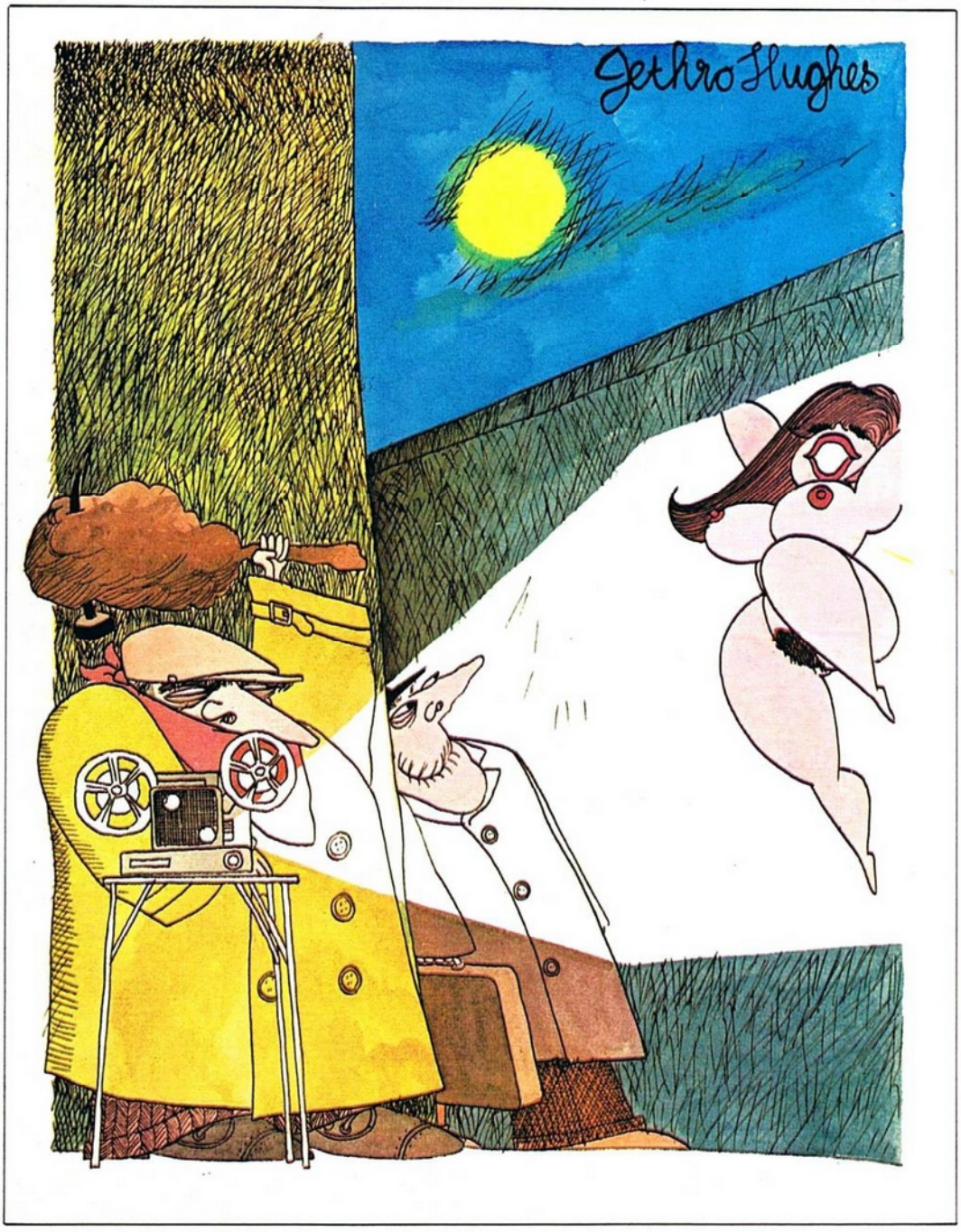
I would like to tell you about something which happened a couple of months ago, and I hope it turns a few people on as it did me. I am twenty-five and my girlfriend is twenty; we have lived in a tiny bedsit in Sydenham for two years.

One Monday morning earlier this year Sue, my girlfriend, over-slept, so we decided to skive off work and spend the day in bed. I put on some records and Sue and I started screwing. At about ten-thirty there was a knock on the door: it was Jim from the flat upstairs. Sue and I got up and dressed and I made some breakfast.

'It's a smashing day,' said Jim, 'let's have a day down on the coast.' Two hours later the three of us were sitting on the beach at Brighton. As we lay there on those pebbles, sipping a quart of cider I began to fantasise about Sue being screwed by another guy, and watching the bikinis on the beach didn't help my hard-on. I'd always wanted to watch a guy screw or even touch up Sue, but she wouldn't have any of that, in fact she was so straight, she wouldn't even kiss another guy. About six o'clock we decided to have a few beers before getting the train back to London. I had won quite a few quid on the horses the previous day so the drinks flowed and as Jim and I were long-standing drinking partners, we were well pissed by the time we got our train. On the way home Sue fell asleep with her head on my lap. Jim was fast asleep sitting opposite, cuddling a bottle of whisky. As the train was jogging along I noticed Sue's T-shirt was riding up as the train rocked: I got so horny.

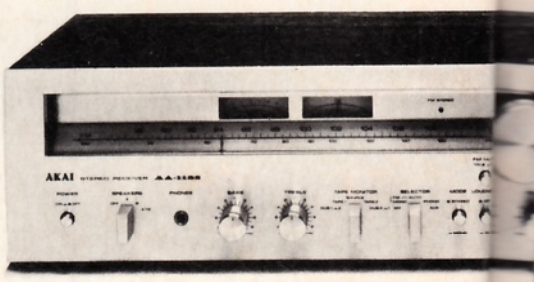
There wasn't anybody else in the carriage, so slowly I lifted up her T-shirt to reveal her bra-less tits. I got so excited

turn to page 185



'Test thoroughly fifty out of every five hundred.'

'And if two fall below standard, reject the five hundred.'



Any modern hi-fi unit is made from literally thousands of parts. And any fault in even the tiniest part can affect the performance of the unit.

This is why, at Akai, we begin our inspections right at the beginning.

Every resistor, every transistor and every capacitor is individually tested. Every tiny spring, every miniature nut and bolt is carefully scrutinised for possible defects.

Only when pronounced perfect is it allowed to pass to the first stage of assembly.

Similarly, every assembled component is carefully put through its paces. And again, only when pronounced perfect does it earn its place inside one of our units.

When the unit is complete the inspections begin once again. It has to pass at least seven different tests by at least seven different inspectors.

Having passed this set of tests, it is packed and sent to our warehouse. And on arrival in our warehouse, fifty out of every five hundred units are unpacked and tested yet again.

If we find more than one fault among those fifty units, we don't just reject the faulty units. We reject the entire batch of five hundred.

Call us fanatics if you like. But if we can't find anything wrong with our hi-fi units, we can be reasonably sure you won't.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION WRITE TO: RANK HI-FI, P.O. BOX 70, GREAT WEST ROAD, MIDDLESEX TW8 9HR.

AKAI

'Have responsibility for and pride in what you make.'

How to get a £5000 Dutch Masterpiece without paying for it.

Enter the Holland House Dutch Masterpiece Competition and you could make off with a beautiful painting by 19th Century Dutch artist Cornelius Lieste, valued at £5000 by a leading international firm of auctioneers.

Other original works of art are waiting for the five runners–up: one 18th and four 19th Century originals by Dutch painters each valued at a minimum of £500.

And there are a further fifty prizes of Dutch handmade tobacco jars in Delft blue, where you can keep your Holland House–that other well known Dutch Masterpiece.

You'll find full details of this simple competition printed inside every pouch of Holland House with the special competition flash.

And in special competition leaflets which you can get from most Holland House stockists. The competition closes 3rd March, 1979.

Isn't it appropriate that one Dutch Masterpiece should lead you to another?

Dutch Masterpiece Competition

LETTERS

continued from page 181

in case Jim awoke and saw them, or the ticket-collector came through: but what turned me on most was that Sue had no idea what I was doing.

I continued to play with her tits: Sue was fairly small-breasted, but had enough to fit nicely into my cupped hands with some to spare. She has small pink nipples which were standing out as I squeezed them.

I was so tempted to wake up Jim to let him have a feel of them but I started trembling and I came in my pants whilst thinking about it. Relieved of my excitement I pulled down her shirt and tucked it in. I then woke them both up so they could have a few minutes to sober up before the train pulled into the station.

When we got home Sue collapsed on our bed and went out like a light, Jim sat on the floor and fell asleep after a few drinks. I stripped Sue and covered her with a blanket and sat down beside her on the bed and had a few more drinks myself. I began to recall what I had done on the train and in no time my prick was as hard as ever. I looked at Jim, his eyes were closed and Sue was right out for the night.

My heart was thumping and my body trembling as I felt like exposing my girl to our upstairs neighbour. I pulled back her blanket to expose her lovely long legs, her bushy cunt and those fantastic tits. I was a wreck: I thought I was going to faint with excitement. There was my nude lady and a yard away was another guy. I played with Sue's tits, put my fingers inside her and even bit her nipples hard, but she was well asleep. I noticed a few goose-pimples on her arms which told me she was chilly so I covered her again.

A few minutes later Jim woke up. I was so turned-on I felt like just asking Jim to fuck her for me, but I didn't because I was too embarrassed. Then, suddenly, I had an idea which wouldn't embarrass me and it would allow me to show Jim Sue's body. I asked him to help me put Sue's nightie on her. He agreed, so I got the nightdress from the wardrobe. My prick was nearly splitting my trousers, then I did it. I pulled away the blanket and watched Jim feast his eyes on her slender body. Sue was lying on her stomach and her head rested on her arms. I sat beside her, put my hands on the cheeks of her small round bum and pulled them apart.

I turned her over a bit so that Jim could touch her breasts. He squeezed them so hard I thought she was going to wake up. We then turned her over and opened her legs. Jim went to work on her and I sucked her nipples. 'Have her Jim, have her,' I said. Jim started to push into Sue and she moaned as he eased in and out, gently, trying not to wake her. I sat and watched him fuck this sleeping beauty. He came into her and slumped down on top of her. His weight on her began to wake her a bit, so he got off. We covered her and Jim said he was going to bed. He went upstairs to his own flat and I went to the loo. When I came back Sue was awake, lying on the bed with her legs open. 'Aren't *you* going to fuck me?' she asked. She had been awake all the time. She knew my fantasy and had pretended to be asleep so that Jim would not think she was a slut or just in case he bragged about it later.

We went at it for hours. What a girl, eh?

S J, Sydenham, London

I fully agree with the letter from George Edwards (Vol 13 No 10) about the attractions of girls with muscles. His letter reminds me of an incident I witnessed in California a couple of years ago.

I was in the States on business and one weekend I went to a beach, on a section of which was set up a lot of weight-lifting apparatus, parallel bars etc, used by muscle men to work out in public.

When I arrived there was a session in progress and I noticed that amongst the men there were a number of girls who were also training. I gathered that these girls were gymnasts or beauty queens who did training of this sort to keep in shape. Without exception all of these were distinctly worth looking at and I eagerly joined the crowd of men watching them.

One girl in particular caught every eye. She was about eighteen, with long straight

turn to page 188

Make something beautiful happen

FREE CATALOGUE OF EROTICA WITH EVERY ORDER

Some women resent their lover's dreams. Some are lucky enough to share them. But a very special few know how to make them *happen!* They've given up being spectators and they're enjoying a starring role in all his romantic adventures.

You can begin creating delightful moments tomorrow by sending for *Evening Cloud*, Valentine's elegant and playful fashion ensemble today. Beautifully made in 100% black nylon, *Evening Cloud* is designed in three "parts!" The sheer negligee offers a transparent display of beauty, while the special "shaping" bra opens invitingly from the front. What's more, the petite panties fasten with clips so you don't have to "climb" out of them! We guarantee you this: if you don't get, and *keep*, his attention when he sees you in this, you can return it for a full refund. But first, you'd better check his pulse.

Order your *Evening Cloud* Ensemble today!

Complete and return the coupon below. Be sure to give us your size.

Valentine Bedside Fashions, Dept EC-M M1312
220 Queenstown Road, London SW8 4LP

Please send me the *Evening Cloud* Ensemble that I have indicated below. I have enclosed my cheque or postal order for £7.50 (please add 50p for postage and packing). I understand that if I am not absolutely delighted with the results I may return the ensemble for a prompt, complete refund . . . no questions asked.

Be sure to check one: ☐ Small 758 ☐ Medium 766 ☐ Large 774
☐ Please send me my free catalogue of erotica.

Name _____

Address _____

_____

(I am over 18 years of age.)

Signature _____

Canadian residents send order to: Valentine Products Inc., PO Box 4077, Postal Station "A", Toronto M5W 2A6. Add $1 per item. Other Foreign Orders: Enclose International Money Order plus extra £1.50 per item. Send order to London address.

CARRIE

Carrie finds that one good Santa leads to another

Drawn by STEVE KINGSTON Story by DAVID BRENNER

LETTERS

continued from page 185

blonde hair and an absolutely magnificent and superbly proportioned lithe muscular body. She wore the briefest of bikinis which consisted of nothing more than a black G-string and two triangular pieces of similarly coloured satin, which were endeavouring to hold in check her voluptuous and aggressively hard-pointed breasts.

She was tanned a beautiful honey colour and her skin glistened with body oil. She was very well aware of the effect of her spectacular body on the watching male audience, and it was quite obvious that it excited her to show it off in front of their hungry eyes as she went through her training routine.

After she had finished, one of the spectators challenged her to try and lift a relatively heavy weight which one of the men had been training with, and bet her a hundred dollars that she could not get it above her head. She accepted the challenge.

She then proceeded to lift the weight to waist height with not too much difficulty, but the rest of the lift to get it above her head looked as if it might be too much for her.

Slowly, however, she started to lift it higher, inch by inch, her whole body arching and thrusting with the effort. The muscles in her smooth brown upper arms swelled and quivered as they strove to do what was asked of them.

Her flawless belly panted quickly in and out as she fought for breath, and it was fascinating to watch the rippling interplay of soft furrows and hard ridges as the delicate muscles writhed and knotted beneath the clear satin-like skin. Eventually she managed to raise the weight to head-height where she paused for a few moments, her straining breasts heaving and thrusting relentlessly against her bikini top, which appeared almost stretched to breaking point. Her erect nipples were clearly outlined as they pushed against the silky material.

Eventually, after what seemed an age of intense struggle, she emitted a harsh cry of triumph and thrust the weight fully above her head, proudly holding the position for about fifteen seconds. Then, at that moment, almost as if it were a finale, her bikini top could resist her insistent breasts no longer and ripped clean down the middle, almost flying off and allowing her breasts to swing free and clear – if somewhat taut – in all their naked glory. What a sight it all was and the watching men broke into spontaneous applause.

E L Hendry, London N10

I feel I must write to you. I am a young girl living on my own and I have such fantasies of submitting over a strong man's knee. In my fantasies this strong man puts me over his knee forcefully then spanks me ten times and then lifts my skirt and spanks me another ten times. Then he pulls down my pants and spanks me again, then he pulls down my tights and spanks me ten times again.

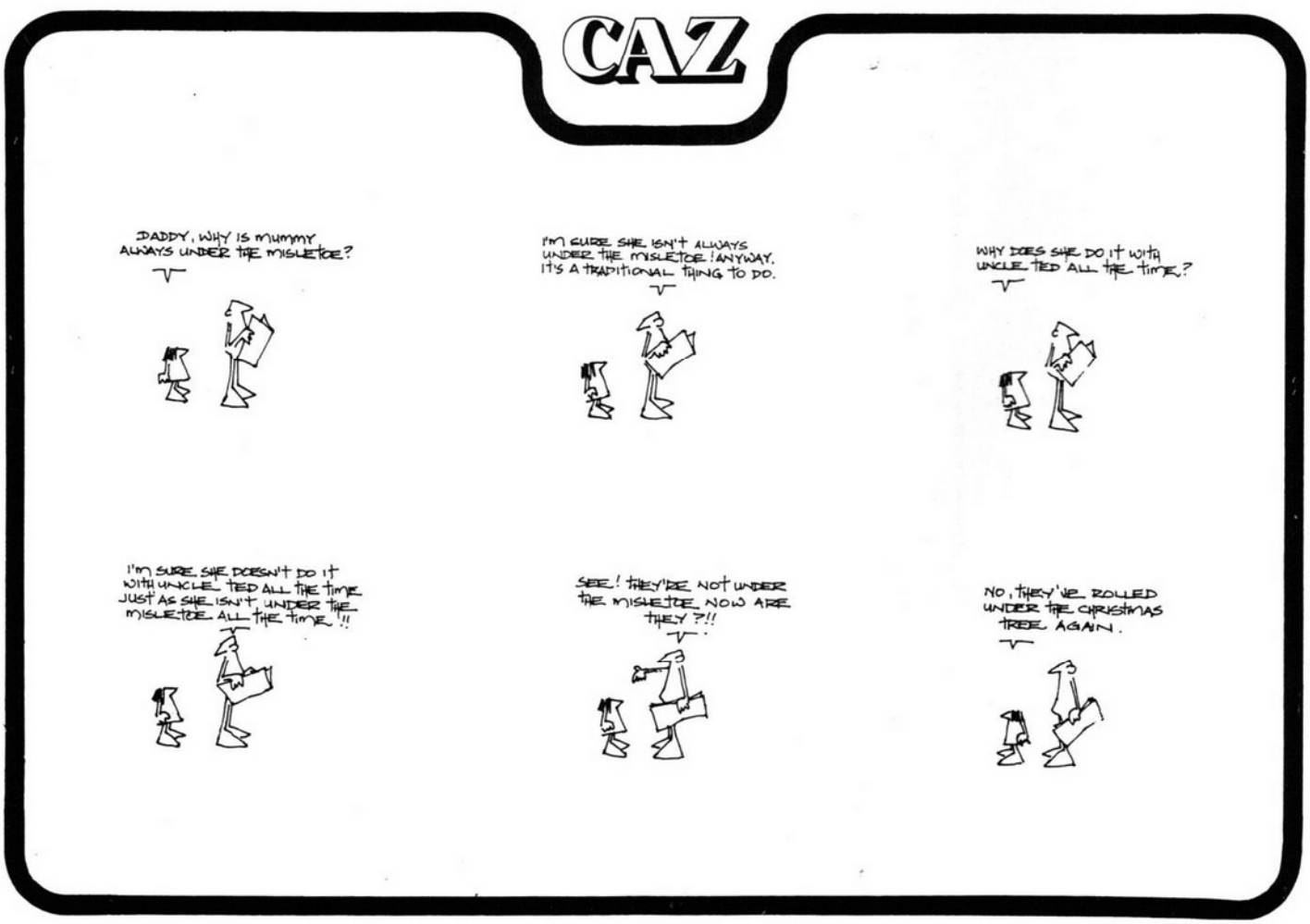
Finally he pulls down the last pair of pants; now my bottom is bare and he puts his hand between my legs. I am soft and warm. He slowly caresses me and I wriggle to get free of his hand but he is holding me down firmly and masterfully. Then he pulls his hand away and spanks my bare bottom until he can spank it no more. As you can see from this letter, what I need is a good and proper spanking – pity all I can do is dream.

Miss W R, Manchester

As a suggestion for D C of Wales (Vol 13 No 6) to make his wife's pussy taste nicer, I suggest he try concentrated fruit juices. Like Ms K P of Richmond, Surrey, I have tried lollipops, but find we get much more pleasure from fruit juices. I usually lie on the floor with my bottom resting on the edge of the bed and my legs spread wide apart. My husband then opens my vagina with one hand and pours some juice into it. He then massages the area so that it goes into me and then repeats the process two or three times more before bringing me to a delicious oral orgasm.

Ms A P, Grantham, Lincs

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ



SAVE UP TO 50%

ON GENUINE AND GUARANTEED

Marital Aids and Sex-health Products

Top quality products with famous names. Full money-back guarantee. All post free in U.K. Just compare these unbeatable prices. We will refund if you can buy better!

CREAMS & SPRAY

ACTION CREAM	Giant 90 gm. jar	£1.99
FEMALE BLISS CREAM	90 gm. jar	£1.99
MALE HORMONE CREAM	90 gm. jar	£1.99
VITAMIN E CREAM	90 gm. jar	£1.25
STUD DELAY SPRAY		£2.45

VIBRATORS

STIMULANT VIBRATOR the best of the simple massagers with super toner **£3.70**

NON-DOCTOR VIBRATOR the famous massager with four interchangeable heads and dual speed **£6.50**

HERMIT VIBRATOR **£10.95**

ANGELS DELIGHT VIBRATOR the device for controlled delight **£4.95**

DOUBLE VIBRATOR for super sensations **£7.50**

MALE EXERCISERS & DEVELOPERS

VACUUM DEVELOPER/EXERCISER three sizes – Normal, medium and large **£7.50**

MALE MASSAGER a superb rubber penile sleeve with super toner vibrator attached **£7.95**

EXTRA SEX SUGAR

the drink for her, the wonder sex sweetener from sensational oriental herbal extract 30 gm. **£1.60**

TABLETS & CAPSULES

MALE GLAND for him	100	£1.50
LOVE ENERGY TABLETS – the booster for intercourse	100	£1.25
FEMALE GLAND for her		£1.60
POLLEN 250 mg. super potency and strength	50	£1.90
PANAX GINSENG 250 mg. super potency and vigour	50	£1.60
VITAMIN E 100 mg.	100	£1.25

TO: **Conquest** PRODUCTS
P.O. BOX 600, EYNSHAM, OXFORD, ENGLAND

Please send items marked
*I enclose Remittance P.O./CHEQUE as payment in full. £.....

*OVERSEAS
Please add 25% for Mail charges.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

_____

_____

Please tick here for a full list of our other tested products ☐

PROLON GUARANTEED PRODUCTS

THE NAME YOU CAN TRUST

Full money refund if not completely satisfied

SPECIAL VIBRATORS

- NON-DOKTER: with variable intensity control plus 4 interchangeable heads. This is the last word in vibrating luxury. Do not be misled by cheaper versions – we are offering the most advanced example of this top-selling vibrator **£4.99**
- 7" STANDARD: maxi vibes at a mini price **£2.00**
- 7" 2-SPEED DE LUXE: matches your moods. Inc. batts. **£4.50**
- 7½" MULTI-SPEED DE-LUXE: Shaped for maximum enjoyment.
  natural finish **£4.25**
  Silver Stud – (silver/black) **£4.50**
  Gold Stud – (gold/black) **£5.50**
- MIGHTY-MINI: Only 4½" but packed with pulsating power **£1.80**
- 8" BENDER: Sheer ecstasy from this flexible vibrator with variable speed control. Made of hard yet pliable latex. Available in black or flesh **£4.50**
- 9½" EXECUTIVE: extra sensational. Inc. batts. **£5.99**
- 10" BIG JOCK: For those who like their pleasures jumbo-sized, this is the one. Variable speed inc. batts. **£6.99**
- 10" BIG JOCK: As above but single-speed. Inc. batts. **£5.99**
- 10" STANDARD SINGLE SPEED **£3.99**
- 10" STANDARD MULTI-SPEED **£4.99**
- VIBRATOR SLEEVE: Adds a new dimension to vibrating sensations.
  Flesh or black 7–7½" **£2.00**
  10" **£3.00**
- EXTENSION SHEATH: Adds 1½" effective length. Special cushion head.
  Black or flesh **£1.75**
  2 for **£3.00**
- ANGELS DELIGHT: The most advanced feminine stimulant. Inc. batts. **£4.25**
- 7" GOLD VIBRO: The ultimate status symbol for those who like to impress. All gold finish **£8.99**
- LOVE EGGS: Ancient oriental feminine stimulator for new dimensions of pleasure. **£3.00**
- 7" TEMPTATION: Highly versatile vibrator which twists and turns and moves in every direction with amazing effects. 2 speed **£9.50**

SPECIAL CONTRACEPTIVES

• STIMULA: America's most popular sheath. Ripple-barrelled for extra sensations	36 @	£3.99
• TAHITI: Lubricated shaped and coloured	36 @	£3.50
• CONTOUR: Superbly contoured and lubricated	36 @	£3.50
• SNUGGER HUGGER: Discreetly designed for the smaller man	24 @	£3.99
• EROSEX BLACK CAT: Lubricated colour-fast black sheaths for the imaginative	36 @	£2.50
• EROSEX COLOURS: Superfine, colourfast and lubricated. 6 different colours	36 @	£2.50
• SWEDISH FUN: "Dry-lubricated" and contoured in a range of amazing colours	10 @	£2.00
• SWEDISH FEEL: Naturally shaped but rippled for extra sensitivity. "Dry-lubricated" ...	10 @	£2.25
• EROTIM LONGLOVE: Uniquely coated with special preparation to counter premature ejaculation	24 @	£3.25
• EROTIM HIGH: Special rough texture and anti-ejaculation coating combine for a perfect experience	10 @	£2.75
• ANTI-VD SHEATH: Special design offers the greatest possible protection against infection ...	3 @	£4.50
• FRENCH TICKLERS: All different shapes to test your imagination. RE-USABLE		
Flesh 8 shapes		£3.50
Black 6 shapes		£3.00

DUREX CONTRACEPTIVES

• NU-FORM EXTRA SAFE. Sensitol lubricated and profiled	36 @	£3.50
• UNISON: Lubricated and with special rings ...	36 @	£3.50
• BLACK SHADOW: Very popular	36 @	£2.99
• NU-FORM: Sensitol lubricated and profiled ...	36 @	£2.99
• FETHERLITE: Sensitol lubricated. Feather light	36 @	£2.99
• FIESTA: Coloured	36 @	£2.99
• GOSSAMER: Sensitol lubricated	36 @	£2.99
• FOUREX: Extra-special. Natural skin	3 @	£2.00
	12 @	£7.00

SPECIAL OFFER: Pack of 36 assorted leading-brand condoms from all over the world. Only £3.00. While stocks last.

MALE EXERCISERS AND DEVELOPERS

- **THE FAMOUS CHARTHAM METHOD. Proved by doctors over many years to be the effective and safe way to penile enlargement. Comes complete with easy to follow instructions. Money-back guarantee if no results achieved** **£15.00**
- MALE MASSAGER: Superb rubber penile sleeve with Top Quality toner vibrator included **£5.99**
- STAY SPRAY: The best of the well-tried sprays for helping control premature ejaculation
  1 for **£2.00**
  3 for **£5.00**

FOR HER

- BREAST ENLARGER: Tried and tested and completely safe. Full easy-to-follow instructions with every kit. Inc. 2 jars Bust Booster cream **£19.50**
- BREAST MASSAGER: Tones and firms the breast with pleasant stimulating sensations **£6.99**
- SILKY SATIN LINGERIE SET: Turn him on with this slinky outfit comprising ¼ cut bra, suspender-belt, open-front panties and stockings large, small, medium: red, black, white or purple **£10.00**

CREAMS, TABLETS AND CAPSULES

• GINSENG TABLETS: Put zest back into your love-life. 50 tablets. 20 mg strength	£2.50
• CASANOVA CREAM: For staying power 100cc jar ...	£2.00
• VITAMIN E CREAM: 50cc jar. The love vitamin	£2.00
• GINSENG CREAM: 50cc jar	£2.00
The following are all one price while stocks last:	
• NIPPLE CREAM: femine stimulant 50cc jar	£1.50
• INTIMATE SEXUAL LUBRICANT: avoids friction 50cc jar	£1.50
• MALE HORMONE CREAM: rejuvenating and invigorating 50cc jar	£1.50
• FEMALE BLISS CREAM: special stimulant 50cc jar ...	£1.50
• SEX SUGAR: for sweeter lovemaking	£1.50

These are just a few items from our full-colour illustrated catalogue available for only 50p or £1.00 to include special leather and rubberwear catalogue (£1.50 overseas)

Please send the following items.

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

Complete the coupon today and send cash/PO/cheque with order to:–

PROLON PRODUCTS LIMITED
P.O. BOX 2DF
ROOM 17 HANOVER BUILDINGS
35/39 MADDOX STREET
LONDON W1A 2DF

To Prolon Ltd.
Please send me the following items. I enclose cheque/cash/PO

Value £ .....

Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....

Post free U.K. overseas add 30% P & P

PROLON GUARANTEED PRODUCTS

Winter need not be cold

Give Sheer Delight and bring warmth to the long evenings.

Sheer Delight

A glamorous black 15 denier stretch body stocking with attractive ribbed polo neck and cuffs. Gusset fastening. One size to fit bust 34"/86cms to 38"/97cms. Price £12.90 inclusive of V.A.T. and postage.

To: Custom Merchandising
58 Main Street, Crick, Northampton NN6 7TX.

Please send.....Sheer Delight(s)

I enclose Cheque/P.O. £.....

Name.....

Address.....

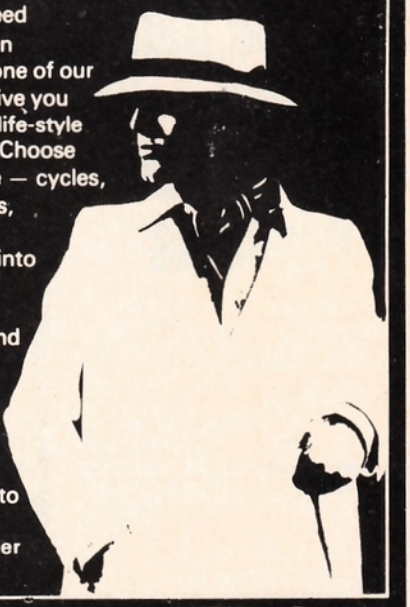
.....

Who says age is just a state of mind?

You might . . . but does your body?

We don't think you need to get up at dawn to jog in the park. You just need one of our compact fitness aids to give you the kind of exercise your life-style has never had room for. Choose from our extensive range — cycles, joggers, rowing machines, body builders and much more. They can easily fit into your home or office and a few minutes daily use could have you looking and feeling fitter than you've done for years.

We can't give you the secret of eternal youth but we have plenty of realistic ideas about how to stay young and fit. Write for free brochure or better still call in and see us.



John Bell & Croyden, (Dept. M3)
54 Wigmore Street, London W1
Tel: 01-935 5555

JB&C

The calibre of Crosman®

CROSMAN 766 AIR RIFLE
Recoil-less pump-up accuracy with 21" rifled barrel. Bolt action loading will fire and repeat on BB
Order No. 1766 £35.95

AMERICAN CLASSIC PUMP-UP PISTOL
This new .177 calibre pistol with 10" rifled barrel with double safety features gives recoil-less action and a high degree of accuracy **Order No. 1377 £29.95**

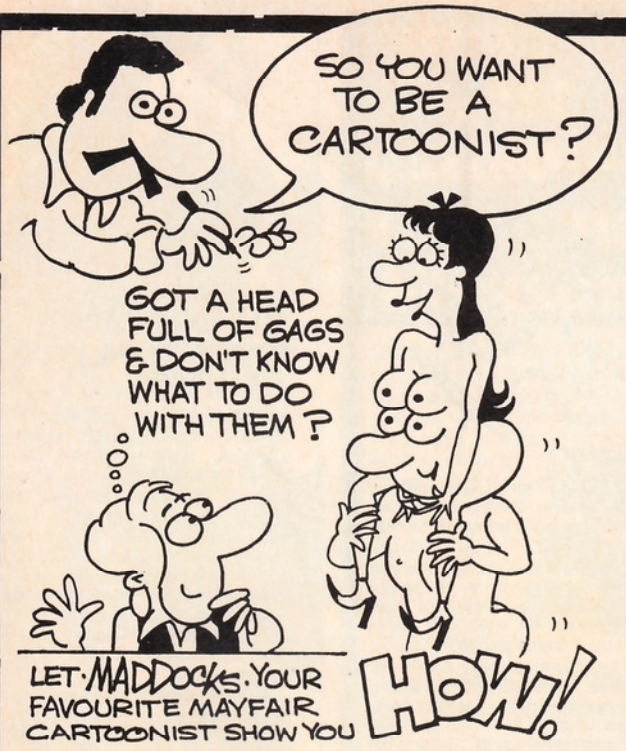
Send SAE for FREE colour brochure

Please send me ☐ Crosman 1766 @ £35.95 each
Please send me ☐ Crosman 1377 Pistol @ £29.95 each
TOTAL ENCLOSED £_____

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
_____

Please send cash/cheque/P.O. with order direct to Sussex Armoury or see your local stockist.

SUSSEX ARMOURY, Sturton Place, Station Rd, Hailsham Sussex BN27 2AU. Tel: Hailsham (0323) 843842



BY CORRESPONDENCE COACHING
WRITE FOR A FREE PROSPECTUS:

The London School of Cartooning Limited

47. FLEET STREET, LONDON EC4Y 1BJ.

She-an-me

Fun Fashion

WICKED WET LOOK –
Exclusive to us
Made in Jet Black, Super Soft, Super Sheen, Stretchy Leather Look Fabric, Feels like Soft Leather.

WILD CAT
Tight fitting all over. Zips down from bust to lower back with additional strong zips at legs and wrists.
Sizes: 10-12-14-16-18-20
Price: **£26.50**

Strong PVC Belt, Silver Buckle S to M or M to L
Price: **£3.40**

UK Packing and Postage £1.00 Foreign Packing and Postage £3.00

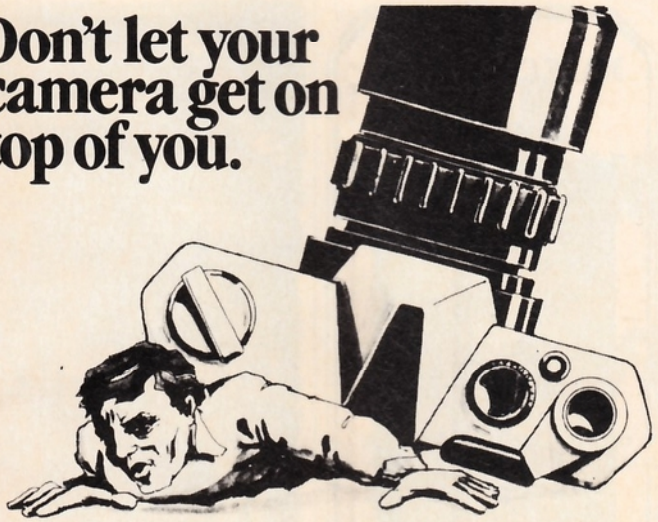
Send now for our Super Fun full colour Brochure £1.00

Callers welcome Mon-Fri 1.00pm-5.30pm.

Money back if not Satisfied.

She-and-Me. Dept. **MY6**
70 Old Brompton Road
South Kensington,
London SW7
Second Floor Showroom
Tel: 589-8043

Don't let your camera get on top of you.



It doesn't take a Hasselblad to confuse some amateur photographers. Leave them alone with an Instamatic for the day and the only thing they'll snap is a nerve or two.

In Camera User of course, we assume a certain level of camera competence in our readers. But we don't expect them to be professionals.

We include a wealth of tips on how to get the very best out of your equipment – cameras, films, accessories and darkroom.

And how to present your subject with taste and panache, be it a Dwarf Amazonian Dung Beetle or Miss Lytham St Annes 1978, from the selection process right through to the printing.

So read Camera User and show your camera who's boss.

CAMERA User **MONTHLY 45P**

A Link House Magazine.

Don't lose that card!

TREAT YOURSELF TO A PERSONALISED LEATHER BUSINESS CARD HOLDER

Remember that chap you met in Paris with a super idea for making a million and when you wanted to contact him, you found that his card had disappeared? Well, that wouldn't have happened if you had had our personalised leather business card holder.

Made from finest leather and hand stitched by skilled craftsmen, this elegant card holder measures just 10" × 4½", holds up to 100 business cards and is available at only £6.50 (Inc. Postage and Packing).

As an extra bonus, each card holder comes to you gold-blocked with any three initials of your choice.

Alternatively, we can gold-block with your Company logo, which makes it a great business gift or sales incentive.

For full details of this service, write to the address below.

Please send me ..... business card holders at £4.95 (incl. p&p). I enclose cheque/P.O. payable to Transatlantic Marketing or debit my Access/Barclaycard Account No. D1

Name.....

Address.....

..... Initials to be gold-blocked

Please allow 21 days for delivery

Signature .....

Post to: TRANSATLANTIC MARKETING
7-9 Heathman's Road, London SW6

JANE SCOTT

for genuine friends

Introductions
opposite sex with
sincerity and
thoughtfulness

DETAILS FREE

3/MAY North St. Quadrant,
Brighton Sussex BN1 3GU

JAPANESE GALLERY

66D Kensington Church Street, London, W.8
Commissions undertaken.
Ukiyoe Ceramics.
Antiques Decorative Arts.
Bought and Sold.
Free Advice Given.
Consultant: Mieko.
Manageress: Eiko.
Tel: 01-229 2934 (day)
01-839 4194 (eve)

DIRECTORS: MR. & MRS. CHRIS D. WERTHEIM

PROTECT YOUR LOCAL VIRGIN

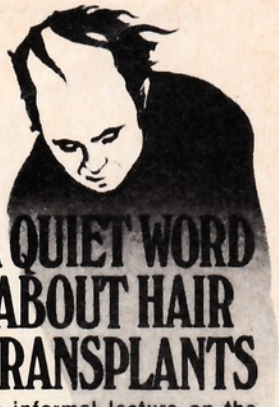
In *Libido*, best-selling board game of sexual relations, contributing to virginal protection week is one option. You may have other ideas!

But if you're prepared to reveal your passionate self, be undressed and sent to bed, pay the sex tax or the celibate's levy, and *prove* you're a mighty virile lover—then you're ready to play *Libido*.

It's fun . . . sophisticated . . . a deliciously decadent British invention now breaking the ice at adult parties just about everywhere. Described by 'The Sunday Times' as "a very naughty game". *Libido* is the perfect gift for your livelier friends.

Libido

"The Game Adults Love".
Only £5·00 + 95p p & p Send cheque/PO to:
Catalyst Products Ltd., (Dept.M.F),
3 Northwood Road, London N6 5TL.
Callers welcomed Mon–Sat 8 am to 7 pm.



A QUIET WORD ABOUT HAIR TRANSPLANTS

An informal lecture on the latest technique of transplanting hair is given on 01-723 9309 each evening after 6.30. It is tape-recorded to avoid embarrassment for men who want to know about having their existing hair redistributed to hide male pattern baldness. Permanently. The lecture can be telephoned from your own home. Don't talk – just listen.

A free brochure, sent by first class return post, is also available. Just ring 01-723 9309 during the day or write or call in to Helena Murphy.

SAUL Trichology Limited
67a York Street,
London W1.

SAUL are the sole users of the highly successful, painless *Londinium technique*. The method was invented in London and is a British break-through in the treatment of hereditary hair-loss by follicle transplantation

---

FROM spartus WITH LOVE!

NIGHTCLUB D427
Quarter-cup Bra in nylon. White or Black. Sizes 32–40" bust. £4.50
D231. Nylon Briefs in White, Black or Navy. Fit up to 40" hips. £1.75
D113. Light-as-a feather Garter Belt in White or Black. Sizes M and L. £2.20
D534. Stretch, seamless sheer Stockings in White or Tan. Sizes 8½–11. £1.95 2 prs.

LUCILLE D438 (right)
Bra and French Knicker set in silky nylon, beautifully shaped. In Black with Red Ribbon or White with Red Ribbon or White with Blue Ribbon. Sizes 34–40". £8.75 set.

LYNN D430
Baby-Doll Nightie in sheer nylon and lurex lace. W & WX sizes, Choose Dark Chocolate or Flesh. £11.75

Full colour photo-catalogue sent **FREE** with every order. For catalogue only send 75p (Overseas $3) refundable.
Trade enquiries invited. Overseas agencies available. State size, colour and model no.
Add 35p for postage (Overseas $3)
SPARTUS Dept. M12/8 **126 Brixton Hill, London S.W.2. (Callers Welcome)**

THE MALE CHAUVINIST PIG DIARY 1979

Perfect Pigs deserve Perfect Presents

This elegant 1979 pocket diary, leather bound in navy, is for the man who has almost everything.
Gold blocked and cornered, ribbon marker, 208 blue pages contain that special data for the International Pig!
£7.50 inc p & p (overseas add 50p).

LIMITED EDITION

To MCP Diary, 24-26 Telford Way, London W3 7XF

To MCP Diary,
24-26 Telford Way, London W3 7XF

Please send me ..... Diary(ies) at £7·50 each inc p&p (overseas add 50p).

I enclose cheque/P.O. for £.....
payable to MCP Diary

Name _____

Address _____

_____ MAD 3

Confidence.

STUD 100 World Famous delay spray for men, applied to reduce oversensitivity, can make an important contribution to all men who wish to prolong sexual pleasure. Discreetly packed, this unique formulation has achieved world wide acclaim and success. Send £2.50 per can incl. p & p.

To Dept 789H Stud Holdings Ltd, PO Box 38, High Wycombe, Bucks, UK.

Rush me ..... cans of STUD 100 at £2.50 (overseas add 50p airmail)

Name: .....

Address: .....

.....

.....

NEW! JUST OUT!

BODY MAGIC

Reveal the secrets of your hidden charms, transformed by bewitching underwear & spell-binding nightwear in 2 brand-new colour catalogues!

Send 50p subscription (deductible from your first order).

Catalogues rushed by return! Sheer magic!

babette Dept M12 42-44 Manor Rd Altrincham, Cheshire

10% Discount for Personal Shoppers!

Just 50p for a catalogue of Sexual Pleasure

Our full range of quality colour catalogues will be sent by return under plain cover, they illustrate sex toys, sex aid potions, books, films, tapes, rubber, leatherwear and lingerie. And if you make a purchase you can deduct 50p from your first order.

The House of Pan, (15A) Unit 12, Birmingham B46 1RL

The House of Pan aids your sexual enjoyment!

Name

Address

The House of Pan, (15A) Unit 12, Station Road, Coleshill, Birmingham B46 1RL

LOVE-HARMONY AIDS

BEST VALUE IN U.K. plus **FREE OFFER**

CHOOSE **FREE** 1 CREAM or 1 SPRAY or 1 CLITORAL STIMULATOR or LADIES TINGLER VIBRATOR with orders over £5

VIBRATORS		CREAMS·PILLS etc.	
NON-DOCTOR-4 heads	£4·25	DELAY-SPRAY for MEN	£1·85
NON-DOCTOR new multi speed	£5·50	Female Arousal Cream	£2·85
8" Light Head 2 speed	£4·75	Male Heat Dev't Cream	£3·25
AUTOMATIC MOVER	£6·50	Stallion DELAY Cream	£3·25
7" POPULAR VIBRO	£1·80	Bust Booster or Nipple Cream	£2·85
BENDER Flexi or new 12"	£4·75	50 Ginseng Tablets or Capsules	£2·25
7½" MULTI-SPEED	£3·40	100 Vit 'E' Capsules	95p
New VIBRO/EGG combination	£6·50	100 A.T.F.P. Tablets	£2·25

MARITAL AIDS incl. LINGERIE colour brochure ONLY 35p

10% DISCOUNT on orders over £10 for- LINGERIE, RUBBERWEAR or LEATHER Goods — See our brochures

RUBBER and LEATHER illstd. brochure 50p

* SPECIAL VALUE *

Male Booster Stimulator	£3·25	60 DUREX GOSSAMER	£3·75
Angels Delight extasy egg	£4·50	42 UNISON/Fetherlite	£4·00
Double Delight for him n' her	£6·85	Male MASSAGER	£6·25
ARAB Strap for MEN	£6·50	Open Front Panties	90p
LIBIDO Game for THRILLS!	£5·50	Extension Sheath Fish/Blk	£1·40
Blakoe Energiser (free details)	£8·75	48 NUFORM EXTRA-SAFE	£4·50

Post Free U.K.- Overseas add 30%

SUMMIT DISTRIBUTIONS LTD., Bath St., Ashby D.L.Z. (M6), Leics.

CALLERS WELCOME

For a love that lasts a lifetime

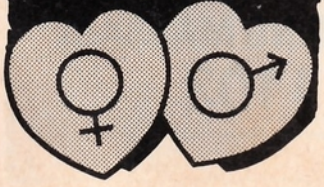
THE BLAKOE RANGE OF SEXUAL HEALTH PRODUCTS IS THE ONLY ONE BACKED BY CURRENT MEDICAL RESEARCH. THE RANGE IS COMPREHENSIVE AND COMPETITIVELY PRICED

It includes such famous items as the Dr. Blakoe's Energiser Ring (a newly patented adjustable version now available), Dr. Blakoe's Powermaster Penis Developer, the male Tonics SPHP, Testrones, and Overones for women, as well as the Aquamaid Safe Bust Improvement Course.

Send today for latest free details in strictest confidence to:-

Blakoe Ltd (Dept. ML) Larkhall Laboratories 225 Putney Bridge Road England SW15 2PY

Overseas enquiries welcome.



HAIR TRANSPLANT BY zeno fastgraft

A new, improved method of transplanting hair which totally outdates the old punchgraft techniques. To find out more write to your nearest Clinic for our brochure, obtainable in

English ☐
French ☐
German ☐
Dutch ☐

England: 502 Ecclesall Rd., Sheffield.

MA22

HTI HAIR TRANSPLANT INTERNATIONAL

MASSAGE?

01-387 9845

01-387 9843

Phone and book a deep relaxing massage in your hotel room or call in for the executive treatment in your own private room at

MASSAGE FOR MEN
19, CHALTON ST. EUSTON
(BETWEEN EUSTON & ST. PANCRAS STATIONS)
OPEN 11AM - 1AM EVERY DAY

Escorts too phone Jill on
01·387 2597

ARISTOCRATS

visiting massage
by young qualified
masseuses and masseurs

992 8751

24 hour service

The Grosvenor Service

London's High-Class Visiting Massage

01-629 3315

MASSAGE MAGIC TOUCH

748 5569

01-371 6588

Katherine's

24 hour visiting massage service

Little Angels

Visiting Massage

JUST TELEPHONE

01·487 2533

Open 24 hours

AFTER YOUR

FLIGHT

(OR BUSY BUSINESS DAY)...

relax with a professional massage in the privacy of your hotel room, flat or house.

Before engaging a masseuse we insist that she should be

- **attractive looking**
- **intelligent and well-spoken**
- **well-dressed**
- **23-33 years old**

If she meets these qualifications, then we find out how good she is at her job. In fact, all of our young ladies are qualified professional masseuses.

Nationalities? English, Japanese, Scottish, German, South African, Jewish, Chinese, Vietnamese, Polish, Persian. All races, all colours—but all cultured, all very, very good.

KITTENS 24 HOURS VISITING MASSAGE

01-373 1102

SELECTIVE MASSAGE

AT OUR KENSINGTON STUDIO

01·229 3146

HOTEL SERVICE AVAILABLE

Whisper

Londons most exclusive visiting massage

555 2024

~CLEOS SUPER SAUNA & MASSAGE~

01 580 3546
23–24, Greek Street, London W1
Tel: 01 437 5001

Curzon

Visiting Massage
a high class service

9am-12pm

tel 262 9546

Elite

Visiting Massage

Relax with one of our delightful Masseuses in the Comfort of your Home or Hotel

Telephone

01 794 5728

anytime

New Celebrity

Luxury unisex sauna.

Fantastic vibrator massage.

Invigorating impulse showers.

Super sun giant sun tan equipment.

Full body hot air dryer.

Luxury lounge, colour T.V., soft lights, piped music, deep carpets.

Free drink (scotch, brandy, vodka, gin, etc.), free coffee and tea.

London's most beautiful girls, highly trained and friendly.

Soft, comfortable cabins for your massage.

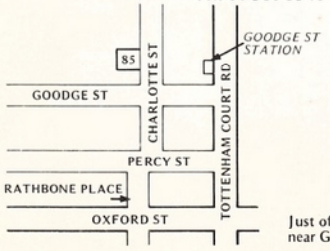
A smile and a chat for all our customers.

Come and smile away your cares, let us look after you.

We want you to tell your friends, and we want you to visit us any time between 11.30 am–1.30 am. 7 days a week at the New Celebrity.

85, Charlotte St.
London, W1.
Tel. 01-580 3546

ALL CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED



HERE WE ARE
PHONE OR POP IN
NO APPOINTMENTS NEEDED

Just off Tottenham Court Road London W1 near Goodge Street Station.

One can take the Christmas spirit too far.
RÉMY MARTIN
FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC
Rémy Martin
COGNAC
FINE CHAMPAGNE
V.S.O.P.
Rémy Martin. Fine Champagne Cognac.